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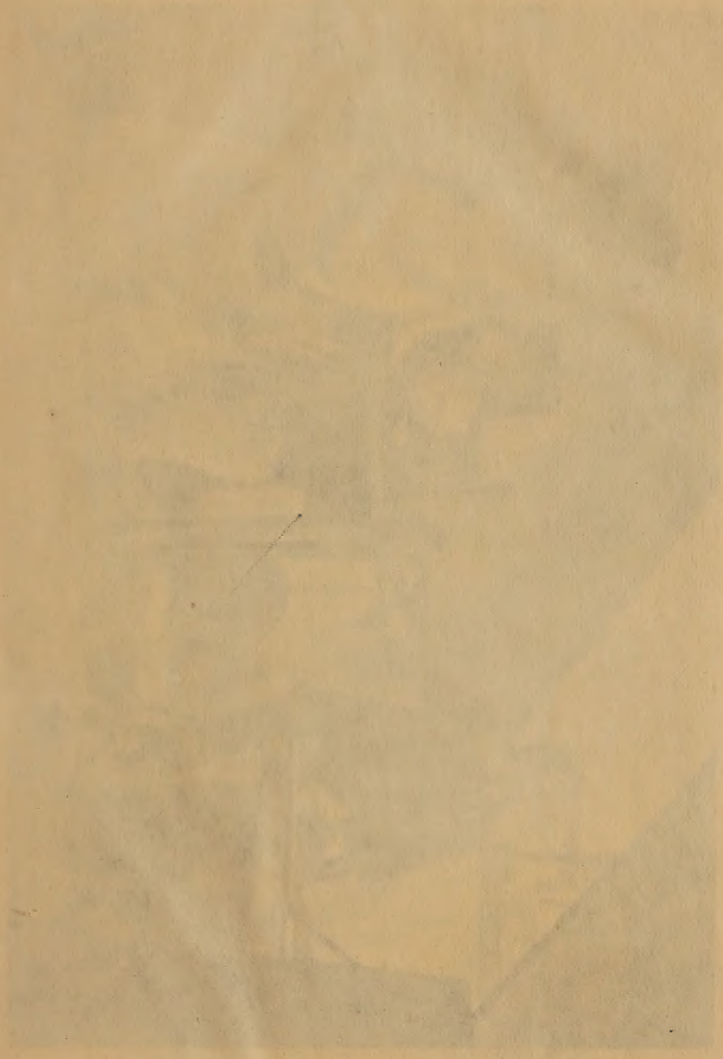

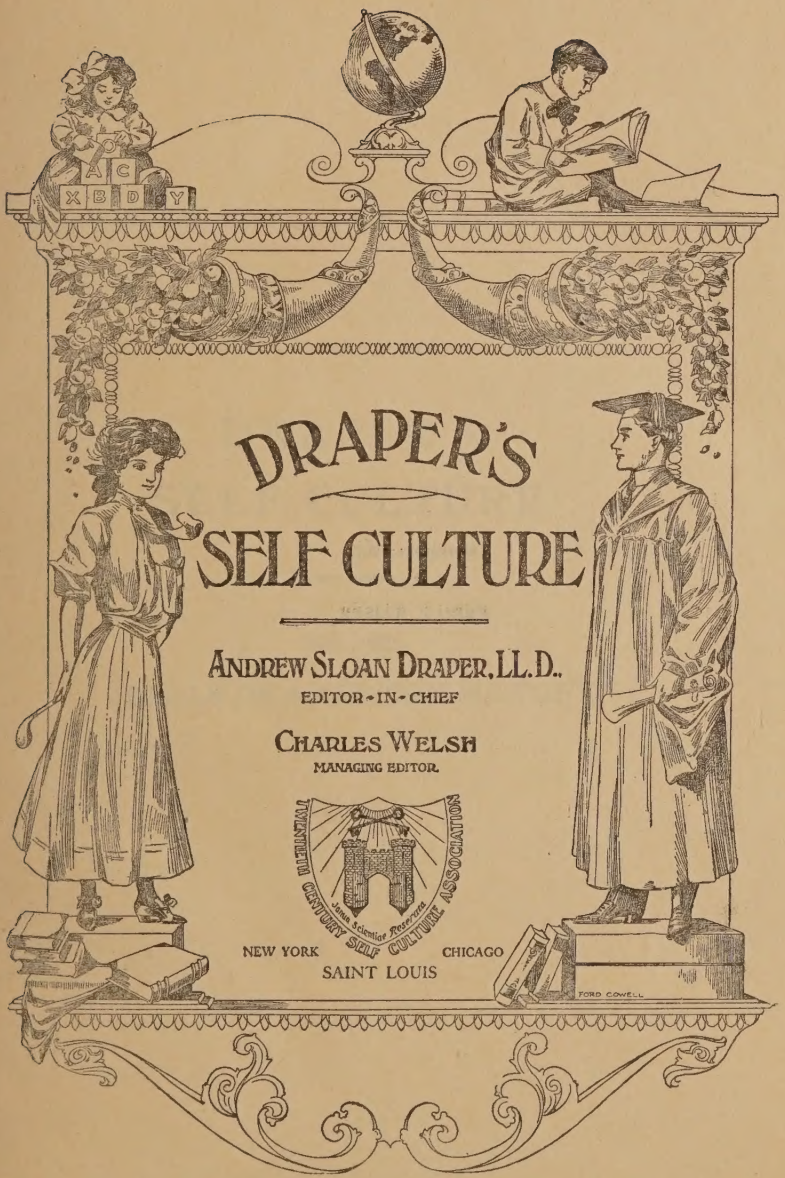

DRAPER'S SELF CULTURE

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER, LL.D.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CHARLES WELSH
MANAGING EDITOR

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DRAPER'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. VII

IDEALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

DRAPER'S SELF-CULTURE

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YANKEE DOODLE OR THE SPIRIT OF '1776'

INTRODUCTION.

BY

WILLIAM A. MOWRY, PH. D., LL. D.,

HISTORIAN, EDUCATOR, FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, EDITOR "JOURNAL OF EDUCATION," AUTHOR OF "ELEMENTS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT," "A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "AMERICAN INVENTIONS AND INVENTORS," "MARCUS WHITMAN AND EARLY OREGON," AND MANY OTHER EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

> "Ideals are like stars: you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you may choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny."—*Carl Schurz.*

This age may well be called the age of the Renaissance of historical study. The people of to-day have cause of gratitude that the study of history is so rapidly becoming popular. Especially is this true of the history of our own country, and of our own people. Long ago the poet, Alexander Pope, expressed the sentiment, since so often quoted:—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

This furnishes us the keynote to the study of history. History is the study of man. Primarily, it is not the study of dynasties, empires, nations. They are but the outgrowth of the trend of the thought and sentiment of the race. History is the study of the actors in these nations and empires. We should always bear in mind that that history only is profitable which shows the progress of the human race. The most valuable history is that which exhibits in the clearest light the most rapid advancement of the human race, the uplift of humanity, the progress of mankind.

There is no doubt that the history of our own country takes a very high rank when compared with the story of other nations, because it bears upon it more directly the impress of the thought, feeling, and sentiment of the whole people. A careful study of the principal

actions and actors in the development of this nation will show rapid advancement, great improvement, and a healthy development along various lines of industry, mental progress, and moral culture. In this study several important points challenge our attention.

The historical origin of the United States is not, like that of the leading nations of Europe, involved in myth and obscurity. While the prehistorical story of America and its aboriginal inhabitants is interesting, it is perhaps past finding out—and after all it is a matter of no consequence whatever, so far as the history of our people is concerned—yet the earliest as well as the later efforts for the colonization of these shores by Europeans is fully portrayed in reliable historical works. We have a credible history of the early colonies and of the subsequent development and growth of the United States of America. This history, full and unusually accurate, places before us the deeds of noble men in every period from the beginning until now.

In the next place we should notice the rapid growth of our republic and its remarkable development in various directions. At the beginning the nation was limited in territory to the country between the Atlantic and the Mississippi River. It comprised a little more than eight hundred thousand square miles. To-day it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and on the western coast northward to the frozen seas of the Arctic. It has also added many island possessions, so that to-day the Stars and Stripes float over nearly four million square miles. Our population has increased from barely four millions of people to more than eighty millions, and is receiving a steady influx of immigrants from all parts of the world, of a million a year, more or less. These are rapidly assimilating and being converted into good American citizens. Its increase in wealth, intelligence, enterprise, and thrift has been equally marvellous. It has surpassed the world in invention. In labor-saving machines, and means of transportation and communication American inventions have been numerous and important, and have always taken the lead.

Another consideration should interest us in relation to the value of our own history, and encourage us to study the doings of the leading actors on its vast stage. The Atlantic coast was first settled by immigrants from Europe. Then the great Mississippi valley was peopled from those previously east of the Alleghanies. Finally, from both sections, there flowed over the Rocky Mountains, hardy and vigorous pioneers, who have formed the several states now covering all that great area between the mountains and the Pacific. It is im-

portant that we study the doings of the pioneers and leaders in these great movements which have made North America what it is to-day

But a history of deeds always implies doers. The true history—the vital, living, interesting, and valuable history—is the biography of the actors, the doers of deeds, the makers of the history. Young and old alike are especially interested in the lives of the great actors in the drama of life. To hold up to view, therefore, before the people of our nation the lives of the makers of the republic, to place in their hands the record of the aims and the work of the men and women who have shown forth best of all the "Ideals of American History" is a praiseworthy work, calling for the highest commendation.

It is plainly a necessity for every man and woman to become acquainted with the lives and deeds of the important actors who have made America what it is to-day. Had the people been less intelligent and therefore less successful in voting aright and sending the right men to represent them in the councils of the nation, we should not have had the successful republic which is ours to-day. Hence we see the necessity for all people to become acquainted with our methods of civil government, and to learn the causes of our present growth and prosperity. This is best done by becoming familiar with what the leaders of thought and action have done heretofore.

This volume is designed to bring to the thoughtful attention of our people the lives and deeds of leading citizens from our early past down to to-day. It makes us acquainted with the early settlers, the presidents of the republic, the great statesmen, jurists, journalists and educators, the noted warriors, famous preachers, distinguished women, literary men, scientists, explorers, philanthropists, and historians—the men and women who have made our nation great, ideals whom we all revere and who must forever be held up for our admiration and emulation to encourage us in our turn to duty, honor, and high achievement. For we, too, are all of us making history, and we are more likely to make it aright if we understand the ideals which animated those who have made it in the past—who have helped to make our country great as it is to-day.

What could be more inspiring to any and all of us than the study of the life and character of George Washington, "the man of few words and modest bearing"; of Jefferson, "the exponent of genuine Democratic simplicity"; of Marshall, "the jurist who cared for neither applause nor money"; of Grant, "the silent captain whose only self-assertion was command"; of Lee, "the unassuming genius of generalship, self-effacing, almost shrinking from attention"; or where shall

we find more entertaining reading than in the lives of Benjamin Franklin, at once the philosopher, scientist, inventor, diplomat, statesman, and scholar; of John C. Fremont, the impulsive and adventurous explorer; of Abraham Lincoln, the boatman, the rail-splitter, the statesman, President and restorer of the shattered republic; of John Hay, the poet, historian, and most distinguished diplomatist of his age; of Henry Ward Beecher, "Stonewall" Jackson, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, Manasseh Cutler, William McKinley, or Theodore Roosevelt?

All these and many other worthies whose names stand high on the scroll of fame are treated in this volume. The contents were not made to order for this particular book, from material culled from biographies and cyclopedias, but they consist mainly of well thought-out appreciations taken from the writings and speeches of our strongest thinkers and most brilliant writers.

For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of Event.

From "MAN OCTIPARTITE,"
From the Middle Irish.
Translated by Whitley Stokes.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE HALL OF FAME, NEW YORK.

ON March 5, 1900, the Council of New York University accepted a gift of $100,000, afterward increased to $250,000, from a donor, whose name was withheld, for the erection and completion on University Heights, New York City, of a building to be called "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans." A structure was accordingly built in the form of a semicircle, 170 feet, connecting the University Hall of Philosophy with the Hall of Languages. On the ground floor is a museum 200 feet long by 40 feet wide, consisting of a corridor and six halls to contain mementoes of the names that are inscribed above. The colonnade over this is 400 feet long with provision for 150 panels, about 2 feet by 6 feet, each to bear the name of a famous American.

Only persons who shall have been dead ten or more years are eligible to be chosen. Fifteen classes of citizens were recommended for consideration, to wit: Authors and editors, business men, educators, inventors, missionaries and explorers, philanthropists and reformers, preachers and theologians, scientists, engineers and architects, lawyers and judges, musicians, painters and sculptors, physicians and surgeons, rulers and statesmen, soldiers and sailors, distinguished men and women outside the above classes. Fifty names were to be inscribed on the tablets at the beginning, and five additional names every fifth year thereafter, until the year 2000, when the 150 inscriptions will be completed. In case of failure to fill all the panels allotted, the vacancies are to be filled in a following year.

In February, 1904, the plan was announced of an additional structure in the form of a loggia joining the colonnade on the north, having 30 panels for foreign-born Americans, six to be filled in 1905, and beyond this of a Hall of Fame for Women, about 30 by 60 feet, with a museum on the ground floor and a main story above of 28 columns supporting a pedimented roof, with places for 60 tablets, 10 to be filled in 1905.

The rules prescribed that the Council should invite nominations from the public. Every nomination seconded by a member of the University Senate should be submitted to an electorate of one hundred eminent citizens selected by the Council.

In October, 1900, the University Senate received the ballots of the electors. Of the one hundred judges selected ninety-seven voted. The number of names which had been submitted to them was 252. Of these each judge returned a vote for fifty. The rule required that no candidate receiving less than fifty-one votes could be accepted. The returns showed that but twenty-nine candidates received the required number and were chosen. These were as follows: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin,

Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, Asa Gray.

The Hall was dedicated May 30, 1901, when twenty-five or more national associations each unveiled one of the bronze tablets in the colonnade, after the oration by Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

In October, 1905, the following were found to be duly chosen: John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, William Tecumseh Sherman, James Madison, John Greenleaf Whittier, Alexander Hamilton, Louis Agassiz, John Paul Jones, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Maria Mitchell.

TWO IDEALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THINK what it means to us as a people that our young men should have as their ideals two men, not conquerors, not men who have won glory by wrong-doing; not men whose lives were spent in their own advancement, but men who lived, one of whom died, that the Nation might grow steadily greater and better—the man who founded the Republic and took no glory from it himself save what was freely given him by his fellow-citizens, and that only in the shape of a chance of rendering them service, and the man who afterward saved the Republic, who saved the state, without striking down liberty. Often in history a state has been saved and liberty struck down at the same time. Lincoln saved the Union and lifted the cause of liberty higher than before. Washington created the Republic, rose by statecraft to the highest position, and used that position only for the welfare of his fellows and for so long as his fellows wished him to keep it.

It is a good thing that of these great landmarks of our history—Gettysburg and Valley Forge—one should commemorate a single tremendous effort and the other what we need, on the whole, much more commonly, and what I think is, on the whole, rather more difficult to do—long-sustained effort. Only men with a touch of the heroic in them could have lasted out that three days' struggle at Gettysburg. Only men fit to rank with the great men of all time could have beaten back the mighty onslaught of that gallant and

From Remarks at the Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, Pa., June 19, 1904.

wonderful army of Northern Virginia, whose final supreme effort faded at the stone wall on Cemetery Ridge on that July day forty-one years ago.

But after all, hard though it is to rise to the supreme height of self-sacrifice and of effort at a time of crisis that is short, to rise to it for a single great effort—it is harder yet to rise to the level of a crisis when that crisis takes the form of needing constant, patient, steady work, month after month, year after year, when, too, it does not end after a terrible struggle in a glorious day—when it means months of gloom and effort steadfastly endured, and triumph wrested only at the very end.

Here at Valley Forge Washington and his Continentals warred not against the foreign soldiery, but against themselves, against all the appeals of our nature that are most difficult to resist—against discouragement, discontent, the mean envies and jealousies, and heart-burnings sure to arise at any time in large bodies of men, but especially sure to arise when defeat and disaster have come to large bodies of men. Here the soldiers who carried our national flag had to suffer from cold, from privation, from hardship, knowing that their foes were well housed, knowing that things went easier for the others than it did for them. And they conquered, because they had in them the spirit that made them steadfast, not merely on an occasional great day, but day after day in the life of daily endeavor to do duty well.

When two lessons are both indispensable, it seems hardly worth while to dwell more on one than on the other. Yet I think that as a people we need more to learn the lesson of Valley Forge even than that of Gettysburg. I have not the slightest anxiety but that this people, if the need should come in the future, will be able to show the heroism, the supreme effort that was shown at Gettysburg, though it may well be that it would mean a similar two years of effort, checkered by disaster, to lead up to it. But the vital thing for this Nation to do is steadily to cultivate the quality which Washington and those under him so preëminently showed during the winter at Valley Forge—the quality of steady adherence to duty in the teeth of difficulty, in the teeth of discouragement, and even disaster, the quality that makes a man do what is straight and decent, not one day when a great crisis comes, but every day, day in and day out, until success comes at the end.

Of course, all of us are agreed that a prime national need is the need of commemorating the memories of the men who did greatly, thought highly, who fought, suffered, endured, for the Nation. It is a great thing to commemorate their lives; but, after all, the worthy way to do so is to try to show by our lives that we have profited by them. If we show that the lives of the great men of the past have been to us incitements to do well in the present, then we have paid to them the only homage which is really worthy of them. If we treat

their great deeds as matters merely for idle boasting, not as spurring us on to effort, but as excusing us from effort, then we show that we are not worthy of our sires, of the people who went before us in the history of our land. What we as a people need more than aught else is the steady performance of the everyday duties of life, not with hope of reward, but because they are duties.

I spoke of how we felt that we had in Washington and Lincoln national ideals. I contrasted their names with the names of many others in history, names which will shine brightly, but oh! with how much less power and light. I think you will find that the fundamental difference between our two great national heroes and almost any other men of equal note in the world's history, is that when you think of our two men you think inevitably not of glory, but of duty, not of what the man did for himself in achieving name, or fame, or position, but of what he did for his fellows. They set the right ideal and also they lived up to it in practical fashion. Had either of them possessed that fantastic quality of mind which sets an impossible, and, perhaps, an undesirable ideal, or which declines to do the actual work of the present because forsooth the implements with which it is necessary to work are not to that man's choice, his fame would have been missed, his achievement would have crumbled into dust, and he would not have left one stroke on the book which tells of effort accomplished for the good of mankind.

A man, to amount to anything, must be practical. He must actually do things, not talk about doing them, least of all cavil at how they are accomplished by those who actually go down into the arena, and actually face the dust and the blood and the sweat, who actually triumph in the struggle. The man must have the force, the power, the will to accomplish results, but he must have also the lift toward lofty things which shall make him incapable of striving for aught unless that for which he strives is something honorable and high—something well worth striving for.

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF AMERICAN IDEALS.

BY

EDWARD PAYSON POWELL,

Formerly of St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* and of *The Independent* and *The Christian Register;* author of "Liberty and Life," "Nullification and Secession in the United States," "The Country Home," etc.

WE do not mean to advocate the narrow doctrine of American soil for American-born, but the larger idea of American life for the American people. We would have the American people trained to know themselves, and educated to know their life thought, their struggles, their achievements, and, above all, their errors. We believe that the evolution of humanity is the noblest study of mankind, and that the knowledge of American institutions, their rise and growth, and the dangers that beset them, should constitute the central thought of our schools. The purposing of our educational system should be to make distinctively an American people, with American determinativeness. We shall be glad when the catalogues, especially of our secondary schools, place at the head of their classification the American department instead of the Greek department and the Latin department—not only first and foremost, but dominating and shadowing an insignificant show of American history, with a possible touch of American civics.

This we desire not only from patriotic motives and the conviction that in no other way can we construct a progressive American people with an American passion for democracy, but because any other plan can only make our educative leaders alien to the feelings of the common people. Already this trouble exists in State and in Church. The leaders and the people are educated apart, the one with a classical curriculum, the other with a homely furnishing that hardly reaches beyond Longfellow and Whittier. Two hundred years ago the classics were requisite, because we had no other intellectual pabulum with which to create a thinking class of preachers. That a great change has gone on is shown by the fact that our ministers no longer can preach in either Greek or Latin, as they formerly were able to do, when required, while our college boys do not get enough of either language to make any practical use of it.

However, our purpose is not to advocate the displacement of the ancient languages, but to urge the placement of that which more nearly concerns us. American civics is the growth of the American people. American history is already the story of four centuries—a vast storehouse of national life. We have wrought, all this while, on

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a novel line, antagonizing European ideas and creating *de novo*. In the place of autocracy and kingship we have successfully established popular government. The people cannot govern themselves unless they first know themselves.

A knowledge of American history we hold to be the best, if not the only, cure of anarchism. Our foreign-born population should, as soon as possible, be brought into close association with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and they should be enabled to see the laying of the foundations of the republic. A young Anarchist, when advised to read these men for six months, wrote at the end of that period: "I am not only convinced, but I am overwhelmed. I did not know that this Government was really a building of the people. I wonder now most of all that in your schools I find so little of America. It does not seem to me that you are preparing the young people of this land to carry on the work of the founders with understanding. Every father should insist that his children become saturated with democratic sentiment. Jefferson should be the household god everywhere, despite the fact that District Attorney Jerome pronounces him a 'fakir.' Instead of being willing to tear down, I am now ready to die for this grand organism which we hear called the 'American Government.' "

We believe that this young man is substantially right. We need more Americanism. We need it not only in our schools, but in our politics, in our religion, and in our daily life. How shall we best kindle the glow for American sentiment and a radiant love for free institutions? Of course this will depend largely upon the work done in our schools. The curriculum should have a distinctly American flavor. The department should be led by English literature and American. There should be a constant presentation of the salient points of American history, and a discussion of these in our colleges. The power of the debate will never be overestimated. Its topics should be selected from American history. Women's clubs may greatly aid in this matter. They could find no subject more entrancing than the Administration of Washington, the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, the rise and progress of the tariff issue, the problem of slavery, ending in its extinction, the struggle of labor and capital, the rise of great cities and their growth under the influence of steam power, the reaction toward country life which is now in full tide. Indeed we can conceive such a club tracing out and following down at least a dozen different lines of social evolution. All of these studies would be illuminative of the future. We suggest the establishment of prize debates in all our secondary schools. Let well-disposed Americans see to it that the boys and girls come up vigorous devotees of democracy.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

BY

CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR.

Captain John Smith was born in England in 1579 and died in London in 1631. He has by common consent gained the reputation of having been the founder of the colony of Virginia. His life was full of adventure and he was a man of bold and courageous spirit. He was at one time taken prisoner by Turks and made a slave; a Turkish lady fell in love with him; her brother quarrelled with him in consequence, and Smith killed him, escaping from the country in the dead man's clothes. "He seems," says Prof. Walter C. Bronson, "to have been given to boastfulness and romantic exaggeration; in particular, his story about his rescue by Pocahontas has been much questioned by modern historians. But his undoubted experiences in the New World were varied and often thrilling; and in his several books he describes them and the country with the same rough-and-ready spirit in which he journeyed and fought."

ABOUT the year 1604 every one was wild with the marvellous discoveries in the Western World. All the gay, roving spirits of the day were eager for an opportunity to cross the Atlantic and participate in the huge gold mines and diamond beds which were supposed to exist there. The mystery which shrouded that distant land was sufficient to captivate the imagination of Captain John Smith. On the 19th of December, 1606, the vessel set sail, and, after many adventures and perilous delays, arrived at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay on the 26th of April, 1607. Upon the first land they made they bestowed, in honor of the Prince of Wales, the name of Cape Henry. Here thirty of the colonists disembarked, and, while amusing themselves with local explorations, were set upon by a party of five Indians, who

From "Self-Made Men."

inflicted dangerous wounds on two of their number, and taught them to proceed with greater caution.

The stern work of raising a city in the forest now commenced. The industrial music of the hammer, the anvil, and the saw was heard from morning till night. Smith and Newport, with twenty others, were despatched to discover the source of the river on the banks of which they had commenced building. They proceeded up the river six days, passing many native villages, until they arrived at the falls. Here they visited the renowned chief Powhatan, with whom they exchanged civilities and promises of friendship. Their farther progress being interrupted by the rapids, they put about and prepared to return home. The behavior of the natives was kind and hospitable until they had got within twenty miles of Jamestown: their conduct then began to excite suspicion. On returning to the colony the reason became apparent. An attack had been made on the town, and, owing to the defenceless state of the place, through the culpable negligence of Governor Wingfield, the natives had gained an advantage, and now evidently looked forward to the total extermination of the whites. Made wiser by experience, the governor now fortified the place, and, a few days after the return of Smith, the savages sued for peace.

The ships which had brought out the colonists soon weighed anchor, and sailed for home, leaving the little band to shift for themselves as best they could. The white streak of their wakes had scarcely disappeared from the waters when a terrible sickness broke out among the settlers, so that very few could walk or stand. Scarcity of provisions contributed largely to the sufferings of the poor creatures. The common food was scarcely fit for human beings to eat, and the rations were much too scanty. To add to their troubles and heighten the horrors of famine, it was discovered that the governor was a greedy hog, and had laid up stores of nice things for himself, while his poor companions were starving and rotting around him. One half of the colonists died in this miserable way, and the remainder, like sensible men, deposed the bad governor, and elected Captain John Ratcliffe in

his stead. Nothing could be more desperate than the condition of the small garrison. Their provisions were exhausted; the fisheries yielded but a small and uncertain supply, and they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the hostile Indians in the vicinity. The latter apprehension, however, was soon removed, for the savages took pity on their wretchedness, and, instead of attacking, actually brought them liberal supplies of fruits, vegetables, and game. The new governor, however, did not turn out much better than his predecessor. He lacked the force of character and strength of judgment essential to such a crisis. Smith was pre-eminently endowed with these qualities, and it was but natural, therefore, that the harassed and desponding settlers should look to him as their only hope. He commenced setting things to rights with characteristic energy. By his own industry he stimulated the industry of others, and by pointing out what had to be done in a quiet, solicitous way, he got it done expeditiously and well. In a short time he had procured lodgings for every one but himself. The most knotty question to be solved was how to procure provisions sufficient to hold out until the harvesting time came round again. He determined to go on a trading excursion, and endeavor to procure a supply from the Indians. Accordingly, he fitted out the shallop, manned it with all the spare hands he could muster, and dropped down the river. The natives were well informed of the abject state of the settlement, and, when Smith spoke about barter, they only laughed at him, evidently rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy destruction of the whites. Smith was not the right kind of person to laugh at with impunity, and the moment he found that all fair means were of no avail, he changed his tactics. The word was given to fire, and then, suddenly running the boat ashore, the natives were so frightened and astonished that they scampered away in all directions. This was precisely what Smith wanted. Without a moment's delay, he marched straight into their village, and discovered plentiful heaps of corn. His companions wanted to help themselves without any kind of parleying, but Smith, who

looked to the future as well as the present, would not consent to the pillage. Presently the Indians, to the number of sixty or seventy, painted all sorts of colors, and bearing in front their most redoubtable idol, returned to the spot, and boldly attacked the English. A discharge of musketry soon taught the poor wretches that their idol was of no avail against the white man's gunpowder. A number lay stretched upon the ground, and the remainder hastily retreated, leaving their false god behind them. Shortly afterward they sent a priest to treat with the victors for the restoration of the idol. Smith told them that, if six of the tribe would come unarmed, and aid him in loading his boat, he would not only restore to them their *okee,* or idol, but make them large presents besides of beads, copper, and hatchets. This was agreed to, and the natives soon returned, bringing with them venison, common fowls, turkeys, and bread.

The success of this first expedition led to several others, in all of which Smith's tact, decision, and firmness were eminent. But he labored for an improvident set of fellows, who were much too willing to depend on his trading voyages, rather than work for their own daily bread. Indeed, when we reflect on the many vexations that their idleness must have caused our hero, we are forced to admire the estimable generosity which actuated him in not only working, but exposing himself to danger for their maintenance. One would certainly think that such a capital fellow could have no enemies; but he had, and mean ones too. Foremost among these were Wingfield and Kendall, who had been living in disgrace, and watching the growth of Smith's popularity with jealous spite. They took advantage of his absence on one occasion to conspire with some disorderly malcontents and escape to England in the bark, which, by Smith's direction, had been fitted up for a trading voyage, to be undertaken the next year. They had already, in part, executed their design when Smith returned, for they were actually on board, and the pinnace was preparing to descend the stream. Smith brought them to in prompt style. He assembled his men on the beach, invited the deserters to

return to their duty, and, when they refused, gave them a volley as a persuader. A brisk action ensued, and it was only when Kendall had fallen that the others surrendered.

The hungry fellows of the colony had to be fed by hand, like so many ravens, and, as the ships from the Old Country did not come in with great regularity, they were often reduced to great straits. The subject of our memoir was their sole dependence. At the proper moment he fitted out the boat, and sailed away into the interior in search of provisions, never coming back empty-handed. In one of these expeditions he discovered the Bay of Chesapeake, and afterward explored it minutely, and constructed a map, which was wonderfully accurate, all things considered. Wherever he went he was respected and feared by the natives, but, on the other hand, the moment his back was turned, the colonists began scheming and quarrelling, and making their wretched lives still more miserable. The only creditable thing they did, by way of atonement, was to elect Captain John Smith their president, in place of Ratcliffe, who, like his predecessor, turned out an idle, greedy fellow. But even this they afterward repented, for Smith, knowing that safety and abundance depended entirely on their own exertions, set them all to work, some to collect pitch, tar, and soap-ashes, and others to hew timber in the woods. They who were discontented, says the quaint historian, drowned the noise of every third blow by a curse, which induced the president to make a rule against swearing. Every man's oaths uttered during the day were to be counted, and for each offence he was to have a gallon of water poured down his sleeve. So effectual was this punishment, that scarcely a profane expression was heard in a week. Notwithstanding all his protestations, constant watchfulness had to be exercised toward Powhatan, who was treacherous, and disposed to be revenged on the whites whenever the opportunity occurred. The readiest way of doing this was to starve them out. Experience had taught him that they were improvident, and always in need of corn. He issued orders that none should be supplied. Every kind of persuasion was used in vain, until at length Captain

Smith determined that he should be brought to reason in a summary way. Accordingly, with forty-six men in the pinnace and two barges, he set out to meet the wily chief. Everywhere they heard warnings of Powhatan's treachery, but they went on their way, and when they came to his village, sent him a friendly message. He came in no pleasant mood; told them that they were uninvited; that his subjects had no corn, and that he could give only forty baskets of grain in exchange for forty swords. In the end, a collision took place between the English and the Indians. The latter endeavored to cut off the former by surprise, and were only prevented by the faithful conduct of the beautiful Pocahontas, who came and warned them of their danger. From Powhatan Smith proceeded to another Indian town, where the chief conceived a cunning plot to murder the party. Being in one of the native houses, Smith saw a great concourse of savages without, and their chief near the door, asking him to come forth and receive a present. Such an ambush was a trifle too playful for the keen military eye of Smith, and instead of popping into it, he desired his companions to keep careful watch on all the entrances. Then, seizing his opportunity, he darted out, caught the old chief by the beard, levelled a pistol at his breast, and led him trembling into the midst of his assembled tribe. This daring act struck terror into the whole multitude. They gave up their leader's arms, and cast down their own; while Smith, still holding his captive by the hair, addressed him in a speech, half of conciliation, half of threats, which had the desired result, for a quantity of provisions was brought, and all parties returned to their homes in apparent amity.

We have not the space to follow Smith in all his bold adventures, although they are eminently interesting, and characterized by the noble bearing, courage, and disinterestedness of his chivalric nature. It must suffice that under his rule the colony became as prosperous as it was possible for it to become with such a strange population of worthless, ill-tempered, idle fellows. Quantities of tar, pitch, and soap-ashes were collected; a successful

experiment was made in the manufacture of glass; twenty new houses were built, with a more convenient church; and nets for fishing were manufactured. To defend themselves, the colonists also erected two or three wooden forts, or block-houses, and, to provide for the next year, planted nearly forty acres with vegetables and grain. Altogether the prospects were cheering to every one except the London speculators, who, not having received large cargoes of virgin gold or bags full of precious stones, were greatly dissatisfied with the way things had been managed. To such an extent did they carry their dissatisfaction, that in 1609 they obtained a new charter from the king, annulling the former one. Immediately afterward they despatched nine ships, with 500 emigrants, to take possession of the colony, and regulate it according to the latest system of colonial wisdom. When the proper officers had arrived, Smith made preparations to return to England. The magnanimity of his character was illustrated in the cheerful assistance he rendered to his successors, many of whom were pigheaded and insolent, and very jealous of Smith's popularity. Those poor creatures who had worked and suffered in the colony were very sorry when they heard that their brave president was about to leave them, and they tried all they could to get him to stay; but Smith suffered severely from an accident he had met with, occasioned by the explosion of a bag of gunpowder, and felt sure that if he did not go back and get good medical advice he would infallibly die. So Captain John Smith, after a wonderfully active and wonderfully troubled career of more than two years, took his departure for the land of his fathers. . . .

In 1614 we find him once more embarked for the New World, but not for Virginia. This time his enterprising spirit sought new laurels in the cold and barren ground of New England. There were two ships in the expedition, one commanded by himself, and the other by Captain Thomas Hunt. On the 30th of April they arrived at the coast of Maine, and immediately commenced looking for mines of gold. As they did not succeed in their search, they turned their attention to the next most improbable product of

the country, and went about in boats to capture whales. Finally they abandoned both pursuits, and devoted their attention to the catching and curing of codfish. While the crew were thus employed, Captain Smith, with eight men in a small boat, surveyed and examined the whole coast from Penobscot to Cap Cod, trafficking with the Indians for furs, and twice fighting with them. He constructed a map of the country, and, after six months' absence, once more returned to England. In the following year our restless hero embarked once more for the Western World, but, when about a hundred and twenty leagues from port, he encountered a violent storm, which so shattered his vessel that he had to return and procure another one. On the 24th of June, 1615, he started once more in a small bark of sixty tons, manned by thirty men, and carrying with him sixteen settlers. Soon after his departure he was chased by an English pirate, but succeeded in getting away on friendly terms. Near Fayal he came across two French pirates. His crew were panic-stricken, and wanted him to surrender; but he scorned the idea, and told them that he would rather blow up the ship than yield while he had any powder left. So he blazed away with his four little guns, and contrived to make his escape. Near Flores he was chased, and, sad to say, overtaken by four French men-of-war. For some strange reason Smith was kidnapped, and kept on board the French frigate while she cruised about snapping up prizes. In the meantime the crew of his own vessel put about, and returned to the port whence they came. Smith had no opportunity of making his escape until one stormy night, while the vessel of his captors was lying at anchor in the harbor of Rochelle. When it was quite dark he dropped into a boat, and with the fragment of a hand-spike in place of oars, floated away on the fierce waters. A strong current carried him out to sea, and all night he was rocked about in one of the most fearful tempests that had been known on that coast for many years. A kind and watchful Providence surely shielded him on that sad night, for, when he was carried in by the morning tide, he discovered that the French ship from which he had

escaped had been wrecked, and the captain and half the crew drowned; yet his poor little cockle-shell outlived the fury of the elements! On landing at Rochelle he lodged a complaint with the judge of the Admiralty, but without any satisfactory result. Shortly afterward he returned to England, and in 1616 published the narrative of his two voyages to New England, which he had written, in a great measure, while a prisoner on board the French vessel. Although he made many efforts to return to the country in which he was so deeply interested, and which owed all its prosperity to his presence, and all its misfortunes to his absence, he was never able to do so. As a speculation, the New World had been ruinous to the capitalists who embarked in it, and there was no disposition to risk more. The remainder of his life was therefore passed in England, but in what way we know not.

WILLIAM BRADFORD,

GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY.

BY

THE REV. AND LEARNED COTTON MATHER, D. D., F. R. S.,
PASTOR OF THE NORTH CHURCH IN BOSTON.

His watchfulness guards others' slumbers; his toil secures others' rest; his diligence protects others' enjoyments; his constant application, others' leisure.

William Bradford was born in England in 1588. One of the Pilgrim fathers who came over in the Mayflower in 1620, he became in 1621 second Governor of Plymouth Colony, and died in 1657. His famous "History of the Plymouth Plantation," the manuscript of which is now in the State House at Boston, was taken to England in 1775 by the British. It was not found until 1855, when it was printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in 1897 the original was given back to this country by the English.

Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its first planting in the year 1620 unto the year of our Lord 1698 in seven books," was first published in London, in 1702, and has remained the foundation work for all

From "Magnalia Christi Americana."

writers of New England history. It is really a civil as well as an ecclesiastical history "reporting," to use the quaint language of the title—"The design where-on, the manner where-in, and the People where-by, the Several Colonies of New England were planted." The language appears pedantic and the style involved to modern ears. The narrative is interlarded with quotations from the Greek and Latin, but they are here printed in English, and the narrative has been slightly abbreviated.

AMONG those devout people was our William Bradford, who was born Anno 1588, in an obscure village called Ansterfield, where the people were as unacquainted with the Bible, as the Jews do seem to have been with part of it in the days of Josiah; a most ignorant and licentious people, and like unto their priest. Here, and in some other places, he had a comfortable inheritance left him of his honest parents, who died while he was yet a child, and cast him on the education, first of his grand parents and then of his uncles, who devoted him, like his ancestors, unto the affairs of husbandry. Soon a long sickness kept him, as he would afterwards thankfully say, from the vanities of youth, and made him the fitter for what he was afterwards to undergo. When he was about a dozen years old, the reading of the Scriptures began to cause great impressions upon him; and those impressions were much assisted and improved, when he came to enjoy Mr. Richard Clifton's illuminating ministry, not far from his abode; he was then also further befriended, by being brought into the company and fellowship of such as were then called professors; though the young man that brought him into it did after become a profane and wicked apostate. Nor could the wrath of his uncles, nor the scoff of his neighbors, now turned upon him, as one of the Puritans, divert him from his pious inclinations.

At last, beholding how fearfully the evangelical and apostolical church-form, whereinto the churches of the primitive times were cast by the good spirit of God, had been deformed by the apostacy of the succeeding times; and what little progress the Reformation had yet made

ENGLISH PURITANS ESCAPING TO AMERICA

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. LEUTZE—AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY G. R. HALL. IN THE POSSESSION OF WM. H. APPLETON, ESQ.

Leutze was born in Germany, 1816, and died in Washington, D. C., 1868. His art work was chiefly devoted to American historical subjects. Everyone is familiar with his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Columbus Before the Queen," etc.

in the many parts of Christendom towards its recovery, he set himself by reading, by discourse, by prayer, to learn whether it was not his duty to withdraw from the communion of the parish-assemblies, and engage with some society of the faithful, that should keep close unto the written word of God, as the rule of their worship. And after many distresses of mind concerning it, he took up a very deliberate and understanding resolution, of doing so; which resolution he cheerfully prosecuted, although the provoked rage of his friends tried all the ways imaginable to reclaim him from it, unto all whom his answer was:

"Were I like to endanger my life, or consume my estate by any ungodly courses, your counsels to me were very seasonable; but you know that I have been diligent and provident in my calling, and not only desirous to augment what I have, but also to enjoy it in your company; to part from which will be as great a cross as can befall me. Nevertheless, to keep a good conscience, and walk in such a way as God has prescribed in his Word, is a thing which I must prefer before you all, and above life itself. Wherefore, since 'tis for a good cause that I am like to suffer the disasters which you lay before me, you have no cause to be either angry with me, or sorry for me; yea, I am not only willing to part with every thing that is dear to me in this world for this cause, but I am also thankful that God has given me an heart to do, and will accept me so to suffer for him."

Some lamented him, some derided him, all dissuaded him: nevertheless, the more they did it, the more fixed he was in his purpose to seek the ordinances of the gospel, where they should be dispensed with most of the commanded purity; and the sudden deaths of the chief relations which thus lay at him, quickly after convinced him what a folly it had been to have quitted his profession, in expectation of any satisfaction from them. So to Holland he attempted a removal.

Having with a great company of Christians hired a ship to transport them for Holland, the master perfidiously betrayed them into the hands of those persecu-

tors, who rifled and ransacked their goods, and clapped their persons into prison at Boston, where they lay for a month together. But Mr. Bradford being a young man of about eighteen, was dismissed sooner than the rest, so that within a while he had opportunity with some others to get over to Zealand, through perils, both by land and sea not inconsiderable; where he was not long ashore ere a viper seized on his hand—that is, an officer—who carried him unto the magistrates, unto whom an envious passenger had accused him as having fled out of England. When the magistrates understood the true cause of his coming thither, they were well satisfied with him; and so he repaired joyfully unto his brethren at Amsterdam, where the difficulties to which he afterwards stooped in learning and serving of a Frenchman at the working of silks, were abundantly compensated by the delight wherewith he sat under the shadow of our Lord, in his purely dispensed ordinances. At the end of two years, he did, being of age to do it, convert his estate in England into money; but setting up for himself, he found some of his designs by the providence of God frowned upon, which he judged a correction bestowed by God upon him for certain decays of internal piety, whereinto he had fallen; the consumption of his estate he thought came to prevent a consumption in his virtue. But after he had resided in Holland about half a score years, he was one of those who bore a part in that hazardous and generous enterprise of removing into New-England, with part of the English church at Leyden, where, at their first landing, his dearest consort accidentally falling overboard, was drowned in the harbor; and the rest of his days were spent in the services, and the temptations, of that American wilderness.

Here was Mr. Bradford, in the year 1621, unanimously chosen the governor of the plantation: the difficulties whereof were such that if he had not been a person of more than ordinary piety, wisdom, and courage, he must have sunk under them. He had, with a laudable industry, been laying up a treasure of experiences, and he had now occasion to use it: indeed, nothing but an experienced

man could have been suitable to the necessities of the people. The Potent nations of the Indians, into whose country they were come, would have cut them off, if the blessing of God upon his conduct had not quelled them; and if his prudence, justice and moderation had not overruled them, they had been ruined by their own distempers. One specimen of his demeanor is to this day particularly spoken of. A company of young fellows that were newly arrived, were very unwilling to comply with the governor's order for working abroad on the public account; and therefore on Christmas-day when he had called upon them, they excused themselves, with a pretence that it was against their conscience to work such a day. The governor gave them no answer, only that he would spare them till they were better informed; but by and by he found them all at play in the street, sporting themselves with various diversions; whereupon commanding the instruments of their games to be taken from them, he effectually gave them to understand, "That it was against his conscience that they should play whilst others were at work: and that if they had any devotion to the day, they should show it at home in the exercises of religion, and not in the streets with pastime and frolicks;" and this gentle reproof put a final stop to all such disorders for the future.

For two years together after the beginning of the colony whereof he was now governor, the poor people had a great experiment of "man's not living by bread alone;" for when they were left all together without one morsel of bread for many months one after another, still the good providence of God relieved them, and supplied them, and this for the most part out of the sea. In this low condition of affairs, there was no little exercise for the prudence and patience of the governor, who cheerfully bore his part in all; and, that industry might not flag, he quickly set himself to settle property among the new-planters, foreseeing that while the whole country labored upon a common stock, the husbandry and business of the plantation could not flourish, as Plato and others long since dreamed that it would, if a community were estab-

lished. Certainly, if the spirit which dwelt in the old puritans, had not inspired these new-planters, they had sunk under the burden of these difficulties; but our Bradford had a double portion of that spirit.

The plantation was quickly thrown into a storm that almost overwhelmed it, by the unhappy actions of a minister sent over from England by the adventurers concerned for the plantation; but by the blessing of Heaven on the conduct of the governor, they weathered out that storm. Only the adventurers hereupon breaking to pieces, threw up all their concernments with the infant-colony; whereof they gave this as one reason, "That the planters dissembled with his Majesty and their friends in their petition, wherein they declared for a church-discipline, agreeing with the French and others of the reforming Churches in Europe." Whereas 'twas now urged that they had admitted into their communion a person who at his admission utterly renounced the Churches of England, (which person, by the way, was that very man who had made the complaints against them,) and therefore, though they denied the name of Brownists, yet they were the thing. In answer hereunto, the very words written by the governor were these:

"Whereas you tax us with dissembling about the French discipline, you do us wrong, for we both hold and practise the discipline of the French and other Reformed Churches (as they have published the same in the Harmony of Confession) according to our means, in effect and substance. But whereas you would tie us up to the French discipline in every circumstance, you derogate from the liberty we have in Christ Jesus. The Apostle Paul would have none to follow him in any thing, but wherein he follows Christ, much less ought any Christian or church in the world to do it. The French may err, we may err, and other churches may err, and doubtless do in many circumstances. That honor therefore belongs only to the infallible Word of God, and pure Testament of Christ, to be propounded and followed as the only rule and pattern for direction herein to all churches and Christians. And it is too great arrogancy for any man or

church to think that he or they have so sounded the Word of God unto the bottom, as precisely to set down the church's discipline without error in substance or circumstance, that no other without blame may digress or differ in any thing from the same. And it is not difficult to show that the Reformed Churches differ in many circumstances among themselves."

By which words it appears how far he was free from that rigid spirit of separation, which broke to pieces the Separatists themselves in the Low Countries, unto the great scandal of the reforming churches. He was indeed a person of well-tempered spirit, or else it had been scarce possible for him to have kept the affairs of Plymouth in so good a temper for thirty-seven years together; in every one of which he was chosen their governor, except the three years wherein Mr. Winslow, and the two years wherein Mr. Prince, at the choice of the people, took a turn with him.

The leader of a people in a wilderness had need be a Moses; and if a Moses had not led the people of Plymouth Colony, when this worthy person was their governor, the people had never with so much unanimity and importunity still called him to lead them. Among many instances thereof, let this one piece of self-denial be told for a memorial of him, wheresoever this History shall be considered: The Patent of the Colony was taken in his name, running in these terms: "To William Bradford, his heirs, associates, and assigns." But when the number of the freemen was much increased, and many new townships erected, the General Court there desired of Mr. Bradford, that he would make a surrender of the same into their hands, which he willingly and presently assented unto, and confirmed it according to their desire by his hand and seal, reserving no more for himself than was his proportion, with others, by agreement. But as he found the providence of Heaven many ways recompensing his many acts of self-denial so he gave this testimony to the faithfulness of the divine promises: "That he had forsaken friends, houses and lands for the sake of the gospel, and the Lord gave them him again." Here he

prospered in his estate; and besides a worthy son which he had by a former wife, he had also two sons and a daughter by another, whom he married in this land.

He was a person for study as well as action; and hence, notwithstanding the difficulties through which he passed in his youth, he attained unto a notable skill in languages: the Dutch tongue was become almost as vernacular to him as the English; the French tongue he could also manage; the Latin and the Greek he had mastered; but the Hebrew he most of all studied, "Because," he said, "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty." He was also well skilled in History, in Antiquity and in Philosophy; and for Theology he became so versed in it, that he was an irrefragable disputant against the errors, especially those of Anabaptism, which with trouble he saw rising in his colony; wherefore he wrote some significant things for the confutation of those errors. But the crown of all was his holy, prayerful, watchful, and fruitful walk with God, wherein he was very exemplary.

At length he fell into an indisposition of body, which rendered him unhealthy for a whole winter; and as the spring advanced his health yet more declined; yet he felt himself not what he counted sick, till one day; in the night after which, the God of heaven so filled his mind with ineffable consolations, that he seemed little short of Paul, rapt up unto the unutterable entertainments of Paradise. The next morning he told his friends, "That the good Spirit of God had given him a pledge of his happiness to another world, and the first-fruits of his eternal glory;" and on the day following he died, May 9, 1657, in the 69th year of his age—lamented by all the colonies of New England, as a common blessing and father to them all.

"O, that life's end may be as sweet to me!"

Plato's brief description of a governor, is all that I will now leave as his character, in an EPITAPH.

A shepherd-guardian of his human fold.
Men are but flocks: Bradford held their need,
And long did them at once both rule and feed.

JOHN WINTHROP,

GOVERNOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

BY

COTTON MATHER, D. D., F. R. S., ETC.

"Whatever winds may blow, this art of ours can never be lost."
—*Cicero.*

John Winthrop was born in England in 1588, and died in Boston in 1649. He came to America in 1630. First Deputy Governor and then Governor of Massachusetts, he was a very popular ruler for many years. He kept a record of the happenings in the colony which extended over nineteen years, a part of which was published in 1790. It was not until 1816, when the rest of the manuscript was found in the tower of the Old South Church, that the remainder saw the light.

A STOCK of heroes by right should afford nothing but what is heroical; and nothing but an extreme degeneracy would make any thing less to be expected from a stock of Winthrops. Mr. Adam Winthrop, the son of a worthy gentleman wearing the same name, was himself a worthy, a discreet, and a learned gentleman, particularly eminent for skill in the law, nor without remark for love to the gospel, under the reign of King Henry VIII., and brother to a memorable favorer of the reformed religion in the days of Queen Mary, into whose hands the famous martyr Philpot committed his papers, which afterwards made no inconsiderable part of our martyr-books. This Mr. Adam Winthrop had a son of the same name also, and of the same endowments and employments with his father; and this third Adam Winthrop was the father of that renowned John Winthrop, who was the father of New-England, and the founder of a colony, which, upon many accounts, like him that founded it, may challenge the first place among the English glories of America. Our JOHN WINTHROP, thus born at the mansion-house of his ancestors, at Groton in Suffolk, on June 12, 1587, enjoyed afterwards an agreeable education. But though he would

From "Magnalia Christi Americana" (see Note to William Bradford).

rather have devoted himself unto the study of Mr. John Calvin, than of Sir Edward Cook; nevertheless, the accomplishments of a lawyer were those wherewith Heaven made his chief opportunities to be serviceable.

Being made, at the unusually early age of eighteen, a justice of peace, his virtues began to fall under a more general observation; and he not only so bound himself to the behavior of a Christian, as to become exemplary for a conformity to the laws of Christianity in his own conversation, but also discovered a more than ordinary measure of those qualities which adorn an officer of humane society. His justice was impartial, and used the balance to weigh not the cash, but the case of those who were before him: face-worship, or respect of persons, he reckoned as bad as idol-worship: his wisdom did exquisitely temper things according to the art of governing, which is a business of more contrivance than the seven arts of the schools; oyer still went before terminer in all his administrations: his courage made him dare to do right, and fitted him to stand among the lions that have sometimes been supporters of the throne: all which virtues he rendered the more illustrious, by emblazoning them with the constant liberality and hospitality of a gentleman. This made him the terror of the wicked, and the delight of the sober, the envy of the many, but the hope of those who had any hopeful design in hand for the common good of the nation and the interests of religion.

Accordingly when the noble design of carrying a colony of chosen people into an American wilderness, was by some eminent person undertaken, this eminent person was, by the consent of all, chosen for the Moses, who must be the leader of so great an undertaking; and indeed nothing but a Mosaic spirit could have carried him through the temptations, to which either his farewell to his own land, or his travel in a strange land, must needs expose a gentleman of his education. Wherefore having sold a fair estate of six or seven hundred a year, he transported himself with the effects of it into New-England in the year 1630, where he spent it upon the service of a

famous plantation, founded and formed for the seat of the most reformed Christianity; and continued there, conflicting with temptations of all sorts, as many years as the nodes of the moon take to despatch a revolution. Those persons were never concerned in a new plantation, who know not that the unavoidable difficulties of such a thing will call for all the prudence and patience of a mortal man to encounter therewithal; and they must be very insensible of the influence, which the just wrath of Heaven has permitted the devils to have upon this world, if they do not think that the difficulties of a new plantation, devoted unto the evangelical worship of our Lord Jesus Christ, must be yet more than ordinary. How prudently, how patiently, and with how much resignation to our Lord Jesus Christ, our brave Winthrop waded through these difficulties, let posterity consider with admiration. And know, that as the picture of this their governor was, after his death, hung up with honor in the state-house of his country, so the wisdom, courage, and holy zeal of his life, were an example well worthy to be copied by all that shall succeed him in government. . . .

It is chiefly as a governor that he is now to be considered. Being the governor over the considerablest part of New-England, he maintained the figure and honor of his place with the spirit of a true gentleman; but yet with such obliging condescension to the circumstances of the colony, that when a certain troublesome and malicious calumniator, well known in those times, printed his libellous nick-names upon the chief persons here, the worst nick-name he could find for the governor was John Temper-well; and when the calumnies of that ill man caused the Arch-bishop to summon one Mr. Cleaves before the King, in hopes to get some accusation from him against the country, Mr. Cleaves gave such an account of the governor's laudable carriage in all respects, and the serious devotion wherewith prayers were both publicly and privately made for his Majesty, that the King expressed himself most highly pleased therewithal, only sorry that so worthy a person should be no better accommodated than with the hardships of America. He

was, indeed, a governor, who had most exactly studied that book which, pretending to teach politics, did not only contain three leaves, and but one word in each of those leaves, which word was, MODERATION. Hence, though he were a zealous enemy to all vice, yet his practice was according to his judgment thus expressed: "In the infancy of plantations, justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state; because people are more apt then to transgress; partly out of ignorance of new laws and orders, partly out of oppression of business, and other straits. By slow degrees was the old rule; and if the strings of a new instrument be wound up unto their height, they will quickly crack." But when some leading and learned men took offence at his conduct in this matter, and upon a conference, gave it in as their opinion, "That a stricter discipline was to be used in the beginning of a plantation, than after its being with more age established and confirmed," the governor being readier to see his own errors than other men's, professed his purpose to endeavor their satisfaction with less of lenity in his administrations. At that conference there were drawn up several other articles to be observed between the governor and the rest of the magistrates, which were of this import: "That the magistrates, as far as might be, should aforehand ripen their consultations, to produce that unanimity in their public votes, which might make them liker to the voice of God; that if differences fell out among them in their public meetings, they should speak only to the case, without any reflection, with all due modesty, and but by way of question; or desire the deferring of the cause to further time; and after sentence to imitate privately no dislike; that they should be more familiar, friendly and open unto each other, and more frequent in their visitations, and not any way to expose each other's infirmities, but seek the honor of each other, and all the Court; that one magistrate shall not cross the proceedings of another, without first advising with him; and that they should in all their appearances abroad, be so circumstanced as to prevent all contempt of authority; and that they should support and strengthen all under

officers. All of which articles were observed by no man more than by the governor himself. . . .

He abridged himself of a thousand comfortable things, which he had allowed himself elsewhere: his habit was not that soft raiment, which would have been disagreeable to a wilderness; his table was not covered with the superfluities that would have invited unto sensualities: water was commonly his own drink, though he gave wine to others. But at the same time his liberality unto the needy was even beyond measure generous; and therein he was continually causing "the blessing of him that was ready to perish to come upon him, and the heart of the widow and the orphan to sing for joy:" but none more than those of deceased Ministers, whom he always treated with a very singular compassion; among the instances whereof we still enjoy with us the worthy and now aged son of that reverend Higginson, whose death left his family in a wide world soon after his arrival here, publicly acknowledging the charitable Winthrop for his foster-father. It was oftentimes so small trial unto his faith, to think how a table for the people should be furnished when they first came into the wilderness! and for very many of the people his own good works were needful, and accordingly employed for the answering of his faith. Indeed, for a while the governor was the Joseph unto whom the whole body of the people repaired when their corn failed them; and he continued relieving of them with his open-handed bounties, as long as he had any stock to do it with; and a lively faith to see the return of the "bread after many days," and not starve in the days that were to pass till that return should be seen, carried him cheerfully through those expenses.

Once it was observable that, on February 5, 1630, when he was distributing the last handful of the meal in the barrel unto a poor man distressed by the "wolf at the door," at that instant they spied a ship arrived at the harbor's mouth, laden with provisions for them all. Yea, the governor sometimes made his own private purse to be the public: not by sucking into it, but by squeezing out

of it; for when the public treasure had nothing in it, he did himself defray the charges of the public. And having learned that lesson of our Lord, "that it is better to give than to receive," he did, at the general court, when he was a third time chosen governor, make a speech unto this purpose: "That he had received gratuities from divers towns, which he accepted with much comfort and content; and he had likewise received civilities from particular persons, which he could not refuse without incivility in himself: nevertheless, he took them with a trembling heart, in regard of God's word, and the conscience of his own infirmities; and therefore he desired them that they would not hereafter take it ill if he refused such presents for the time to come." 'Twas his custom also to send some of his family upon errands unto the houses of the poor about their meal time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; and if it were found that they wanted, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies unto them. And there was one passage of his charity that was perhaps a little unusual: in a hard and long winter, when wood was very scarce at Boston, a man gave him a private information that a needy person in the neighborhood stole wood sometimes from his pile; whereupon the governor in a seeming anger did reply: "Does he so? I'll take a course with him; go, call that man to me; I'll warrant you I'll cure him of stealing." When the man came, the governor considering that if he had stolen, it was more out of necessity than disposition, said unto him, "Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided for wood; wherefore I would have you supply yourself at my wood-pile till this cold season be over." And he then merrily asked his friends, "Whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood?"

One would have imagined that so good a man could have had no enemies, if we had not had a daily and woeful experience to convince us that goodness itself will make enemies. It is a wonderful speech of Plato, (in one of his books, De Republica,) "For the trial of true virtue 'tis necessary that a good man, though he do no unjust thing,

should suffer the infamy of the greatest injustice." The governor had by his unspotted integrity procured himself a great reputation among the people; and then the crime of popularity was laid unto his charge by such, who were willing to deliver him from the danger of having all men speak well of him. Yea, there were persons eminent both for figure and for number, unto whom it was almost essential to dislike every thing that came from him; and yet he always maintained an amicable correspondence with them; as believing that they acted according to their judgment and conscience, or that their eyes were held by some temptation in the worst of all their oppositions. Indeed, his right works were so many, that they exposed him unto the envy of his neighbors; and of such power was that envy, that sometimes he could not stand before it; but it was by not standing that he most effectually withstood it all. Great attempts were sometimes made among the freemen to get him left out from his place in the government upon little pretences, lest by the too frequent choice of one man, the government should cease to be by choice; and with a particular aim at him, sermons were preached at the anniversary Court of election, to dissuade the freemen from choosing one man twice together. This was the reward of his extraordinary serviceableness! But when these attempts did succeed, as they sometimes did, his profound humility appeared in that equality of mind, wherewith he applied himself cheerfully to serve the country in whatever station their votes had allotted for him. And one year when the votes came to be numbered, there were found six less for Mr. Winthrop than for another gentleman who then stood in competition: but several other persons regularly tendering their votes before the election was published, were, upon a very frivolous objection, refused by some of the magistrates that were afraid lest the election should at last fall upon Mr. Winthrop: which, though it was well perceived, yet such was the self-denial of this patriot, that he would not permit any notice to be taken of the injury. But these trials were nothing in comparison of those harsher and harder treats, which he some-

times had from the frowardness of not a few in the days of their paroxysms; and from the faction of some against him, not much unlike that of the Piazzi in Florence against the family of the Medicis: all of which he at last conquered by conforming to the famous judge's motto, "He is prudent who is patient." The oracles of God have said, "Envy is rottenness to the bones;" and Gulielmus Parisiensis applies it unto rulers, who are as it were the bones of the societies which they belong unto: "Envy," says he, "is often found among them, and it is rottenness unto them." Our Winthrop encountered this envy from others, but conquered it, by being free from it himself. . . .

Indeed, such was the mixture of distinct qualities in him, as to make a most admirable temper; and his having a certain greatness of soul, which rendered him grave, generous, courageous, resolved, well-applied, and every way a gentleman in his demeanor, did not hinder him from taking sometimes the old Roman's way to avoid confusions, namely, by yielding the point; or from discouraging some things which are agreeable enough to most that wear the name of gentlemen. . . .

Many were the afflictions of this righteous man! He lost much of his estate in a ship, and in an house, quickly after his coming to New-England, besides the prodigious expense of it in the difficulties of his first coming hither. Afterwards his assiduous application unto the public affairs, (wherein he no longer belonged to himself, after the Republic had once made him her Chief Magistrate) made him so much to neglect his own private interests, that an unjust steward ran him £2,500 in debt before he was aware; for the payment whereof he was forced, many years before his decease, to sell the most of what he had left unto him in the country. Albeit, by the observable blessings of God upon the posterity of this liberal man, his children all of them came to fair estates, and lived in good fashion and credit. Moreover, he successively buried three wives; the first of which was daughter and heiress of Mr. Forth, of Much-Stambridge in Essex, by whom he had "wisdom with an inheritance;" and an

excellent son. The second was a daughter of Mr. William Clopton, of London, who died with her child, within a very little while. The third was the daughter of the truly worshipful Sir John Tyndal, who made it her whole care to please, first God, and then her husband; and by whom he had four sons, which survived and honored their father. And unto all these, the addition of the distempers, every now and then, raised in the country, procured unto him a very singular share of trouble; yea, so hard was the measure which he found even among pious men, in the temptations of a wilderness, that when the thunder and lightning had smitten a wind-mill whereof he was owner, some had such things in their heads as publicly to reproach this charitablest of men as if the voice of the Almighty had rebuked, I know not what oppression, which they judged him guilty of; which things I would not have mentioned, but that the instances may fortify the expectations of my best readers for such afflictions.

He that had been for his attainments, as they said of the blessed Macarius, (an old man, while a young one,) and that had in his young days met with many of those ill days, whereof he could say, he had "little pleasure in them;" now found old age in its infirmities advancing earlier upon him, than it came upon his much longer-lived progenitors. While he was yet seven years off of that which we call "the grand climacterical," he felt the approaches of his dissolution; and finding he could say,

> "I am not what I was in form or face,
> In healthful color or in vigorous pace,"

he then wrote this account of himself: "Age now comes upon me, and infirmities therewithal, which makes me apprehend, that the time of my departure out of this world is not far off. However, our times are all in the Lord's hand, so as we need not trouble our thoughts how long or short they may be, but how we may be found faithful when we are called for." But at last when that year came, he took a cold which turned into a fever, whereof he lay sick about a month, and in that sickness, as it hath been observed, that there was allowed unto the serpent

the "bruising of the heel;" and accordingly at the heel or the close of our lives the old serpent will be nibbling more than ever in our lives before; and when the devil sees that we shall shortly be, "where the wicked cease from troubling," that wicked one will trouble us more than ever; so this eminent saint now underwent sharp conflicts with the tempter, whose wrath grew great, as the time to exert it grew short; and he was buffeted with the disconsolate thoughts of black and sore desertions, wherein he could use that sad representation of his own condition:

> "I once judged others, but now trembling stand
> Before a dread tribunal, to be judged."

But it was not long before those clouds were dispelled, and he enjoyed in his holy soul the great consolations of God! While he thus lay ripening for heaven, he did out of obedience unto the ordinance of our Lord, send for the elders of the church to pray with him: yea, they and the whole Church fasted as well as prayed for him, and in that fast the venerable Cotton preached on Psal. xxxv. 13, 14: "When they were sick, I humbled myself with fasting; I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother; I bowed down heavily, as one that mourned for his mother:" from whence I find him raising that observation, "The sickness of one that is to us a friend, a brother, a mother, is a just occasion of deep humbling our souls with fasting and prayer;" and making this application:

"Upon this occasion we are now to attend this duty for a governor, who has been to us as a friend in his counsel for all things, and help for our bodies by physic, for our estates by law, and of whom there was no fear of his becoming an enemy, like the friends of David: a governor who has been unto us as a brother; not usurping authority over the church; often speaking his advice, and often contradicted, even by young men, and some of low degree; yet not replying, but offering satisfaction also when any supposed offences have arisen; a governor who has been

unto us as a mother, parent-like distributing his goods to brethren and neighbors at his first coming; and gently bearing our infirmities without taking notice of them."

Such a governor, after he had been more than ten several times by the people chosen their governor, was New-England now to lose; who having, like Jacob, first left his council and blessing with his children gathered about his bed-side; and, like David, "served his generation by the will of God," he "gave up the ghost," and fell asleep on March 26, 1649. Having, like the dying Emperor Valentinian, this above all his other victories for his triumphs, his overcoming of himself.

The words of Josephus about Nehemiah, the governor of Israel, we will now use upon this governor of New-England, as his EPITAPH: He was by nature a man, at once benevolent and just; most zealous for the honor of his countrymen; and to them he left an imperishable monument—the walls of Jerusalem.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

George Washington was born in Virginia in 1732, and died in 1799. He had the advantages of only a common school education, although his father left a large estate. On arriving at manhood he became a surveyor, and in the course of his professional career displayed much bravery and power of endurance. In 1754 he was made a lieutenant-colonel and took part in the French and Indian Wars, resigning in 1759. He became a member of the Legislature of Virginia and espoused the side of the colonists against the British. Soon after the Revolutionary War broke out he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American armies; and the story of the long struggle against the British is too well known to need any retelling here. Every one knows the debt we owe to Washington for securing American liberty and independence. With characteristic simplicity, when the war was over, he returned to his estate and to farming, but he was called upon to assist in the councils which moulded the States into a Nation, and when the Constitution was adopted he be-

came the first President of the United States. He was elected a second time, but he refused a third term. His letters, writings, and speeches were written with the formality of the period, but with a calm strength and a noble largeness.

A CRITICAL study of Washington's career only enhances our estimation of his vast and varied ability. As Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial armies from the beginning of the war to the proclamation of peace, as president of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and as the first President of the United States under that Constitution, Washington has a distinction differing from that of all other illustrious Americans. No other name bears or can bear such a relation to the Government. Not only by his military genius—his patience, his sagacity, his courage, and his skill—was our national independence won, but he helped in largest measure to draft the chart by which the Nation was guided; and he was the first chosen of the people to put in motion the new Government. His was not the boldness of martial display or the charm of captivating oratory, but his calm and steady judgment won men's support and commanded their confidence by appealing to their best and noblest aspirations. And withal Washington was ever so modest that at no time in his career did his personality seem in the least intrusive. He was above the temptation of power. He spurned the suggested crown. He would have no honor which the people did not bestow.

An interesting fact—and one which I love to recall—is that the only time Washington formally addressed the Constitutional Convention during all its sessions over which he presided in Philadelphia, he appealed for a large representation of the people in the National House of Representatives, and his appeal was instantly heeded. Thus was he ever keenly watchful of the rights of the people in whose hands was the destiny of our Government then as now.

Masterful as were his military campaigns, his civil administration commands equal admiration. His foresight was marvellous; his conception of the philosophy

THE GREAT FIREPLACE IN WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
AT MORRISTOWN.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
AT MORRISTOWN.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

EXTERIOR VIEW, AND THE INTERIOR WITH THE GREAT FIREPLACE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

of government, his insistence upon the necessity of education, morality, and enlightened citizenship to the progress and permanence of the Republic, cannot be contemplated even at this period without filling us with astonishment at the breadth of his comprehension and the sweep of his vision. His was no narrow view of government.

The immediate present was not his sole concern, but our future good his constant theme of study. He blazed the path of liberty. He laid the foundation upon which we have grown from weak and scattered Colonial governments to a united Republic whose domains and power, as well as whose liberty and freedom, have become the admiration of the world. Distance and time have not detracted from the fame and force of his achievements or diminished the grandeur of his life and work. Great deeds do not stop in their growth, and those of Washington will expand in influence in all the centuries to follow.

The bequest Washington has made to civilization is rich beyond computation. The obligations under which he has placed mankind are sacred and commanding. The responsibility he has left for the American people to preserve and perfect what he accomplished is exacting and solemn. Let us rejoice in every new evidence that the people realize what they enjoy and cherish with affection the illustrious heroes of Revolutionary story whose valor and sacrifices made us a nation. They live in us, and their memory will help us keep the covenant entered into for the maintenance of the freest Government of earth.

The Nation and the name of Washington are inseparable. One is linked indissolubly with the other. Both are glorious, both triumphant. Washington lives and will live, because what he did was for the exaltation of man, the enthronement of conscience, and the establishment of a Government which recognizes all the governed. And so, too, will the Nation live victorious over all obstacles, adhering to the immortal principles which Washington taught and Lincoln sustained.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but one!
—BYRON, *Ode to Napoleon.*

While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
—BYRON, *The Age of Bronze.*

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after time!
—SOUTHEY, *Ode written during the War with America.*

Washington! said the Monarch, well hast thou spoken and truly,
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest,
Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame: but verily they have their guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence. And would that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
All injurious thought, and honoring each in the other
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,
Live in brotherhood wisely conjoin'd. We set the example.
—*Id., A Vision of Judgment.*

Vain is Empire's mad temptation!
Not for him an earthly crown!
He whose sword hath freed a nation!
Strikes the offered sceptre down.
See the throneless Conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice;
See the Patriot's task completed;
Hear the Father's dying voice.
—OLIVER W. HOLMES, *Ode for Washington's Birthday.*

Surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by divine wisdom and unsustained by supernatural virtue.—LORD BROUGHAM, *Statesmen of the Reign of George III., Vol. III.*

England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the

history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.—MACAULAY, *Essays: John Hampden.*

Washington, the perfect citizen.—EMERSON, *Society and Solitude: Old Age.*

Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities. To him belonged the proud distinction of being the leader in a revolution, without awakening one doubt or solicitude as to the spotless purity of his purpose. His was the glory of being the brightest manifestation of the spirit which reigned in his country; and in this way he became a source of energy, a bond of union, the centre of an enlightened people's confidence.

In such a revolution as that of France, Washington would have been nothing; for that sympathy which subsisted between him and his fellow-citizens, and which was the secret of his power, would have been wanting. By an instinct which is unerring, we call Washington, with grateful reverence, the Father of his country, but not its Savior. A people which wants a savior, which does not possess an earnest and pledge of freedom in its own heart, is not yet ready to be free.—DR. W. E. CHANNING, *On the Life and Character of Napoleon.*

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.—GLADSTONE.

In Washington, America . . . found a leader who could be induced by no earthly motive to tell a falsehood, or to break an engagement, or to commit any dishonorable act.—W. E. H. LECKY, *History of England, Vol. I.*

JOHN HANCOCK.

John Hancock was born in Quincy, Mass., in 1737 and died in 1793. He graduated at Harvard in 1754, and became a merchant and heir to a large fortune. As the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, his name has an imperishable place in our history; and the following appreciation presents the main outlines of what he did for his country.

IF there is a name upon the page of American history, which should be cherished by our merchants with a warmer love and a deeper veneration than any other, it is that of JOHN HANCOCK. His memory should be their pride, for he was one of them; and among the

From "The Lives of American Merchants."

many distinguished men of his time, the annals of our country boast of none more noble or patriotic.

His father was a clergyman—learned, eloquent, and influential—beloved by all who knew him, and admired and reverenced for his noble liberality in patronizing and sustaining the literary institutions of his native land. He died during the infancy of his son, who was then placed under the care and protection of his paternal uncle, an individual who, from an humble condition of fortune, became the most eminent merchant in New England, and was for many years a member of the provincial council. The appearance of Mr. Hancock was extremely prepossessing. His person was handsome, his countenance expressive and highly intellectual, and his manners were naturally graceful. His mind had been richly cultivated, and was endowed with sentiments of a lofty and refined character. He was passionately fond of society, and intimately versed in the elegant accomplishments of his time. Possessed of so many natural advantages, combined with superior acquirements, and a generous liberality where pecuniary interests were concerned, he soon became exceedingly popular; and when to all his other qualities we add that of eloquence, which he possessed to an unusual degree, it is not surprising that in a community where the elements of society were still unsettled, and where popular talent was ever rewarded by popular favor, he should be early called upon to encounter the turbulent storms and tread the thorny path of a public life. Associating with men of education, station, and wealth, and removed by his large fortune far above the common wants of life, courted by the rich and powerful, and taught by the prevailing spirit of the age to regard the king as the great source of power and legitimate fountain of the people's rights, we should be led to expect from him more of loyalty to the former, than of patriotism to the latter. But his character and feelings were not of the ordinary mould. His was a noble nature, which amalgamated with and poured forth its sympathies with every grade of men. His love of liberty was enthusiastic and ardent, and he expressed it in language bold,

convincing, and eloquent. That he soon became a favorite with the people, it is hardly necessary to state, and as a distinguished mark of their esteem and confidence, after having for some time occupied the municipal office of selectmen of Boston, he was elected, in 1766, with James Otis, Samuel Adams, and Thomas Cushing, a representative to the general assembly of the province. Here, side by side with Adams, he stood up the unwavering friend and champion of the people, battling monarchial power when its exercise clashed with popular rights, and fearlessly opposing official tyranny and executive usurpations. His readiness and power in debate, and the captivating influence of his manners, combined with an independence of action which even his enemies admired, soon placed him at the head of a most powerful and influential party.

The first act of importance which served to arouse the revolutionary spirit among the people, was the imposition of heavy duties upon the importation of foreign goods, and this tyrannical and oppressive measure was resisted by Hancock from its inception, and, aided by his influence and address, associations were formed for prohibiting the importation of British goods into the colony. The boldness and energy with which he opposed the will of the governor and his royal master, marked him for proscription; and when, a short time after his election, he was chosen speaker of the assembly, the governor's sanction was refused, and his seat bestowed upon another. In 1767 he was chosen to the executive counsel, where the same opposition and official rejection awaited him. In proportion as he became an object of royal hatred, the affection evinced towards him by the people continued to increase. By many he was almost idolized, and all reposed in him the most unlimited confidence. His weight and influence with the popular party soon rendered him formidable to the British crown, and his corruption to its interests was resolved upon by Lord North, then prime minister of England. This wily noble saw the powerful elements that were forming in the colonies against the usurpations of their mother-land, and resolved to hush

them into silence by conciliating their most prominent author, and thus binding him to royalty.

The ambition of Hancock, his fondness of elegant society, his polished manners, and his luxurious style of living, all combined to render him, in the opinion of the minister, peculiarly susceptible to the influence of a bribe, when proffered in the seductive form of station and power; and as one golden link in the chain which was to bind him to the pillars of the throne, by the orders of Lord North his nomination to the executive council was approved by the royal governor. The marked disapprobation which had been so long evinced towards Hancock by the minions of royalty, being thus suddenly withdrawn, and replaced by smiles of patronage and proffered honor, fears were excited on the part of his friends that his patriotism would swerve from its purity, and the envious and base-hearted assailed his noble name by poisonous insinuations that his devotion to the interests of the colonists had been sacrificed to the acquirement of kingly favor. But speedily and triumphantly did he vindicate his reputation from the dark suspicion which these assassin-like aspersions had cast upon its brightness. He indignantly refused to take his seat in the council chamber, and became still bolder in his denunciations against the measures of the British ministry. But that which forever placed him beyond the pale of royal pardon, was his connection with the popular demonstrations of indignation which immediately succeeded the "massacre of Boston," as it is called. The particulars of this massacre it is unnecessary to describe. They dwell in the memory of every American, who sees in them the germs of the revolution, and the first of a series of blood-stained acts which at length drove our forefathers to arms. The next day after the enactment of this fearful drama, a large meeting of the citizens was held, and Hancock was appointed, with some others, to wait upon the governor and request him to withdraw the British troops from Boston. Although the latter dared not openly refuse to order their removal, yet he endeavored to shield himself under the plea that his authority was not sufficient. But this did

LINE OF THE MINUTE MEN
APRIL 19
1775
STAND YOUR GROUND
DONT FIRE UNLESS FIRED UPON
BUT IF THEY MEAN TO HAVE A WAR
LET IT BEGIN HERE

THE LINE OF "THE MINUTE MEN"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

When the eight hundred British troops reached Lexington early in the morning of April 19th, 1775, "the minute men" were waiting for them. The brave Captain Parker spoke to his men the memorable words engraved on the stone. On their refusal to disperse at the order of the British commander, they were fired upon and returned the fire, and thus the revolution began.

not avail him. A second committee was immediately appointed, with Hancock as chairman, who again waited upon him, and fearlessly and peremptorily urged their immediate withdrawal from the town; and the governor, fearing some terrible outbreak of popular indignation if they remained, was compelled to order their departure. Hancock had still another duty to perform in connection with the mournful event we have mentioned. It was to deliver an oration in commemoration of the massacre. His style and manner upon this occasion were bold, dignified, and impressive. The murder of the unoffending citizens by the soldiery was pathetically described, and its barbarity severely execrated. The injudicious policy of the government of Great Britain towards her colonies was fearlessly exposed, and condemned in terms of the severest reprobation; and the character of the mercenary troops which had been so recently quartered in Boston was examined, and their cruelty and infamy commented upon in a manner that gave deep offence to the British officers, civil as well as military.

Denunciations against the colonial government so open and daring, as were expressed in this oration, were sure to bring down upon the head of their author the swift vengeance of the British authorities, but he feared it not. To him personal interests were slight, when compared with the good of a suffering people; and although well aware that his commercial affairs, then in the most flourishing condition, must suffer irreparable injury in the event of a collision between the haughty mother-land and her infant colonies, he preferred freedom and a ruined fortune, to luxury and political slavery. The path he pursued was plain, open, and independent, unawed by the frowns of a British king, or the threats of his minions in power. The executive of the royal will found in Hancock a candid, yet powerful enemy; and the people saw in him a firm, unflinching, and patriotic friend. His large fortune was ever open to their necessities and wants, and his readiness to expend it in improving the civil, political, and moral condition of those around him, and in protecting them from the tyranny of their rulers,

soon rendered him formidable as an opposer of the crown.

We need not relate the noble career of "Hancock and Adams," which continued unsullied until the battle of Lexington. The history of those times is well known throughout the country. When the British troops marched into the village of Lexington, Hancock and Adams were there secreted; and as the house which formed their asylum was entered in front, by the soldiers, the hunted patriots escaped by the rear, and thus eluded the vigilance of their pursuers. From this time forth, we find them proscribed, tracked, outlawed, and rewards offered for their apprehension, until Hancock, the arch and dangerous rebel, as he was called, was at length appointed a delegate to the "Continental Congress"; and in 1776, that body conferred upon him its highest honor. He was unanimously chosen their president. Being younger than most of his associates when the appointment was announced, he experienced that diffidence and embarrassment which are ever the accompaniments of genius; and it was not until Benjamin Harrison, a strong-nerved, noble-hearted member from Virginia, had borne him in his stout arms to the chair, that his wonted self-possession returned; and the rare, and almost unequalled dignity with which he had adorned other stations, became apparent.

When the Declaration of Independence first appeared, it was for some time circulated over the name of Hancock alone, as president of the congress; and the bold and striking characters which form his signature, were the first to proclaim the fact. The station which he occupied, surrounded as it was by innumerable difficulties, and responsibilities of the most arduous character, could not have been more honorably filled by any among the noble band over whom he presided. Even the few who were opposed to him, bore the highest testimony to the courteous and dignified manner which marked his official career; and when, in October, 1777, having for two years and a half of the darkest period of our revolutionary struggle sustained himself in his high seat, he was com-

pelled, from severe bodily infirmities, brought on by great mental exertions, to resign, he carried with him the esteem and respect of his colleagues, and was received by the citizens of his native colony with the warmest demonstrations of veneration and attachment, at times amounting almost to adoration.

The repose which he so much needed, appeared now within his reach; the enjoyment of the calm and quiet retirement, to secure which he had left the council chamber of his country, seemed about to be realized; but in this he was disappointed. Soon after his arrival in Massachusetts, he was chosen a member of a convention appointed to frame a constitution for that state; and feeling a deep interest and earnest solicitude respecting the provisions of so important an instrument, he accepted the trust, and by his experience, love of liberty, and profound knowledge of the principles upon which a republic should be based, assisted greatly in the deliberations and labors of the convention.

In 1780, he was elected governor of Massachusetts, being the first appointed under the new constitution, which he had assisted to frame, and was annually re-elected to that office until 1785, when he resigned. In 1787, he was re-elected at a period when the spirit of fierce rebellion raged throughout New England, and when the safety of Massachusetts was threatened by a powerful faction composed of men dissatisfied with the government, many of whom demanded that all debts and taxes should be swept away, and that an equal distribution of property should be made, as a just and merited reward for the dangers and toils they had undergone during the war, and who were led on by dangerous and designing demagogues of broken fortunes and reputations. The measures which were adopted by him for the suppression of these riotous and dangerous proceedings were prompt, energetic, and efficacious. They were soon dispersed, and the ringleaders, fourteen in number, having surrendered, were tried for treason, and condemned to suffer death, but were pardoned by the merciful interposition of the governor.

When the creation of the federal constitution was agitated throughout the states, Hancock was appointed president of the convention which met in Massachusetts to deliberate upon its adoption. A majority of the members were believed to be opposed to it, and it was owing to his efforts in its favor, which sickness prevented him from making until the last week of the session, that his native state was led to adopt an instrument which his statesmanlike sagacity enabled him to perceive would bind together the states in the closest alliance, while it would increase, to a vast extent, their power and prosperity.

On the 8th of October, 1793, Hancock, still governor of Massachusetts, died, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His death was felt and mourned as a great national loss, and his enemies forgot the faults they had once condemned, and united in praising the noble, virtuous, and disinterested merchant—the statesman and patriot, who had perilled his fortune in defending his country against British tyranny.

To him, among others, we owe our independence, our liberty, our prosperity, and our national greatness, and the high rank we hold among the nations of the earth. We are indebted to him for the aid which, in our revolutionary struggle, was derived from the arms and influence of France, for it was his generosity that furnished the means, when our country was utterly destitute of money or credit, to fit out the Alliance frigate, to carry Colonel Laurens, our first accredited diplomatic agent to the court of the French king, through whose influence and exertions during the darkest period of our revolutionary history, the co-operation of France was secured and her assistance extended, to help us break the chains of that political slavery with which we were bound.

As the first signer of the Declaration of American Independence, his name will not be forgotten while the history of mankind preserves among its records one of the noblest deeds ever performed in the cause of liberty; but while this act alone will perpetuate his fame, his services in behalf of his oppressed country demand from

PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE.

GEN'L. GAGE'S HEADQUARTERS

PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE AND GENERAL GAGE'S HEAD-QUARTERS, BOSTON, MASS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

us—to whom he has been so instrumental in transmitting a greater degree of religious, civil, and political liberty, than was ever enjoyed by any other nation on the globe—some rich and lasting monument to his memory.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY

THOMAS E. WATSON.

Thomas Jefferson (born in Virginia in 1743; died on July 4, 1826—a significant date), was the third President of the United States. He was reared in wealthy surroundings; educated at the ancient College of William and Mary; successfully practised law; became a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and later on its Governor. He wrote the world-famous Declaration of Independence; was successively Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and for eight years President. He stood firm for religious freedom at a time when its advocacy was not so popular as it since became. He abolished the old English law of entail which had been imported into this country from England, and was among the earliest advocates of the Abolition of Slavery.

MR. JEFFERSON'S name is one which causes men to differ, and to fall into heated debate. There are those who say that modern America is Jefferson, and those who declare that his political principles have long since been cast into the trash-pile. Some of the wise men say that, of all the fathers, he was the most far-sighted, understood the people the best, and had the correctest idea of the democratic-republican theory of government. Other men, equally wise so far as I know, affirm in the strongest terms that Jefferson did not possess enough constructive ability to manufacture a political chicken-coop. Between sages so far apart, seekers after the truth will probably find it.

He was a many-sided man, complex in character, full of contradictions, and yet in his devotion to what he conceived to be the best interests of humanity, grandly consistent. Farmer, scientist, architect, inventor, scholar,

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lawyer, statesman, and philosopher, he is interesting from every point of view,—one of the few men whom the greed for gold never soiled; one of the few who, from first to last, worked for country and for fellow-man.

Mr. Jefferson had a rare talent for pleasing, and he was popular with the young and the old. His habits were studious, and continued so all his life; but he was companionable, sympathetic, and loved a friend even better than a book. He did not use tobacco, get drunk, swear, or play cards; but he loved music, the dance, the horse race, the fox hunt, and the healthy sport of the young. He had been a good son, a good brother, a good boy at school, making no enemies, and winning favor even among those who had not loved his father. His manners were quiet and agreeable, his conversation tactful, intelligent, suited to the company and the occasion. He did not pose as a censor, did not go around setting everybody to rights on everything. Pet prejudices he left undisturbed; hobby-riders he made no effort to unhorse. When private, social talk could no longer be made a source of pleasure, he withdrew into silence. A scholar, he was neither prig nor pedant, bookworm nor visionary; and he charmed men because he could listen as well as talk, learn as well as teach, help as well as give advice, was easy of approach and put on no airs of superiority.

In person he was six feet two and a half inches tall, spare-made, active, strong, and of robust health. He had big feet, hands, and wrists; a long neck, a small pointed nose, perfect teeth, and hair which was light auburn or sandy. His hazel-grey eyes were neither large nor brilliant, but were clear and expressive. His complexion was reddish, the skin of the face quick to peel under exposure to sun or wind. His face was angular, rather ugly in youth; but it became fuller with advancing years, and his looks improved as he grew older. . . .

Not a man who craved active leadership, not sufficiently consumed by "divine indignation" to become a zealot capable of consecrating life, peace, and fortune to a mission, Mr. Jefferson was one of the most earnest, sincere, unselfish of statesmen. With infinite scorn he

scouted the idea that God had given to any class of human beings a monopoly of worth. Class legislation, whether in Europe or America, he abhorred. He believed in the people, loved them, trusted them, and relied upon the masses as the safest repositories of power. The governing few were the same everywhere—greedy, corrupt, tyrannical. Let government rest upon the masses, educate the masses, throw open the doors of opportunity to the masses, grant no special privileges, legislate for no class, mete out equal and exact justice to all, steer clear of Old World abuses, guard well the reserved rights of the people, watch jealously the encroachments of power. He believed in "free trade with all the nations of the world"; in a national currency created and controlled by the nation, and not by the banks; in economy of administration, so that there should be no public debt. He was in principle opposed to militarism and to imperialism. He believed that a nation's true prosperity could best be reached by the steady development incident to peace and to friendly relations with all the nations of the earth. So democratic that he disliked all titles, even those of Mister and Esquire, his cardinal doctrine was "equal and exact justice to all men"; and he favored a progressive tax on property in order that excessive accumulations might be discouraged.

Writing from France to Mr. Madison, he said that "the earth belongs in usufruct to the living," and that "the dead have no dominion over it." He added that the debts of one generation should not bind another.

Technically, this is known as "dangerous ground," ours being a system which is overshadowed and benumbed by the Past.

So jealously did he watch the encroachment of government that he rather sympathized with popular insurrections, holding that they were necessary to the health of society, as the occasional storm was to the purity of the atmosphere. At what point a rebellion might cease to be healthy, he failed to state. As with his storm, the classification could only be made after the disturbance was over. . . .

Mr. Adams took his defeat so much to heart that he left Washington before the inauguration. On foot and attended informally by a few friends, Mr. Jefferson went to the Capitol, and read his noble first Inaugural Address.

Under Washington's administration, where all was new and experimental, many royal forms and ceremonies had been followed. Washington was something of a "My Lord" himself; and the rich city people of New York and Philadelphia were painfully committed to the effort to be aristocratic. The presidential inauguration was patterned after a royal coronation. Congress was opened as an English king would open Parliament, court levees were held on stated days, and society adopted formidable rules of precedence.

With good-humored contempt, Mr. Jefferson brushed all this rubbish aside. No six-horse coach, with blare of trumpet, boom of cannon, and crash of military bands, escorted him back and forth. Congress was opened by a written message handed in by a secretary, and levees were abolished. During Washington's administration our aristocratic minister at Paris, Gouverneur Morris, had startled the French republicans by reference to what he called *ma cour*. There was no "my court" nonsense about Jefferson,—no undemocratic rules of precedence, no barriers over which one class of men and women said to another, "We are better than you." All came as equals, or not at all. The British minister was shocked at being received just as Jefferson would have received a Virginia farmer, and wrote indignant stuff to London about it. Apparently, the miserably vain minister, Mr. Merry, would have been glad to see the two nations go to war because Jefferson wore slippers about the house, and because he took Mrs. Madison in to dinner instead of Mrs. Merry. Jefferson only laughed, remembering, maybe, how he had been insulted in London.

Washington City consisted at this time chiefly of a large diagram on paper. There was a long streak of mud called Pennsylvania Avenue, with the unfinished mansion at one end and the incomplete Capitol at the other, and a few shackly houses strewed along on each side. Living

was expensive, and the expense brought no comfort. The executive mansion, as kept by Mr. Jefferson, became a free hotel of the first class, the only first-class hotel in the town; and its run of custom was the despair of inferior places. He kept a dozen servants, including French cooks, often spent fifty dollars a day at the Georgetown market, kept a wagon busy hauling the more substantial supplies from Monticello, and refreshed his guests with the best French wine they had ever tippled. His wine bill alone was twenty-seven hundred dollars a year. He kept the finest horses, his carriage team costing sixteen hundred dollars. The stable expenses of this simple democrat were eight hundred dollars a year. Free and easy, generous and frank, liberal and genial, presidential hospitality as shown by Jefferson was such as had not been practised before, and was never seen in its full blossom afterwards.

No respectable, decently clad American citizen needed to doubt that he could dine with his chief magistrate. The only danger was that a late arrival might find no vacant chair. Merry, the English minister, made it a matter of formal complaint to his government that in the scramble for seats at Jefferson's table a mere Congressman had rushed in where angels fear to tread, and had seized the chair which Merry had mentally appropriated to himself.

On Mr. Jefferson's return from France he had created a ripple of excitement in New York society circles by his French dress, his red breeches particularly causing pain and consternation. By the time he became president, he had grown so indifferent to clothes that a sight of him would have been refreshing to such a man as "old Frederick of Prussia." . . .

Negligent in dress, easy of access, indifferent to forms and ceremonies, loose and rambling in casual conversation, lolling on one hip with one shoulder higher than the other, this freckled-faced philosopher was a rare manager of men, and one of the astutest politicians this country has ever known. He chose a cabinet of the strongest men—men of education and experience, men who were

personally and politically his friends; and during his presidency there were no cabinet feuds. Madison, Gallatin, Lincoln, Dearborn, Smith, were all kept working harmoniously together; and Congress he manipulated to perfection.

Justly offended with Mr. Adams for having crowded life appointments into the last hours of his term, Mr. Jefferson treated these "midnight appointments" as nullities; and the Judiciary Act, by which new federal courts, judges, marshals, etc., were created, was repealed. A story told by partisans of Jefferson and denied by partisans of Marshall, represents the great chief justice, then acting Secretary of State, as laboring away far into the night of March 3, 1800, signing commissions for Federalists, and only stopping his work when Levi Lincoln, with Jefferson's watch in hand, walked into the office at midnight, and called a halt.

"Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" was the test which Mr. Jefferson declared he would use on applicants for office. . . .

An original expansionist, Mr. Jefferson had encouraged Western pioneers, such as the heroic George Rogers Clarke, and had long coveted the Spanish possessions in America. Therefore, he was profoundly disturbed when in 1800 Napoleon Bonaparte won back to France the empire the Bourbon had lost, and planned to colonize Louisiana. In a letter to Mr. Livingston, our minister in France, Mr. Jefferson declared that the colonizing of Louisiana by France would lead to war, that the United States would make alliance with England, and that French power would sink to low-water mark. Napoleon, used to talk of this kind, paid no attention to it. Then Mr. Jefferson changed his tone. He would buy New Orleans and West Florida. Napoleon would not sell. Livingston could not even get Talleyrand to talk about it. Napoleon's plans of colonization were complete, his ships ready to sail, when, all at once, a cloud swept over his dazzling sky. The Peace of Amiens broken, war was about to convulse Europe. Again England held the seas, and Louisiana would be her first prize. To escape so

great a shame, Napoleon had but one resource—to throw Louisiana to the United States. Quick as lightning, French policy was reversed; and Livingston was stunned by the statement that Napoleon would sell all Louisiana. Jefferson and Livingston had been hoping against hope that New Orleans and a strip of Florida could be bought. In his eagerness and his distress, Mr. Jefferson had stooped to conciliate Talleyrand. This utterly rotten minister was assured that the American people had vindicated him from the X. Y. Z. scandal by retiring from office the bad men who had accused him! Furthermore, Mr. Jefferson had asked Congress for a special fund of two million dollars, to be used at the Presidential discretion. English newspapers had chronicled this significant fact. It had thus come to Napoleon's knowledge, and Napoleon knew what it meant. It meant that Talleyrand's ruffled plumage was to be smoothed down with gold. Napoleon, therefore, employed Barbé-Marbois.

Monroe had been sent to aid Livingston; but, before he reached Paris, Napoleon had already instructed Marbois to sell. Livingston had not closed the trade, however; and the two American ministers, acting together and without definite instructions, assumed the responsibility of paying fifteen million dollars for all Louisiana, thus doubling the Union by a stroke of the pen. Mr. Jefferson held that his purchase of Louisiana was an act outside the Constitution, and wished to have it ratified by constitutional amendment; but his friends listened coldly, and nothing was done.

It was during the prolonged correspondence on the Louisiana question that Mr. Jefferson foreshadowed the principle known as the Monroe Doctrine.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BY

SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, A. M.

Alexander Hamilton was born in the West Indies in 1757 and died from the effects of a duel with Aaron Burr, a political opponent, in 1804. From a very early age he took a keen interest in politics; became Captain of Artillery, and subsequently Washington's Aide-de-Camp in the Revolutionary War. He was one of the Convention which met in Philadelphia after the war to form a Constitution for the United States; and was first Secretary of the Treasury under Washington. For the rest, the following outline of his life-work and character will, without going into minute details, give a sufficient impression.

THE chief qualities of the mind of Alexander Hamilton were a clear and vigorous reasoning faculty, and a chaste and prolific imagination. He possessed a rare and beautiful proportion of these cardinal mental qualities. In the discussion of any subject he seized hold of the main points with the vigor of an intellectual giant, and handled them skilfully, gracefully, and with ease. No matter how abstruse the details of a discussion or an inquiry might be to other men, his well-trained and powerful intellect followed out and unravelled all its intricacies, and showed them up clearly to view. No matter how profound and deep a theme might be, Hamilton easily and perseveringly sounded its lowest and obscurest depths, and revealed them plainly to the observation of men. He was always thorough and exhaustive in his researches, as his reports as Secretary of the Treasury will clearly evince. He dived to the bottom of every subject. Having laid down his premises plainly and fairly, he argues from those premises with the most logical clearness, accuracy, and force. His reasoning forms a chain of iron which a giant cannot break. But that iron chain, though ponderous and powerful, was a gilded one. It was burnished with all the beauty and polish of a rich imagination. Few writers in our language, not even those who have cultivated elegance and

From "The Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton."

euphony of style as their sole accomplishment, and whose entire attention has been devoted to the *labor limae,* excelled him in this particular. His essays, pamphlets, and reports are masterpieces; each perfect, symmetrical, and finished in itself.

This merit becomes the more extraordinary when we remember the vast quantity of his writings. He did not confine his powers to the elaboration of a few great productions, and exhaust upon them all his mental resources. His intellect was too prolific and too rich for any such aim. The number and amount of Hamilton's writings are prodigious. They occupy seven large octavo volumes, exclusive of the "Federalist." They are more numerous than the productions of Burke, Bolingbroke, Brougham, Webster, or Quincy Adams; nor are the writings of any modern or ancient statesman, except perhaps Cicero alone, equal in amount to those of Hamilton. Nor should it be forgotten, in our estimation of his intellectual resources, that he was not a recluse whose life was passed in the quietude and retirement of his study. The largest portion of his time was spent in the hurry and bustle of public business, in the official bureau, in the courts of justice, in giving professional counsel, in the popular and deliberative assembly.

In this last sphere of intellectual activity Hamilton shone with unsurpassed brilliancy; for as an orator he had no superior. His manner of delivery was easy, graceful, and impressive. His utterance was fluent, unembarrassed, and self-possessed. His eloquence was Ciceronian rather than Demosthenian; and while, when occasion served, he could thunder with a power and effectiveness not unworthy of the ancient and implacable foe of Philip of Macedon, his more prevalent style was that of suavity, melody, and grace. He spoke as if the Attic Bee dwelt forever on his lips. In a deliberative assembly, in the courts of justice, or in the halls of the academy, the eloquence of Hamilton was a model of perfection. He was the pride and delight of all who could appreciate the beauties of a polished, consummate, and masterly eloquence. Even his great rival and enemy, Aaron Burr,

was compelled to concede Hamilton's supremacy in this respect.

His literary and scientific attainments were by no means limited. His knowledge was extensive and accurate. Possessing a retentive memory, clear discrimination, and indomitable industry, he soon mastered the details of every branch of learning to which his attention was directed, and made them his own. In his youth he spent only three years in Columbia College; yet during that period he rendered himself familiar with classical languages and learning, with general history, with the mathematics, and exact sciences. . . . In four short months, he acquired a competent knowledge of the dry and abstruse learning, both of the common and the statute law, and prepared himself for admission to the bar. His subsequent and rapid rise to the first eminence in that profession among rivals and associates of the highest abilities, as soon as he devoted himself to his professional career, clearly evince how superior his legal gifts and attainments were. Had he lived, it is not improbable that he would have become one of the most celebrated and profound jurists of the land. His associates at the bar, usually so jealous of superior genius and of unusual success, regarded him with pride, and rarely with envy. He possessed the fullest confidence of the courts. In the trial of causes and in the discussion of legal principles, it was truly said of him, by one eminently competent to judge, that "without ever stopping or even hesitating, by a rapid and manly march he led the listening judge and the fascinated juror, step by step, through a delightsome region, brightening as he advanced, till his argument rose to demonstration, and eloquence was rendered useless by conviction."

The moral qualities of Hamilton were such as every wise and good man must esteem. His integrity and honesty were unimpeachable. This trait in his character first won him the confidence of Washington, and rendered him his bosom friend while yet almost a youth. During the progress of the revolutionary war, he entrusted Hamilton with the most important secret missions, in prefer-

ence to all his other officers and subordinates. After the elevation of Washington to the presidency, he conferred on Hamilton the most important and responsible post in his Cabinet; for at that critical period the finances of the country were the most difficult matter of adjustment which demanded the attention of government. Hamilton was appointed Secretary of the Treasury with the approval of the greatest financier who has ever adorned American history. The manner in which he performed his difficult duties has ever been the subject of universal praise. Twice in the House of Representatives did his personal and political opponent, Mr. Giles, move an inquiry into the details of his official acts. Twice was the most searching and malignant investigation entered into in reference to the Treasury department. And twice were the committees, with Giles himself at their head, compelled to report that, after the most thorough examination, not the smallest inaccuracy, not the slightest negligence, not the least dishonesty, could be detected in the administration of the Treasury office under Mr. Hamilton.

In truth, his abilities in this department saved this country from ruin. Exhausted by the revolutionary struggle, it had become a financial desert. The barren rock of the national finances towered in loneliness and desolation over the waste. Hamilton, like Moses of old, smote that rock with the potent rod of a magician, and instantly golden streams issued forth to fertilize, adorn, and enrich the desert. The public credit of the nation had long been sick. At length it had yielded to the power of a fatal disease and expired. It became a lifeless corpse, and was rapidly becoming putrid and offensive. Hamilton touched that corpse with the skill and power of a worker of miracles, and instantly it sprang into life again. Nor was it a feeble and languishing life, but the life of a vigorous, graceful, and resistless giant, whose powers filled the world with respect and admiration.

As a soldier Hamilton was eminently brave, chivalrous, and prudent. No charge of cowardice or pusillanimity was ever made against him. His whole conduct during the war, his heroism at Yorktown, where he triumphantly

led the forlorn hope; and his unnecessary meeting of Burr on "the field of honor," all evince that he was brave even to a fault. And yet, as a conqueror, he was humane and benevolent. He spared the effusion of human blood in every instance in which it was possible. When victory favored his arms, he did not sully his glory by cruelty or malice, or wantonly riot in human suffering. In his social and domestic qualities Hamilton was kindly, generous, and affectionate. In him the friendless found a friend, the fatherless a father, and the poor a benefactor, a protector, and an advocate. When the rich oppressed the indigent, when the powerful threatened the defenceless, when those in high places ventured to outrage justice, then it was that Hamilton displayed the true grandeur and dignity of his nature, in defending the innocent, the defenceless, and the injured, with a scathing power of eloquence which filled the observer with mingled terror and admiration. When he perished, among the myriads of eyes which wept, there were not a few of the widows and orphans of the land who blessed his memory, and shed bitter tears over his untimely fate. In his domestic circle, he was ever most tenderly beloved, and he was eminently happy in that circle.

But the chief glory of Hamilton was his celebrity as a statesman. He appeared upon the troubled ocean of the revolutionary era; he rose at once to a lofty eminence; and there he stood amid the furiously tossing and heaving floods, firm as a rock, towering in lonely majesty, with Washington only at his side; and visible from afar as a noble monument of greatness, unshaken by the raging storms above him or by the rolling waters beneath him. The part which Hamilton played in the organization and establishment of the federal government of this glorious republic, and his subsequent administration of its difficult and involved financial affairs, will remain until the latest period of recorded time, as one of the most honorable memorials in the history of statesmen. His task, which he so successfully accomplished, was more difficult than most men, at this late day, would readily imagine. We now behold the fair and perfect proportions of the

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT WINTHROP SQUARE AND BUNKER HILL, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

Winthrop Square, the early Colonial training field, where are memorial tablets bearing the names of the Americans who fell in the Battle of Bunker Hill; also a Soldiers' Monument (Civil War) by Martin Milmore, sculptor of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common.

The Bunker Hill Monument is shown in the distance.

edifice which he erected; but we do not see the horrid and repulsive chaos out of which he evoked so much order, beauty, and symmetry. That chaos seemed to most men, as it lay spread out in hideous and involved masses over the whole continent, immediately after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, utterly beyond the possibility of adjustment and arrangement. Thirteen conflicting and rival states, each with her own interests, passions, and jealousies to satisfy and to harmonize, formed the incongruous and heterogeneous bulk out of which the American confederacy was to be constructed. It seemed a task which no human skill could achieve. Yet it was not too difficult or too elaborate for the genius and the skill of Hamilton. Out of all this boundless chaos, out of this immense mass of conflicting elements, the fair and majestic form of the American Federal Constitution gradually arose, created by the masterly touch of his hand, and eventually overshadowed the whole continent with its glory and benignant operation. As long as this confederacy shall survive the storms of time; as long as the land of Washington shall remain the home of freemen and the asylum of the oppressed; as long as the pen of history shall record how powerful, happy, and glorious Americans have been under the influence and protection of this government and this Constitution, so long will the fame of Hamilton survive, fresh and fadeless, as the first of American statesmen, and as the second of her patriots and her heroes. The name and fame of Hamilton will not die, until that dark day shall come when the name and fame of Washington will also be remembered no more.

And yet Hamilton had his failings. We do not attempt to disguise them. He was a man of strong natural passions; nor were those passions always kept under the control of that severer virtue which religion requires. Had not this one blemish existed in his character, the old adage, *Humanum est errare,* would for once have lost its universal applicability and its oracular truth. Yet none are perfect; and had Hamilton been absolutely free from fault, he had not been human. But the errors which

he actually committed were as trifles when compared with the errors, of a similar description, which have been habitually perpetrated by many men who aspire to no humble place in the pantheon of human fame and virtue. . . .

The personal appearance of Mr. Hamilton was pleasing and attractive. When, at the age of thirty-eight, he resumed the practice of the law in New York, in 1795, he was thus described: He was under the middle size, thin in person, and very erect, courtly and dignified in his bearing. His hair was combed back from his forehead, powdered, and collected in a cue behind. His complexion was very delicate and fair, his cheeks rosy, and the whole expression pleasing and cheerful. His forehead was lofty, capacious, and prominent. His appearance accorded well with the expectations which his prodigious fame excited. His voice was musical, his manner frank and impulsive. His ordinary dress was a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white silk waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, and white silk stockings. His figure, though slight, was well proportioned and graceful. His appearance and carriage betokened the possessor of a masterly intellect, and one fully conscious of his powers.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY

EDWARD EVERETT.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Mass., in 1767 and died in harness at Washington in 1848. As a boy he enjoyed the great advantage of visiting England and Europe with his famous father; later he graduated from Harvard; studied law; became U. S. Senator; was Minister to Great Britain, Holland, Russia, and Prussia, and subsequently Secretary of State. In this capacity he concluded the treaty with Spain which added Florida to the territory of the United States.

He was President of the United States from 1825 to 1829; returning to Congress the following year, where he remained till the end

MR. ADAMS was a man of the rarest intellectual endowments. His perception was singularly accurate and penetrating. Whenever he undertook to investigate a subject, he was sure to attain the clearest idea of it which its nature admitted. What he knew, (and few men knew as much), he knew with great precision. His argumentative powers were of the highest order, and admirably trained. When he entered the field of controversy, it was a strong and bold man that voluntarily encountered him a second time. His memory was wonderful. Every thing he had seen or read, every occurrence in his long and crowded life, was at all times present to his recollection. This was the more remarkable, as he had, almost from the age of boyhood, followed the practice of recording, from day to day, every incident of importance,—a practice thought to weaken the memory. This wonderful power of recollection was aided by the strict method with which he pursued his studies for the earlier part of his life, and until weighed down by the burdens of executive office, on entering the department of state. He had, withal, a diligence which nothing could weary. He rose at the earliest hour, and had an occupation for every moment of the day.

Without having made a distinct pursuit of any one branch of knowledge, he was probably possessed of a greater amount and variety of accurate information than any other man in the country. It follows, of course, that he had pushed his inquiries far beyond the profession to which he was bred, or that reading which belongs directly to the publicist and the statesman. Few among us drank so deeply at the ancient fountains. To his acquaintance with the language and literature of Greece and Rome, he added the two leading languages of continental Europe, and of these he knew French as a second mother-tongue. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the philosophical and rhetorical works of Cicero; the critical works of Aristotle and Quintilian; the historical works of Tacitus, (all of which he had translated at school;) a considerable part of the poems of Ovid, whom he

greatly admired; the satires of Juvenal; in French, Pascal, Molière, and La Fontaine; in English, Shakespeare, his greatest favorite, with Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Burke,—were stamped upon his memory. These were studies which he never wholly sacrificed to the calls of business, however urgent. The office of President of the United States, at least as filled by Mr. Adams, is one of extreme labor; but he found time, amidst its incessant calls and interruptions, to address a series of letters to his youngest son,—some of them written in the busiest period of the session,—containing an elaborate analysis of several of the orations of Cicero, designed to aid the young man in the perusal of this, his favorite author. At the close of one of these letters, (as if it were impossible to fill up his industrious day,) he adds, that he is reading Evelyn's "Sylva" with great delight. Some of these letters would be thought a good day's work for a scholar by profession. But Mr. Adams wrote with a rapidity and ease, which would hardly have been suspected from his somewhat measured style. Notwithstanding the finish of his sentences, they were, like Gibbon's, struck off at once, and never had to be retouched. I remember that once, as I sat by his side in the House of Representatives, I was so much struck with the neatness and beauty of the manuscript of a report of great length which he had brought into the House, and in which, as I turned over the leaves, I could not perceive an interlineation, that I made a remark to him on the subject. He told me it was the first draft, and had never been copied; and in that condition it was sent to the press, though sure, from the nature of the question discussed, to be the subject of the severest criticism.

To his profession Mr. Adams gave but a few years of his life, and those not exclusively. He had, however, mastered the elementary learning and the forms of the law, and, in the fourth year after entering upon the practice, supported himself by his professional earnings. In later life, he appeared at the bar, on a few important occasions, with distinction and success. During his residence in Russia, Mr. Madison made him an offer of a

seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which he declined. As a public speaker, whether at the senate or the bar, he was grave, clear, and impressive,—formidable in retort, powerful in invective,—sometimes giving the reins to a playful fancy, and, when the subject and occasion admitted, vehement and impassioned,—neglectful of the lighter graces of manner, but, at all times, riveting the attention of his audience. When, at the age of seventy-four, he came into the Supreme Court at Washington, as the volunteer counsel of the Africans on board the Amistad, he displayed a forensic talent which would have added lustre to the brightest name in the profession.

But it is as a politician, as a statesman, and a chief magistrate, that he will hereafter be chiefly remembered in the annals of the country; and it will be among those who have served her the longest, the most zealously, the most ably, the most conscientiously. Breathing, as we do, an atmosphere heated with the passions of the day; swayed, as we all are, by our prejudices, it is not for us to sit in judgment on his political course. Impartiality in our opinions of those from whom we have differed, is often the name which we give to our own adverse conceptions. It is characteristic of most men, either from temperament or education, to lean decidedly either to the conservative or progressive tendency, which forms respectively the basis of our parties. In Mr. Adams' political system, there was a singular mixture of both principles. This led him, early in his political career, to adopt a course which is sanctioned by the highest authorities and examples in the country, that of avoiding, as far as possible, an intimate and exclusive union with any party. This policy was studiously pursued by General Washington. He retained in his cabinet the two great rival leaders, (Mr. Jefferson and General Hamilton,) as long as they could be prevailed upon to sit side by side; and in appointing ministers to Great Britain and to France, at a very critical period of our foreign relations, he acted upon the same principle. Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address in 1801, says, "We have called

by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans; we are all federalists;" and, in 1817, General Jackson exhorted Mr. Monroe to "destroy the monster, party." It was, I think, on the same principle that Mr. Adams, when the state government of Massachusetts was organized in 1802, was desirous of constituting the executive council by a fair representation of the two parties. But this policy, I suspect, can never be effectively pursued at those periods when it would be of any importance, viz., times of high political excitement. A real independence of party ties, on great questions and in difficult times, will, I fear, rarely be asserted without great personal sacrifices and violent collisions. Those whose general views are in sympathy, if separated on individual measures of great interest, become, for that very reason, the more estranged; and the confidence and admiration of years are succeeded by alienation and bitterness. Burke and Fox, the dearest of friends, and the trustiest of allies, parted from each other on the floor of Parliament with tears, but still they parted, and forever. Happy the statesman, who, when the collisions of the day are past and forgotten, shall possess titles to the abiding respect and affection of his countrymen as brilliant and substantial as those of Mr. Adams!

In the high offices he filled in the government, he may safely be held up as a model of a public servant. As a diplomatist, his rank has been assigned by Washington. As an executive officer, the duty of the day, however uninviting, was discharged as if it were an object of the most attractive interest. The most obsolete and complicated claim, if it became necessary for Mr. Adams to pass upon it, was sifted to the bottom with the mechanical patience of an auditor of accounts; and woe to the fallacy, if any there were, which lurked in the statement. A "report on weights and measures," prepared by Mr. Adams in the ordinary routine of official duty, is entitled to the character of a scientific treatise. In executing the office of President of the United States he was governed by two noble principles, oftener professed than carried into full practice. The first related to measures, and

was an all but superstitious respect for the constitution and the law. Laboring as he did, by the strange perversity of party judgments, under the odium of latitudinarian doctrines, there never lived the public man, or the magistrate, who carried into every act of official duty a deeper sense of binding power of the constitution and the law, as a rule of conduct from which there was no appeal. The second principle regarded men, and was that of conscientious impartiality. I do not mean that he did not confer important offices, when the nomination was freely at his discretion, on political friends,—the services of none others can be commanded for places of high trust and confidence,—but political friendship never was the permanent consideration. He found a majority of the offices in the country in the possession of his political opponents, and he never removed one of them to make way for a friend. He invited Mr. Crawford, a rival candidate for the presidency, to retain his seat in the cabinet as secretary of the treasury. He decided a long-standing controversy about rank, between the highest officers of the army, against his political interests. He brought to every question that required his decision, however wrapped up in personal considerations, the inflexibility of a judicial tribunal.

As a man, he had, no doubt, the infirmities of human nature, (fair subjects of criticism to the happy few who are immaculate,) but not, I think, those most frequently laid to his charge. He was not, for instance, parsimonious nor avaricious. Thrown, from his first start in life, upon his own resources, he determined to live within his means, and studied a decent economy; not because he loved money, but because he loved independence. That object attained, he ceased to exercise even ordinary thrift in the management of his affairs; but he did not cease, to the end of his life, to lend an ear to every call (public or private) upon his liberality, far beyond the extent of his income. He did not, as a minister abroad, load himself with debt, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of not being distanced in a race of profusion with the foreign ambassadors, whose princely incomes are swelled by

princely salaries; but, from the time of his first residence at Washington, as secretary of state, to the close of his presidency, and even of his life, the hospitality of his house and of his table was proverbial. Neither office, I believe, added a dollar to his fortune. He was plain in his personal habits and dress, because he was simple in his tastes and feelings. What attraction can there be to a thoughtful studious man, with great affairs upon his hands and upon his thoughts, in the wretched and fatiguing vanities which are the principal sources of expense? There was an occasional abstraction and reserve in his manner, which led those who did not observe him more closely to think him deficient in warmth and cordiality. But, while he wanted a certain cheerful flexibility and sprightliness, which, when accompanied with sincerity and frankness, are a very enviable endowment for a public man,—eminently useful in making friends,—yet, in real kindness of nature, and depth and tenderness of feeling, no man surpassed him. His venerable classmate (Judge Putnam) bears witness that he contributed his full share to the hilarity of the social circle; and sure I am there must be around me some who can remember, with me, the hours for which they have hung delighted on the fascination of his social converse. As far as the higher sympathies of our nature are concerned,—the master affections, whose sphere is far above the little conventional courtesies of life,—a warmer spirit never dwelt in a human frame.

But I have left untouched the great qualities of the man, the traits which form the heroism of his character, and would have made him, at all times, and in any career, a person of the highest mark and force. These were, his lion heart, which knew not the fear of man; and his religious spirit, which feared God in all things, constantly, profoundly, and practically. A person of truer courage, physical and moral, I think, never lived. In whatever calling of life he had grown up, this trait, I am sure, would have been conspicuous. Had he been a common sailor, he would have been the first to go to the mast-head, when the topsails were flying into ribbons. He never was

called to expose his life in the field, but, had his duty required it, he was a man to lead a forlorn hope, with a steady step, through a breach spouting with fire. It was his custom, at a time when personal violence towards individuals politically obnoxious was not uncommon, to walk the unwatched and desolate streets of Washington alone, and before sunrise. This may be set down to the steadiness of nerves which is shared by men of inferior tone of mind. But in his place in the House of Representatives,—in the great struggle into which he plunged, from a conscientious sense of duty, in the closing years of his life, and in the boldness and resolution with which he trod on ground never before thrown open to free discussion,—he evinced a moral courage, founded on the only true basis of moral principal, of which I know no brighter example. It was with this he warred, and with this he conquered; strong in the soundness of his honest heart, strong in the fear of God,—the last great dominant principle of his life and character.

There was the hiding of his power. There it was that he exhibited, in its true type, the sterling quality of the good old stock of which he came. Offices, and affairs, and honors, and studies, left room in his soul for faith. No man laid hold, with a firmer grasp, of the realities of life; but no man dwelt more steadily on the mysterious realities beyond life. He entertained a profound, I had almost said an obsolete, reverence for sacred things. The daily and systematic perusal of the Bible was an occupation with which no other duty was allowed to interfere. He attended the public offices of social worship with a constancy seldom witnessed in this busy and philosophic age. Still there was nothing austere or narrow-minded in his religion; there was no affectation of rigor in his life or manners; no unreflecting adoption of traditionary opinions in matters of belief. He remained, to the end of his days, an inquirer after truth. He regularly attended to public worship of churches widely differing from each other in doctrinal peculiarities. The daily entry of his journal, for the latter part of his life, begins with a passage extracted from Scripture, followed with

his own meditation and commentary; and, thus commencing the day, there is little reason to doubt that, of his habitual reflections, as large a portion was thrown forward to the world of spirits as was retained by the passing scene.

OUR DEBT TO FRANKLIN.

BY

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706 and died in Philadelphia in 1790; and probably no man ever lived who led a busier life or crowded more epoch-making events into it.

He began by working as a small boy in his father's shop at the trade of candle-making; later on becoming a printer, and shortly after an author. He left Boston for Philadelphia, and arriving there with about $1.25 in his pocket, soon made his presence felt. He went to England to buy types and became stranded there, working at his trade until he was able to return to America, which he did in 1726, publishing newspapers and the famous "Poor Richard's Almanac."

To mention one-tenth of the things he did in his life would be impossible. Every young man and young woman should read his "Autobiography" and the story of "What America Owes to Franklin" told in the following article. The main facts of his life are so well known to every schoolboy and schoolgirl that it would scarcely seem necessary to repeat them here.

THERE has been but one Benjamin Franklin, as there has been but one George Washington. These two names are, and ever will be, inseparably linked together in the affection and reverence of Americans, for they have been the two men of greatest renown of all America has yet produced. This can be said without disparagement of any of the great Revolutionary patriots, whose names we are glad to honor, and who placed this nation under lasting obligation. Or of those great men who, since the Revolution, have contributed so much to the development, expansion, and solidity of our republic.

From the oration delivered at the celebration of the 200th Birthday of Benjamin Franklin, Boston, Jan. 17, 1906. By permission.

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INTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Independence Hall was formerly the old State House of Pennsylvania. In this room the Declaration of Independence was signed. It contains portraits of famous Americans and many historical relics. The Liberty bell, which was rung when independence was declared, stands on a pedestal in the hall on the floor below.

Yet Franklin and Washington cannot be compared. Their temperaments, their characteristics, and their services were not of the same order. The great field general and magnificent statesman is entitled *par excellence* to the proud title of "Father of his Country," but without the aid and the services of Franklin in entirely different fields, this grand title could not have been won.

Shall we give Washington the first rank, or shall we couple Franklin with him on an equality? Each was the complement of the other; but for action, for being in the very position for which his great abilities and his unquestionable patriotism fitted him, Washington must ever stand first, and Franklin on a pedestal only a little below that of his great compeer.

Many men of judgment have given him a place equal to that of Washington, and the estimates of his contemporaries and those coming after him, who have had the best opportunities for studying and analyzing his services, have placed him so near Washington that it is difficult, considering their varied characteristics, to name a rank exactly just in all respects. But we need not exercise our minds in this respect, for Franklin stands so high, occupies now the public mind in so great a measure, that Washington's fame is in no wise diminished by giving Franklin a place by his side.

John Adams, who cannot be said to have been carried away by Franklin's peculiar nature and temperament, and who could not regard his associate in the great business he accomplished with entire equanimity, did not hesitate to write of him while in France: "Franklin's reputation was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. His name was familiar to government and people, to kings, courtiers, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebeians, to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a valet de chambre, coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend to human kind. When they spoke of him they

seemed to think he was to restore the golden age." And the great Chatham spoke of him as "One of whom all Europe ranks with our Boyles and Newtons, as an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature." And Jefferson has borne the warmest testimony to Franklin's greatness, for he said in 1791: "I can only therefore testify in general that there appeared to me more respect and veneration attached to the character of Dr. Franklin in France than to that of any other person in the same country, foreign or native. I had opportunities of knowing particularly how far these sentiments were felt by the foreign ambassadors and ministers at the court of Versailles. . . . I found the ministers of France equally impressed with the talents and integrity of Dr. Franklin. The Count de Vergennes particularly gave me repeated and unequivocal demonstrations of his entire confidence in him." And thus Jefferson, it seems to me, set at rest all queries as to the relations between Franklin and the Count de Vergennes.

And at a later period, 1818, Jefferson again testified that mutual confidence was all which subsisted between Dr. Franklin and the government of France.

Kant called him the Prometheus of modern times; and Mirabeau in the National Assembly, June 11, 1791, in announcing Franklin's death, spoke of him as "the genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe. . . . The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race."

And during the generation after Franklin's death, Lord Jeffrey spoke of him as "the most rational, perhaps, of all philosophers. . . . No individual, perhaps, ever possessed a juster understanding, or was so seldom obstructed in the use of it by indolence, enthusiasm, or authority."

Sir James Mackintosh said, "The cause of the Americans in France owed part of its success to the peculiar character, as well as extraordinary talents of their agent at Paris, Benjamin Franklin."

He was eulogized by John Foster and others, and Lord Brougham, in 1839, characterized him as "one of the most remarkable men of our times, as a politician, or of any age, as a philosopher . . . and one who stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain" . . . and "that having borne the first part in enlarging science, by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world."

The words of Dr. Jared Sparks and of George Bancroft are familiar to all.

Coming nearer to our time we find the late Robert C. Winthrop comparing him to Archimedes, and Horace Greeley said: "I think I adequately appreciate the greatness of Washington; yet I must place Franklin above him as the consummate type and flowering of human nature under the skies of colonial America. I realize," said Mr. Greeley, "that there are elements of dignity, of grandeur, in the character of Washington, for which that of Franklin affords no parallel," but when we contemplate the immense variety and versatility of Franklin's services to his country and to mankind, he could not place Franklin second to any other American. And he says that Franklin could not have done the work of Washington—no other man could—but that he did many admirable things which Washington had too sound a judgment even to attempt.

He has been compared with Plutarch, and recent writers and analysts of Franklin's character and services have been no less generous in their encomiums.

Joseph H. Choate, late ambassador to England, in an address at Birmingham, England, in October, 1903, did not hesitate to state that "in view of Franklin's fifteen years' services in England and ten in France, of the immense obstacles and difficulties which he had to overcome, of the art and wisdom which he displayed, and the incalculable value to the countries of the treaties which he negotiated, Franklin stands by far as the greatest of American diplomatists."

And the late John Hay, the greatest of modern diplo-

matists, he who set the pace for the world in a diplomacy involving straightforwardness and integrity instead of duplicity, said that Franklin was an "envoy from the new world to the old, addressing to its half-awakened heart and conscience the soul-stirring invitation to be free," and that "no fitter choice was ever made by any nation in any age," that "Franklin was by universal consent the greatest natural philosopher of his time; that the great men of France, Morellet, Buffon, Turgot, d'Alembert, Necker, Mirabeau, princes all by intellect and many of them by birth, were proud of the friendship of Franklin," and the latest editor of Franklin's life and writings crowns these estimates as the result of his patient and industrious studies.

The historian Lacretelle said that "his virtues and renown negotiated for him, and before the second year of his mission had expired no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and armies to the countrymen of Franklin;" and the German Schlosser said: "Franklin's appearance in the Paris salons, even before he began to negotiate, was an event of great importance to the whole of Europe."

So I might take up the whole of the time allotted to me in quoting the statements of Sydney Smith, Sir Humphry Davy, and many, many more, all to the same intent, the distinction of Franklin as the greatest man of his age.

But these are sufficient, and more than sufficient to show that Franklin was unique in character, and that his services were of the profoundest nature and of inestimable value.

These estimates come to us with only one distracting note, a note born of misunderstanding, of difference in temperament and attitude, but with all integrity and sincerity.

Even Jay, who, it has been attempted to show, was in antagonism at times to Franklin's views, was his great friend, and Franklin made him executor of his will. Jay's testimony could be added to all the others, leaving that single distractive note out of harmony with the opinions

of others, as coming down to us and giving us a clearer view of Franklin's position and his greatness.

If John Adams and Franklin did not agree, so far as my own studies go, they had good reasons for disagreement, but we have seen what John Adams thought of Franklin, and we have no occasion now, in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of his birth to allow any of these distractions to influence us, for we might take from the encomiums all that belongs to rhetoric and to panegyric and yet leave Franklin on the high pedestal where he has stood for so many years.

He might have lived out any one of the lines of service he chose, or into which he was forced by circumstances, and in that line alone he would have achieved greatness and renown.

It is now one hundred and sixteen years since he died. One hundred and sixteen years is a long period of time in a nation but one hundred and thirty years of age, and a nation which he helped to found. It is wonderful that after this lapse of years there is no more familiar character in our American history than that of Franklin; familiar to every child and every adult, and more familiar in the details of his life, than are the details of the life of the great Washington. This is because of his peculiar natural traits, and they will ever remain familiar.

With these we may not deal on this occasion, but when we carefully consider what he did, how he grew to his actions, what his services were, we may, omitting all biography, realize the obligations under which he placed us.

Consider the great debt, the manifold debt we owe him, and we must conclude that we can pay only a very small part of the interest which has accrued, and that not in coin or in kind, but only in appreciation of the real results of his great work which we, as citizens of the great republic, enjoy.

He was a great American, he was a great mechanic and philosopher, a great statesman and a great diplomatist; we to-day must look upon him as the great Bostonian. Our debt, therefore, is not only the debt which Boston

owes him, but the debt which the commonwealth and the nation owe him, and we as individual communities of the great nation can only contribute our mite towards reducing in some slight degree the interest on that great mortgage which Franklin placed upon us all.

Our first debt to Franklin is to him as a printer and a mechanic. He lived as a printer here in Boston. He was ever proud of this distinction, and in his description of himself in papers, and especially in his will, the first title he gave himself was that of printer, and after that the other titles that belonged to him. This pride in his trade lasted through his life, whether here in Boston, in Philadelphia, or in London, or in after years as a publisher, he was always a printer. That he was a good printer we all know. He understood the art of his business, and he has left no better monument than that of a typesetter.

His craft of to-day know well the work of Franklin, and they gather new inspiration when they read of his endeavors to place his trade in the front ranks. Ever an intelligent class in every community, Franklin was the printer of printers, and out of that work he acquired the habits of writing, and to such an extent that, in the estimation of writers, he set the pace for a good sound English style.

He has been called our Premier Man of Letters, and his latest biographer, Dr. Smyth, does not hesitate to refer to him as showing in some of his writings that he was conscious not alone of the standards that the best English authors of the Mother Country set before the colonist, but of the judicious use that the colonist, through the limited culture of his fellow countrymen, was bound to make of his example; that he had a rational conception of literature and won from his experiences the mastery of a powerful and persuasive style.

His significance appears when we remember that he was the first American to transcend provincial boundaries and limitations, and the first author and scientist to achieve wide and permanent reputation in Europe. This was the direct outcome of his industry as a

printer. With access to but few books, borrowed, it may be, sometimes obtained in a surreptitious way, he devoured their contents and patterned his style, even as a youth, upon the very best examples of English literature. Out of his obscure beginnings he produced a writer whose influence, even before be became a public man, was felt in the colonies. A volume might be written on our debt to Franklin in this respect alone, and had he never entered upon any other field than that of a writer, of a pamphleteer, of an able controversialist on some of the most important subjects that attracted the attention of the colonists, Franklin would have made a name for himself envied of all men.

Let the young men of our time study the life of Franklin as a printer, and their lives will be enriched, their services enhanced, and their happiness doubled.

He showed the result of his studies by founding the American Philosophical Society, The Academy, which became the basis of the University of Pennsylvania, the Circulating Library, and many other institutions in Philadelphia which brought great benefit to its citizens. He taught them the necessity of clean and well-lighted streets, the usefulness of a fire department, and many other things which go to make up a beneficent municipality.

Our next debt to him is as a scientist. Truly the Archimedes of modern times, he was an inventor and more than an inventor. He was a philosopher in the highest realms of science. When I study Franklin I marvel at the range of his learning and of his discoveries. Most scientific students and discoverers limit their work, but Franklin knew no limits.

The list of his inventions—some of importance—satisfies the student of his character that as a scientist no man at his time was even his compeer. His mind was exceedingly fertile, and he investigated a range of subjects that would stagger the modern student of physics. The use of oil in protecting ships in storms, electricity, seismology, geology, meteorology, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, hydrography, horology, aëronautics, navi-

gation, agriculture, ethnology, paleontology, medicine, hygiene, and pedagogy. What a range of thought and investigation these subjects, which attracted the attention of Franklin, suggest to the mind.

Of course his work on electricity stands out as preeminently the most valuable of all his researches. He made the great discovery that lightning and electricity were the same in force and in character, and he carried his discoveries so far that he was recognized throughout the civilized world as the first scientist of his age. His discoveries admitted him to the most distinguished scientific bodies in Europe.

But his investigations carried him into other fields than those of natural philosophy. He was more of a physician than many of the learned men who practiced medicine in his day. He projected his studies through his whole long active life. He discussed, and with learning and reason, some of the intricate problems of medicine. His ability in this direction was recognized by the physicians. Some of his writings upon disease, while curious, are exceedingly interesting and cannot fail to command respect. He was elected a member of the Royal Medical Society of Paris. He promoted the founding of the Pennsylvania Hospital. He was appointed an honorary member of the Medical Society of London, and the French king appointed him a member of a commission to investigate the theories of Mesmer. . . .

In many other directions relating to therapeutics, Franklin's investigations brought him to the front rank as a physician. But he could not content himself with medicine alone. I imagine that in this field of inquiry we are not as familiar as with other fields in which he delved.

We think of those inventions, mostly for domestic use, that he gave to the world, for, like the true physician, he sought no patent and obtained no compensation for his inventions, but gave them freely for the benefit of mankind.

And when we think of him as the first American economist we probably find ourselves somewhat startled, for he has not been considered specifically in this branch of

human knowledge, and yet this study became familiar to him, even before its problems were considered by Europeans. He was entirely familiar with the theories of the physiocrats. From him Adam Smith learned much that enabled him to write his great work on "The Wealth of Nations." Franklin not only anticipated him in many ways, but Turgot was obliged to borrow from him an explanation of the nature of interest. Franklin was the intimate friend of the leading physiocrats, such men as Dupont, De Nemours, Dubourg, Mirabeau, Turgot, Morellet, and even of the great Quesnay. Malthus had to follow him in his disquisitions on the theory of population, and Smith relates that Burke, Dr. Price, and Lord Kames borrowed from Franklin, while David Hume, with keen interest, was obliged to follow his thought, and it is not too much to say that Cobden enriched his mind from the works of Franklin.

When we consider the papers of Dr. Franklin upon economic subjects we conclude that he was among the very first economists of his age. He wrote observations concerning the Increase of Mankind and the Peopling of Countries; on American Paper Money; on the Wealth of Nations; on the Augmentation of Wages which will be occasioned in Europe by the American Revolution; on the Interest and Policy of the United States; the Necessity of a Paper Currency, and on many other subjects of a less formal nature. He was a free trader, and wrote a very witty paper on the "Wail of a Protected Manufacturer." This paper was reproduced during a recent fiscal controversy in England, and very widely circulated. His illustrations were terse and emphatic.

Franklin was familiar with civil government and the theories of such government. He wrote many political essays, which commanded attention and had their influence wherever they were read. Wherever Franklin's name appeared on the title page of a pamphlet, or it was supposed that his name ought to have been there, the pamphlets were read with interest and with profit. So, again, there is another great body of students and a great

body of the public owing a debt to Franklin that can never be paid. The political economists, the political scientists, the sociologists of our time can read with profit and with renewed obligation the writings of Franklin.

Had Franklin chosen to have pursued the arduous and sacrificial life of a physician, or the delightful studies of the political economist and the political scientist, he could have made a reputation in either which would have established his enduring fame.

Passing to fields in which his activities are more familiar to us, we find him performing the duties of a soldier, ranking for a brief time as a colonel, and here he gained the experience which enabled him in later years to appreciate the arduous and patience-wearing duties of Washington. In his early manhood he knew Washington, for he took part in that disastrous military expedition resulting in Braddock's defeat, not as an active participant in the engagement, but as a quartermaster in collecting stores, transportation, etc. Not a particularly attractive duty to Franklin, but one in which he showed his genius for adaptability to any conditions under which he might work and to any duty to which he might be called.

It was, you know, a favorite maxim with Franklin that he would not seek office, that he was not inclined to accept it, but, having accepted, he would not resign.

And so everywhere, even in these minor duties as a military man, Franklin gave evidence of his ability and his persistent endeavor to do his whole duty. . . .

In all the studies I have made of Franklin's life and acts I find little has been told about his intrinsic value as a banker to the United States. Everything, as a matter of fact, of just what he did, has been clearly related, but his influence in Paris, his unmatched services in promoting the affairs of the American Revolution, the assistance he gave every one who asked it and who was entitled to it, his personal generosity, his untiring patience, all these, constituting him the most effective agent of the Revolution, have not been fully enough emphasized as showing our great debt to him.

We know what he did for Paul Jones, but only in a

perfunctory way. What would Paul Jones' career have been had it not been for Franklin? Would we of this age have persisted with reverence and affection in discovering the remains of the great privateer and bringing them to this country for permanent burial, had not Franklin made possible that career which has invited the enthusiasm of all the periods since that time? We owe the greatest possible debt to Franklin; owe the memory of Paul Jones, of his heroic deeds, of his great service; all these rest upon the debt to Franklin, who may be called "The Father of the American Navy," as well as "The Father of American Diplomacy." What would the reputation of Robert Morris, who stands as the father of American finance, be, what would be his renown, had it not been for the great banker in Paris? And Washington, who has his own great place in the hall of fame—could he have carried out the wonderful work committed to him, had not the sinews of war been so largely supplied by the diplomatist in France? Ever ready, always ready, even when discouraged, even when subject to the abuse and pusillanimity of a contemptible congress, always patriotic, always ready to sacrifice, always ready to act, and who met every call upon him.

Jay borrowed in Spain during the years 1781-82, $174,-017; Adams, with the guarantee of Franklin, borrowed in Holland, $1,304,000; Franklin, unaided, by his own persistency, patience, and good fellowship, borrowed in France, from 1777 to 1783 inclusive, $6,352,500, and besides this, then enormous sum, he obtained gifts of nearly two million dollars more.

How can we measure the debt we owe Franklin for his services as minister plenipotentiary to France, and if we cannot measure them in this respect, how can we measure them when he was made commissioner in 1781 to make peace with Great Britain, that peace to the securing of which he contributed more than any other one man, except his great compeer, Washington.

All through these great negotiations, Franklin stood for the recognition of the independence of the colonies. Although in the initiative proceedings he had some views

that were not in harmony with those of Jay and Adams, his fellow commissioners, yet on their representation of facts and the feelings of the colonists, Franklin nobly joined in the views of his associates, and the peace was declared.

Criticisms have been made of Franklin's course, even to the extent of criticising his patriotism, but it is a bold man who could seriously entertain any such criticism. It should be remembered that Franklin understood Frenchmen, Jay understood them a little, and that John Adams understood them not at all. Franklin had lived in France for nine years; he enjoyed the confidence, he was the idol of the people, and everywhere he went he was the object of adoration and admiration and reverence even. There had been a compact between him and the French Government that all terms of peace, whenever an attempt was made to negotiate them between England and the United States, should first be submitted to the French Government. These things Jay and Adams ignored; Franklin was glad to be able to ignore them, but all of them must be taken into consideration when his conduct is criticised.

Franklin did not wish to break with the French Government. The French had been too kind and generous, too helpful in money, in ships, in arms, without which Yorktown could not have been. And so Franklin's attitude, his temperament, his familiarity with French ways and French temper, compelled him to a certain line of thought which could not be appreciated by his great associates.

To them all the conclusion of the negotiations was due, but to Franklin more than to the others, because neither France would have approved nor England consented to any terms whatever short of their own making that had not been pushed persistently and received the indorsement of Franklin, for it should be remembered that Franklin was a power in England at that time as well as at home.

So Franklin came home with a mortgage from the American people that can never be paid. And when he came home he placed the whole American people forever

and forever, so long as America shall stand, under another and more peculiar obligation, and this time as a statesman of the highest order.

I need not carry you through the work of the constitutional convention.

Franklin arrived home in 1785, old, feeble, worn out in the service of his country, but he was immediately elected to the State Council and made president of Pennsylvania. He found enough to do, for although in some sense an indolent man, Franklin was never idle. In May, 1787, he was added to the Pennsylvania delegation to the convention which was to frame a new constitution. He took his full part in this, and in two respects, and most vital at that, is to be found our debt to him, so far as the Constitution is concerned.

There had been much discussion during many, many weeks as to the problem of the balance of power and the check of action in the Congress which the Constitution provided, and at last Franklin, out of his wisdom, out of his vast experience, suggested a simple compromise, which was that there should be an equal number of delegates for all States, an equal vote for all States upon questions respecting the authority or sovereignty of the States, and upon appointments and confirmations; but votes to be apportioned according to the populations of the States respectively upon all bills for raising and spending money. This led to that section of the Constitution which provides that in the Senate each State shall have equal power and influence—two votes—and that in the House of Representatives the members shall be apportioned among all the States according to population, and that all bills for the raising of revenue shall originate in the House.

It is true that Randolph, of Virginia, and Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, made some suggestions looking to this provision of the balancing and checking of the two houses, but it was finally on the adoption of Franklin's compromise that the real genius of the suggestions was crystallized as part of the new Constitution.

This ended the controversy, and that splendidly bal-

anced provision has remained, and must remain, so long as our States are of diverse interests and of varied population.

But we owe him another debt relative to this same Constitution, and that is concerning its adoption. Who can read the speech of Dr. Franklin when the deliberations in the Constitutional Convention had ceased and the question was upon the adoption of the report of a committee designated to frame the instrument. Franklin arose and with that humor which must have stood him in great need in many a serious conflict, as it did the great Lincoln in our own time, addressed the assembly, urging the members to sacrifice their own views, to accept what they did not like, as he did, standing by all that was good, and so send a constitution before the people with the unanimous approval of the convention. So the Constitution was signed, adopted, and left for popular vote.

Franklin did his share, more perhaps than his share, in securing the adoption of the Constitution by the individual States. Thus we owe him another debt as a statesman, and a debt which we can never pay.

The last public act of Dr. Franklin was a communication urging the abolition of slavery. True to his instincts, true to his religion, true to all the experiences of his life, he left this great bequest, his advocacy of the freedom of all men. He had signed the Magna Charta of America, which declared that all men were born free and equal, and he died urging that the principles of that great charter be carried out.

There are other debts which can never be paid. I refer to his youth. Considered under the codes of to-day, Franklin could not be said to have been a perfectly moral man, yet in his day he was one of the most moral of men, and everything he wrote substantiates the truth of this statement.

While in Philadelphia before he went to London and while in that city he was somewhat dissolute in his habits, but he testifies that he wrestled with himself and conquered. He says that when he was a boy, this in a letter in his eightieth year to Mr. Samuel Mather, he met with

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THE TOMB OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN THE GRAVEYARD OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

a book entitled "Essays to do Good," written by Cotton Mather, the father of his correspondent, and that the book gave him such a turn of thinking as to have influenced his conduct through life, for, to use his own language, "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owe the advantage of it to that book." It was Franklin's indorsement of that little book that induced the Sunday School Society of Massachusetts to republish it in 1845, and they never did a better act in the way of publishing.

Some have regretted that Franklin had not been a more earnest student of the gospel of Christ; yet, "the devout reliance upon a superintending Providence, attested by frequent prayer which characterized him from his youth upwards, and which never failed him in private or public life—his intimacy with Whitefield and with the 'Good Bishop' of St. Asaph—his earnest, religious advice to his daughter, and his strenuous remonstrance against the infidel publications of Paine—furnish ample evidence of a reverence for sacred things and solemn observances, which might well put to shame the indifference of not a few of those who may be most disposed to cavil about his views of Christianity" (Robert C. Winthrop).

Franklin himself had no theology that could be formulated in an arbitrary creed, but he was a believer in God; he was a believer in personal righteousness; his whole life was an exemplification of the highest Christian spirit in man. His innumerable writings testify to this, but if he had never uttered a word relative to his own belief, his acts all through life must stand as the monumental evidence of his religious character. And the few episodes in youth, and perhaps in after years, errata, as he called them, must all be brought under the codes of the times, and not attributed to the lack of any moral tone in Franklin himself. Would that all men could show the same Christian, brotherly spirit to all other men that Franklin showed.

Some of his utterances are profound, as they strike

to the very heart of man, and no greater tribute can be paid him than to quote his own words, except to quote the words put into his mouth by that matchless orator whom I have already cited, Mr. Winthrop: "I was once as you are now—houseless and penniless, without fortune and without friends. But never despair—be just and fear not, be sober, be diligent, be frugal, be faithful, love man and love God, and do your whole duty to yourself, to your neighbor, and to your country, in whatever circumstances you are placed—and you, also, may do good in your day and generation, and you, too, may haply leave a name that shall be remembered and honored in all ages and throughout all climes." Here is the essence of the spirit of practical Christianity.

He was a philosopher, and as a philosopher could not be a dogmatic theologian, but our debt to him is great indeed for his Christian spirit, for his philosophic reception of all the ills of life, and for the deeds he sent ringing down the ages. No young man or woman can read the life of Franklin without inspiration, without being influenced to a better, cleaner life, and this is the great test.

How can we reduce these debts? How can we show our appreciation of them? The great editions of his works and the masterly biographies, the accounts of his writings, and such exercises as these constitute one form of monument to his virtue and to his memory, and a partial payment of the great and ever-increasing interest on our debt to him.

Everywhere you find monuments in stone and bronze, productions in marble and on canvas, streets and counties and cities and towns bearing his name. America is not alone in these tributes. His autobiography is known everywhere; his face is more familiar than that of any other man of the past; the school children of our great metropolis love him, and as they receive his medal they bear him in grateful remembrance.

What if he may not have been a Plutarch or a Socrates, a Prometheus or an Archimedes? We need not indulge in these comparisons. We place him as our own, as the

product of our own land, on the very highest pedestal of our hearts and our adoration, except that one who must ever be first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The artist can paint the scenes at Saratoga, can picture Valley Forge in all its dreariness and its suffering, and can reproduce the glory of Yorktown, but no painter and no sculptor can give us the life of Franklin in Paris, can transfer to canvas the untiring patience, the wonderful persistency, the sublime results of his efforts there to save his country and to make it great. The painter might reproduce that wonderful and marvellous scene before the Privy Council, and reproduce the attitude, the expression, the immobility of countenance—less the humiliation of our hero—but he could not paint the firm will, the determined spirit, the control of passion which enabled him to bear that ordeal and showed him the victor, and not the insulting council itself.

In deep gratitude, in deep appreciation, then, lies the course for all posterity. Let Franklin's principles, let his acts, let his patriotism, let his wonderful services never be forgotten, but let the Goddess of Liberty which he helped to crown, with each revolving year speak to Americans and united America the name of Benjamin Franklin.

HENRY CLAY.

BY

DANIEL MALLORY.

Henry Clay was born in Virginia in 1777 and died in 1852. His early education was deficient, and before fifteen he was earning his own living in a store. In the meantime, he studied law and fitted himself for practice before he was twenty-one. Some four or five years after that he went into politics and soon made his mark. He was Speaker in the House of Representatives and Secretary of State, and was sent to England after the War of 1812 to conclude peace arrangements. It was he who coined the famous phrase that he "would rather be right than President." And the following extract from one of his contemporary biographers will show in what esteem

From "The Life and Speeches of the Hon. Henry Clay."

and honor he was held during his life, of which the years that have passed have brought no diminution.

ON the thirty-first of March, 1842, Mr. Clay executed his long and fondly cherished design of retiring to the quiet of private life. He resigned his seat in the senate, and presented to that body the credentials of Mr. Crittenden, his friend, and successor. The scene which ensued when he tendered his resignation, was indescribably thrilling. It was not unlike that, when the father of his country, surrounded by his companions in arms, pronounced his farewell address, as they were about to disband and enter upon the possession and enjoyment of that independence which their invincible arms had won. . . .

Thus terminated the senatorial career of one of the greatest statesmen of this or any other age—a career disfigured with as few imperfections, and adorned with as many ornaments of genius and intellect, as that of any one who ever lived. A career achieved in the service of, and bequeathed to the people, they will regard it as a precious legacy, and derive from it ample aliment for the sustenance of patriotic and philanthropic principle, to the end of time. It shall be the favorite resort of the worshippers of liberty from all lands, who, with astonishment, admiration, and pure delight, will trace it, dwell with feelings of moral grandeur upon its scenes of political sublimity and disinterested patriotism, and, amid their rejoicings over its beauties and excellencies, will envy the nation to which it belongs. We take our leave of Mr. Clay's public life, to notice, briefly, some incidents connected more particularly with his private history. The personal appearance of Mr. Clay is imposing and prepossessing. He is tall, and somewhat thin, but very muscular, exhibiting lofty and dignified grace and ease in his deportment and carriage, and an entire absence of everything like stiffness or haughtiness. His manner is cordial and kind, inviting rather than repelling approach. His countenance is open and bland, on which his soul may be said to sit, so faithfully does it mirror his feelings. It is impossible to describe its varying

expressions. His eyes are of a blue, or dark gray color, small, and when he is animated flash with unearthly vividness. His forehead is high and broad. His mouth is large, but strikingly indicative of genius and energy. His voice is exceedingly silvery, deep-toned, and most exquisitely modulated—a fit organ to herald forth to the world, the noble sentiments of a noble heart. It may be regarded as no unimportant element of his fame, inseparably and imperishably interwoven with his course. When speaking, he possesses the rare faculty of not only throwing his own soul wholly into his subject, but of carrying along with it the souls of his hearers, and, as it were, making them take a part in its consideration, assenting or dissenting as he did. His action is peculiarly graceful and appropriate, harmonizing admirably with the character of the sentiments uttered.

We shall not attempt an analysis of his mind, conscious of our inability to do it justice. Its powers are so numerous and so great, as to make the task no light one. Its most prominent attribute is patriotism. This is the sun of its lofty faculties, which revolve about it in the order of satellites. Everything is subordinate to, or absorbed by it. This is seen in every part of his career, towering magnificently upwards, like a mighty mountain to bathe its head in everlasting sunshine, and forms its loveliest and most attractive feature. With Mr. Clay, patriotism was no unmeaning word. He made it the grand test of both principle and measure, and the main-spring of action. His devotion to it is most remarkable; so exclusive, as to lead him to sacrifice every other consideration upon its altar. On one occasion, acting under its influence, he said to Mr. Grundy, "tell General Jackson, that if he will sign that bill (the land bill), I will pledge myself to retire from congress, and never enter public life again," of such vital importance did he consider that bill to the welfare of his beloved country. One cannot avoid breaking out in exclamation of admiration, and reverence, even, in view of such self-immolating political purity, as this sincere declaration evinces. My country, my country, seems to have been the constant apex of his

thoughts and wishes. This attribute gives to his commanding eloquence its invincible power, and is the rocky pedestal on which he has reared the temple of his immortal fame.

Political consistency is another prominent characteristic of Mr. Clay. This, like a line of light, is traceable through all his public life. The soundness of his judgment is worthy of note, by which he is enabled to predict, with almost prophetic accuracy, the effect of the adoption of certain measures. As a writer, Mr. Clay's style is nervous, perspicuous, and concise, evincing the freshness and beauty of originality, usually moving on in a deep and quiet current, but at times rushing like the mountain torrent, overthrowing all obstacles. He is peculiarly qualified for the regions of argument and close investigation, yet he can soar into that of imagination, and whenever he does, it is the flight of the eagle towards heaven. His power of illustration is felicitous, demonstrating an intimate acquaintance with the secret springs of the soul, and a sagacious knowledge of its mysterious movements. His conversational faculties are striking, and exceedingly versatile, enabling him to accommodate himself to the capacities of all, to the humblest, as well as to the loftiest intellect. It was remarked of Mr. Burke, by Dr. Johnson, that if a tempest, or any other occurrence, should cause him to take shelter under the roof of a peasant, he would find sufficient topics to employ his conversational powers, and would so employ them as to leave indelibly impressed upon the mind of its lowly occupant, the belief, that he was listening to no ordinary man. This would be emphatically true of Mr. Clay, who possesses, in an eminent degree, the faculty attributed to Mr. Burke. It is the exercise of this, that has so endeared him to all who have been privileged to come within the sphere of its influence, and which invests his domestic and social relations with their greatest charms.

In private life, Mr. Clay exhibits the noblest characteristics of human nature, which may be expressed by one word—open-heartedness. He is kind and liberal to a fault. Says one who is intimate with him, "his door and

his purse are alike open to the friendless stranger and the unfortunate neighbor. Frank, open, and above the meanness of deception himself, and consequently never searching for duplicity and treachery in those around him, he has more than once suffered from the vile ingratitude of men who have been cherished by his bounty and upheld by his influence.

"The curse of aristocracy has never chilled the warm flow of his natural feelings. His heart is as warm, his hand is as free, and his smile as familiar as they were forty years ago, when, without friends and without influence, he first responded to the hearty welcome of the Kentuckian. His feelings never changed with his fortunes."

Mr. Clay is admirably qualified for the interchange of social and friendly feelings, in which he indulges most judiciously. His convivial interviews are enlivened by enjoyments of a marked intellectual character. His readiness in repartee, and aptitude for reply, are conspicuous features in his character. No emergency, however sudden or unexpected, finds him unprepared, or disarms him. He perceives the bearing of remarks, with the quickness of intuition, however vague or ambiguous they may be, and with the suddenness of thought frames and utters a suitable reply. . . .

The most exemplary accuracy and fidelity characterize all Mr. Clay's business habits. He makes it a point never to be indebted to any man; to live within his income, and to maintain strict punctuality in all his engagements. It is his habitual usage, whenever he receives a communication, to return an answer instantly. All his papers are filed and arranged in the utmost neatness and order. He rises early, and observes such method in the division of his time and distribution of his business plans, as to enable him to accomplish an amount of labor truly surprising.

That Mr. Clay has faults, we do not pretend to deny; this would be asserting of human nature that from which it never was, and never will be, exempt; but they are such as originated in early life, in his ardent tempera-

ment, leading him to seek scenes of excitement, where he was frequently betrayed into errors and indiscretions. . . .

Whatever may be Mr. Clay's defects, we are happy to be able to state, that they do not grow out of principle, but that they are referable to the sanguineous nature of his constitution, rendering him easily excitable and irritable; in other words, his errors are those of feeling, and venial ones, if any are. Our surprise is, not that he occasionally suffered its impetuous tide to control his judgment, momentarily, but our astonishment, on the other hand, is, that this was not borne entirely away by it, and stranded among the quicksands of folly and violence, set upon, as he was, at every stage of his career, by political harpies and vampyres, and bayed by the furious mastiffs of unprincipled and licentious faction, as if he had been a beast of prey, prowling through the land to devour its substance. Fatigued, exhausted, and lacerated with such a temperament as he possessed, it must have required, if possible, more than the "patience of Job," to bear in silence the most painful inflictions which the ingenuity of his legion of tormentors could devise. It is not surprising that he should turn to the "quiet shades of Ashland," to seek that repose for which he had long pined, the enjoyment of which, for a lengthy period, he had debarred himself, that his country might receive the benefit of his labors. Amid these shades, we leave him, in an attitude interesting, becoming, and dignified, dividing his time between the employments and enjoyments of agriculture and literature, and so wisely as daily to give increasing evidence of his ability to sustain the threefold character which he has long borne, of enlightened statesman, devoted patriot, and genuine republican.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

BY

Senator B. F. Butler.

John Caldwell Calhoun was born in South Carolina in 1782 and died in Washington in 1850; and is one more historical example of what "Self Culture" can do. He acquired his education at home during boyhood and worked on his father's farm until he was eighteen years old, gaining knowledge all the time which fitted him to go to Yale, graduate with honor, and finally gain admission to the Bar.

For two sessions he served in the Legislature; he then went to Congress, where he was active in promoting the war with England in 1812. Later on, he became Secretary of War and was twice Vice-President of the United States. For a long time he occupied a seat in the Senate, which was only interrupted for a short time during which he was Secretary of State under President Taylor. He will probably best be remembered as the exponent of the doctrine of Nullification—a doctrine which was weakened by the results of the Civil War. His doctrine probably had more than anything else to do with the events which led up to the war, and so unified are the United States to-day that there is no State in the United States which would dream that it by itself could possibly have the power to nullify an act of Congress.

MR. CALHOUN has lived in an eventful period of our Republic and has acted a distinguished part. I surely do not venture too much when I say, that his reputation forms a striking part of a glorious history. Since 1811 until this time, he has been responsibly connected with the federal government. As representative, senator, cabinet minister, and Vice President, he has been identified with the greatest events in the political history of our country. And I hope I may be permitted to say that he has been equal to all the duties which were devolved upon him in the many critical junctures in which he was placed. Having to act a responsible part, he always acted a decided part.

The character of his parents had no doubt a sensible influence on the destiny of their distinguished son. His father had energy and enterprise, combined with perse-

From "Thirty Years' View; or, A History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years," from 1820 to 1850. By T. H. Benton.

verance and great mental determination. His mother belonged to a family of revolutionary heroes. Two of her brothers were distinguished in the Revolution. Their names and achievements are not left to tradition, but constitute a part of the history of the times.

Mr. Calhoun came into Congress at a time of deep and exciting interest—at a crisis of great magnitude. It was a crisis of peril to those who had to act in it, but of subsequent glory to the actors and the common history of the country. The invincibility of Great Britain had become a proverbial expression, and a war with her was full of terrible issues. Mr. Calhoun found himself at once in a situation of high responsibility—one that required more than speaking qualities and eloquence to fill it. The spirit of the people required direction; the energy and ardor of youth were to be employed in affairs requiring the maturer qualities of a statesman. The part which Mr. Calhoun acted at this time, had been approved and applauded by contemporaries, and now forms a part of the glorious history of those times.

The names of Clay, Calhoun, Cheves, and Lowndes, Grundy, Porter, and others, carried associations with them that reached the heart of the nation. Their clarion notes penetrated the army; they animated the people, and sustained the administration of the government. With such actors, and in such scenes—the most eventful of our history—to say that Mr. Calhoun did not play a second part, is no common praise. In debate he was equal with Randolph, and in council he commanded the respect and confidence of Madison. At this period of his life he had the quality of Themistocles—to inspire confidence—which, after all, is the highest of earthly qualities: it is a mystical something which is felt, but cannot be described. The events of the war were brilliant and honorable to both statesmen and soldiers, and their history may be read with enthusiasm and delight. The war terminated with honor; but the measures which had to be taken, in a transition to a peace establishment, were full of difficulty and embarrassment. Mr. Calhoun, with his usual intrepidity, did not hesitate to take a responsi-

ble part. Under the influence of a broad patriotism, he acted with an uncalculating liberality to all the interests that were involved, and which were brought under review of Congress. His personal adversary at this time, in his admiration for his genius, paid Mr. Calhoun a beautiful compliment for his noble and national sentiments.

At the termination of Mr. Madison's administration, Mr. Calhoun had acquired a commanding reputation; he was regarded as one of the sages of the Republic. In 1817 Mr. Monroe invited him to a place in his cabinet; Mr. Calhoun's friends doubted the propriety of his accepting it, and some of them thought he would put a high reputation at hazard in this new sphere of action. Perhaps these suggestions fired his high and gifted intellect; he accepted the place, and went into the War Department, under circumstances that might have appalled other men. His success has been acknowledged; what was complex and confused, he reduced to simplicity and order. His organization of the War Department, and his administration of its undefined duties, have made the impression of an author, having the interest of originality and the sanction of trial.

While he was Vice-President he was placed in some of the most trying scenes of any man's life. I do not now choose to refer to anything that can have the elements of controversy; but I hope I may be permitted to speak of my friend and colleague in a character in which all will join in paying him sincere respect. As a presiding officer of this body, he had the undivided respect of the members. He was punctual, methodical, and accurate, and had a high regard for the dignity of the Senate, which, as a presiding officer, he endeavored to preserve and maintain. He looked upon debate as an honorable contest of intellect for truth. Such a strife has its incidents and its trials; but Mr. Calhoun had, in an eminent degree, a regard for parliamentary dignity and propriety.

After his senatorial term had expired, he went into retirement by his own consent. The death of Mr. Upshur—so full of melancholy association—made a

vacancy in the State Department; and it was by the common consent of all parties, that Mr. Calhoun was called to fill it. This was a tribute of which any public man might well be proud. It was a tribute to truth, ability, and experience. Under Mr. Calhoun's counsels, Texas was brought into the Union. His name is associated with one of the most remarkable events of history—that of one Republic being annexed to another by the voluntary consent of both. Mr. Calhoun was but the agent to bring about this fraternal association. . . . Mr. Calhoun's connection with the Executive Department of the government terminated with Mr. Tyler's administration. As Secretary of State, he won the confidence and respect of foreign ambassadors, and his despatches were characterized by clearness, sagacity, and boldness.

He was not allowed to remain in retirement long. For the last five years he has been a member of this body, and has been engaged in discussions that have deeply excited and agitated the country. He has died amidst them. I had never had any particular association with Mr. Calhoun, until I became his colleague in this body. I had looked on his fame as others had done, and had admired his character. There are those here who know more of him than I do. I shall not pronounce any such judgment as may be subject to a controversial criticism. But I will say, as a matter of justice, from my own personal knowledge, that I never knew a fairer man in argument or a juster man in purpose. His intensity allowed of little compromise. While he did not qualify his own positions to suit the temper of the times, he appreciated the unmasked propositions of others. As a senator, he commanded the respect of the ablest men of the body of which he was a member; and I believe I may say, that where there was no political bias to influence the judgment, he had the confidence of his brethren. As a statesman, Mr. Calhoun's reputation belongs to the history of the country, and I commit it to his countrymen and posterity.

In my opinion, Mr. Calhoun deserves to occupy the first rank as a parliamentary speaker. He had always

before him the dignity of purpose, and he spoke to an end. From a full mind he expressed his ideas with clearness, simplicity, and force, and in language that seemed to be the vehicle of his thoughts and emotions. His thoughts leaped from his mind, like arrows from a well-drawn bow. They had both the aim and force of a skilful archer. He seemed to have had little regard for ornament; and when he used figures of speech, they were only for illustration. His manner and countenance were his best language; and in these there was an exemplification of what is meant by action, in that term of the great Athenian orator and statesman. They served to exhibit the moral elevation of the man.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire in 1782 and died on his farm at Marshfield, Mass., in 1852. He practically educated himself while young, and fitted himself for college by the time he was fifteen. There he paid his own expenses by teaching. After graduating he continued teaching, and by copying law papers was enabled to help his brother through college. He studied and practised law in Boston, and when he went to Congress in 1812 his first speech made him famous. Returning to his profession, at which he labored for seven years, he was in 1823 elected to the House of Representatives, and later to the Senate. He was twice Secretary of State.

The career of this one of our most famous statesmen and peerless orator, is a signal example among so many others of what may be accomplished by Self Culture.

A BIOGRAPHY of the greatest American orator is mainly the story of his developing genius and his unfolding character. His life contained few accidents. Up to the age of fifty we merely watch the expansion of his powers, the mastery of law and politics, the victory over the ordinary obstacles of a progress from obscurity to fame, from a border farm to the tribunal on

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which he stood as the strongest defender of the Constitution and its liberties. Then, after the summit has been reached, we trace the barely perceptible decline, equally caused from within, on this descent, certain traits in the character gaining the ascendency over the healthy genius. The story is as significant as a high imaginative drama, because it is a single and tremendous progress, the flowering and partial fading of a powerful soul,—a rising in force like the tide, and then the gradual ebb until death. With its touch of sadness, it is nevertheless an inspiring and uplifting story, because the brilliant powers and priceless results stand out eternal, even where they were dimmed in the short space of a life. Probably no other modern orator has left so many words that live; and, on the other hand, no other modern orator has moved more deeply listening bodies of men. His words last from their solid thought and chaste eloquence, even now that their work is accomplished. He lives not, like so many great orators, as a mere name, but in some of the most popular passages in his country's literature. When the lines of the conflict were drawing, this majestic speaker pierced the issues to the heart, and gave to the truth the encouragement of moving explanation. The principles of union came to the reflective country lad from Hamilton, Adams, and Washington; they developed in the lawyer and statesman under the guidance of the great jurists, Marshall and Story; but Webster alone could send them through the battle in words that blazed with truth and courage alike for the leaders and the people. The orator educated, warmed, and invigorated the nation; and the phrases of his speeches formed the rock on which his country stood in the hour of trial. If before the end his own heart grew faint, after his death a young nation fighting for truths new in the world was still sheltered by his words,—"liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." . . .

His appearance at this stage—the look and bearing which were always his powerful allies—is described by a number of keen witnesses: "When Mr. Webster began to speak, his voice was low, his head was sunk upon his

breast, his eyes were fixed upon the floor, and he moved his feet incessantly, backward and forward, as if trying to secure a firmer position. His voice soon increased in power and volume till it filled the whole house. His attitude became erect, his eyes dilated, and his whole countenance was radiant with emotion."

"He was a black, raven-haired fellow, with an eye as black as death, and as heavy as a lion's,—and no lion in Africa ever had a voice like him; and his look was like a lion's,—that same heavy look, not sleepy, but as if he didn't care about anything that was going on about him or anything anywhere else. He didn't look as if he was thinking about anything, but as if he would think like a hurricane if he once got waked up to it. They say the lion looks so when he is quiet. It wasn't an empty look, this of Webster's, but one that didn't seem to see anything going on worth his while."

This last is not unlike the impression which Thomas Carlyle got of him years after:—

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, 'This is our Yankee Englishman, such limbs we make in Yankee land!' As a logic fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would be inclined to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face, the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown,* the mastiff mouth accurately closed,—I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir* rage that I remember in any man." An old friend of his father's on meeting the son once remarked: "In the war we could not tell whether Captain Webster's face was a natural color or blackened by powder. You must be his son, for you are a cursed sight blacker than he was!" A navvy in the streets of Liverpool, pointing to Mr. Webster, exclaimed, "There goes a king!" James Russell Lowell says that President Tyler in his carriage with Webster looked like a swallow against a thunder-cloud, and Sydney Smith called him a cathedral.

His look, his voice, his brain, which played easily with large subjects, absorbed rapidly, and seized the best in the minds about him, brought him a success which soon carried him to a still larger field. . . .

The White trial was the first occasion on which Mr. Webster pleaded against a man's life, and the opening pages of that argument are probably as nearly perfect a specimen of moving and simple eloquence as can be found in the records of the law. Few bits in American prose can stand comparison with this for dramatic vividness combined with the severest taste and the most convincing thought.

Mr. Webster has done much for the American school-boy, and that important creature loves to declaim these terrible sentences almost as keenly as he delights in the "Venerable Men" of the first Bunker Hill oration. But in this bit, as in Mr. Webster's other highest flights, the school-boy shares his rapture with the lawyer, the scholar, and the man of taste. The qualities are not only striking, they are universal. From the opening words,—telling why the orator has consented for the first time in his life to plead for the death of a fellow-being, through the picture in the moonlight of the midnight murder and its hire and salary motives, through the words which tell how conscience struggles hardest to betray the victim when the deadly net of circumstance is binding itself about him, down to the final burst about suicide and confession,—this is surely a masterpiece of human speech; and when we imagine how the orator must have stood, with his blazing eyes, and black, enormous head, giving forth his sentences in a voice that could bring tears and start terror, even had its words meant nothing,—it is not wonderful to read of the fright and complete surrender of the men who sat facing the speaker in the jury-box.

Mr. Webster understood the workings of the average mind. At this high period of his genius, he swept like an eagle upon the realities of his case, holding up the central facts as seen from the simple human standpoint, as visibly to the plain juryman as to the Supreme Court

of the land; and his best jury speeches, therefore, have a force and beauty not surpassed by his ablest constitutional arguments. In one quality, indeed, the jury work stands higher. It is more original. He selected his law from the fullest men about him, so sorting and marshalling their thoughts as to give them victory; but this power of statement, which gave his constitutional arguments their greatest virtue, sprung in the jury cases direct from his own vision of the facts, with no aid from more scholarly minds. He was always fair, never shirked or obscured the issues, and won the jury almost as much by his candor and justice as by his bearing, eloquence, and coherent argument. . . .

The Constitution was in the air. Everybody talked about it. Multitudes would listen to a discussion of it. Whenever two or three statesmen were gathered together, they compared ideas about it. We who have grown up since the war settled the last of the vital constitutional questions by the most conclusive of all arguments, cannot readily conceive the reality which then clothed, in the general mind, that magic word. We no longer appeal to it. They appealed, on the most critical of all their problems, to little else. The extension of slavery was involved in it, and the right to destroy the Union was the centre of it. Straining every nerve to bend it one way or the other, stood on one side the South, led by the cool and penetrating mind of Calhoun; on the other, the North, hardly knowing the soldiest foundations of its faith until they were pointed out by the eloquence of the Great Defender.

When he entered the brightest stage of this mighty duel, Daniel Webster was a sight to rivet every eye. His frame, grown larger, but not yet flabby, gave new majesty and potency to his face and voice and carriage; and his mind, just turning the summit of its greatness, was spurred to its most tremendous efforts by the universal excitement which centred in this momentous question. As Mr. Webster strolled about the streets of Boston, loitering before the windows, looking at everything, everybody turned to look at him, even those who never

guessed who he was. His effect on the most casual passer was hypnotic. He gave the impression of immense, slumbering power. He could go on without effort, and still be great, because the force of his mind was in fundamental principles, universal truths, with which he induced the Supreme Court to overrule decided cases, with which he penetrated to the heart of the issue in political controversy. In the war about the Constitution he was, therefore, always ready. When he was suddenly called to the critical battle, he had been preparing during his lifetime. To one who asked him if the reply to Hayne was extemporaneous, he replied, "Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition."

The doctrine of nullification—that instead of the federal government being the sole judge of its own powers, each State retained the right to decide for itself whether a federal law was constitutional—rested on the theory that the national union was a compact existing only during the consent of the separate members. The head exponent of this theory was John C. Calhoun, who, after years of debate with him, said that Mr. Webster stated an opponent's arguments more fairly than anybody he had ever seen. In taking his stand for union, on which he ardently believed liberty and happiness depended, Mr. Webster answered the subtleties of the nullifiers, as a necessary step in strengthening the position of the North; but he relied still more on the explanation of consequences and the appeal to patriotism. The temperate tone of a large mind pervades his language on this vital subject. "My son," he once said, "I war with principles, and not with men." At this period his thought seemed loaded with the weightiest principles and lightened with the brightest truths.

This reply to Hayne and Nullification is called in his private correspondence "number one among my political efforts." Its importance is now known to all the world. "The discourses at Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill were not for an hour," says Judge Chamberlain, "nor was the Great Reply. In the days of their utter-

ance, they were resplendent, unprecedented eloquence; but they spoke truest when they became wisdom to Lincoln and valor to Grant, they rang loudest when heard along the front of battle, and inspired deeds of immortal heroism on a hundred fields."

This speech was immediately the result of accident. While Robert Young Hayne, of South Carolina, was speaking in January, 1830, on a resolution to restrict the sales of public lands, Mr. Webster dropped into the Senate, after the adjournment of the Supreme Court. He arose to reply; but, as the Senate adjourned, he spoke the next day, delivering an eloquent argument, which has been almost submerged by his more brilliant effort a few days later, generally called the "Reply to Hayne." The next day Hayne replied, refusing to consent to an adjournment which should enable his opponent to be present without neglecting the important case in court. "Let the discussion proceed," said Mr. Webster. "I am willing to receive the gentleman's fire." Mr. Hayne completed his speech several days later, and Mr. Webster was prevented from replying at once only by an adjournment. . . .

Through all the changes of his nature, through plot and counterplot, he had loved repose, the sky and the mountains, fresh air and grandeur; and the last rites were in harmony with the nobler character of the man. Posterity has dealt firmly, but largely with him; for a catastrophe that shook the foundations settled forever the place of Daniel Webster in our history. Because he was unable to stand patiently for the truth as he saw it in the lustre of his intellect and the health of his ambition, the world has justly called the great man weak. Because he spoke the sentences which, far above all others, became the watchwords of the North in the struggle for national integrity, his fame is high and sure in the story of America, not only as her greatest master of an eloquence which lighted up the deepest truths in her Constitution, but as the one of her sons whose powerful statement of the nation's faith did most in time of peril to insure the nation's life.

By Rufus Choate.

I CANNOT but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his own acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or, at least, with every historical epoch, with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of Colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the Revolutionary drama; to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes, from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists,—look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected; look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common harmony,—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word, spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others; it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness," our encircling ocean, the Rock of the Pilgrims, our new-born sister of the Pacific, our popular assemblies, our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy, and the law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on, what subject of American interest will you study, what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that does not recall him!

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, was born in 1767 and died in 1845. His father died early and he had to make his own way through life. After working in a saddler's shop he taught school; then studied law, and before he was twenty began to practise, rising rapidly until he became District-Attorney of Tennessee. From Congress to Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court and Major-General of the State Militia, he rose by rapid steps.

As a soldier, he was distinguished by his conquest of the Creek Indians, his famous victory over the British at New Orleans, and over the Seminole Indians.

He was Governor of the territory of Florida, United States Senator from Tennessee, and in 1828 became President. He held the office for two terms, and the same decision which had characterized his military career gave strength and vigor to his Presidency.

On retiring he returned to his home in Tennessee, where he remained in honorable retirement for the rest of his life, respected by all classes of men, and looked up to by the great party as the oracle of its destinies.

THE character of General Jackson while he lived was presented in two relations to his country. He was a soldier, and had commanded the armies of the republic, and he has filled the office of chief magistrate. So far as regards his military reputation and merits, I partake fully in the general estimate. He was a soldier of dauntless courage, vigor, and perseverance, an officer of skill and sagacity, of quickness of perception, and of prompt and resolute execution of his purposes. There is probably no division, at home or abroad, as to his merits in these particulars.

During the whole of his civil administration it happened that I was a member of the Senate of the United States, and it was my misfortune to be obliged to differ with him in regard to most of his leading measures. To me this was painful, because it much better suits my temper and feelings to be able to support the measures of government than to find myself called upon by duty to oppose them.

There were occasions, however, in the course of his administration, in which no duty of opposition devolved upon me. Some of these were not unimportant. There were times which appeared to me to be critical, calling for wisdom and energy on the part of the government, and in which measures proposed and opinions expressed by him seemed to me to be highly suitable to the exigency. On these occasions I supported those measures with the same sincerity and zeal as if I had never differed from him before, or never expected to differ from him again.

There is no doubt that he sought to distinguish himself by exalting the character and honor of his country, and the occasion on which it was uttered rendered somewhat remarkable his celebrated sentiment in favor of the preservation of the Union. I believe he felt the sentiment with the utmost sincerity, and this cannot be denied to be one strong proof of his devotion to the true interests of his country.

He has now ceased from his earthly labors, and affects the public interests of the state only by his example and the influence of his opinions. We may well suppose that in the last days, and hours, and moments of his life, and with the full consciousness of the change then before him and so near, one of his warmest wishes would be, that whatever errors he might have committed should be passing and transitory in their effect upon the Constitution and institutions of his country; and while we may well ascribe this praiseworthy and benign sentiment to him, let us, with equal ingenuousness, cherish the feeling, that whatever he has accomplished for the real good of the country, its true character and real glory, may remain a just inheritance attached to his memory.

"In person," says one of his biographers, "General Jackson was tall, and remarkably erect and thin. His weight bore no proportion to his height, and his frame in general did not appear fitted for trials such as it had borne. His features were large; his eyes dark blue, with a keen and strong glance; his eyebrows arched and prominent, and his complexion that of the war-worn soldier. His demeanor was easy and gentle: in every station he

was open and accessible to all. The irritability of his temper, which was not denied by his friends, produced contrasts in his manner and countenance leading to very different conceptions and representations as to both; but those who have lived and acted with him bear unanimous testimony to the general mildness of his carriage and the kindness of his disposition. It is certain that he inspired his soldiers, his military household, his domestic circle, and his neighbors with the most affectionate sentiments. The impetuosity of his nature, his impatience of wrong and encroachment, his contempt for meanness, and his tenaciousness of just authority, involved him in bitter altercations and sanguinary duels: his resentments were fiercely executed, and his censures rashly uttered; yet he cannot be accused of wanton or malicious violence; the sallies which may be deemed intemperate can be traced to strong provocation, operating, in most instances, upon his patriotic zeal, and the very generosity and loftiness of his spirit."

THOMAS HART BENTON.

BY

JOSEPH M. ROGERS.

Thomas Hart Benton was born in North Carolina in 1782 and died in Washington in 1858. He went to Tennessee when he lost his father at the age of eight, and there he later became a lawyer.

To his mother he gave credit for his success in life. She was indeed a noble as well as a beautiful woman, and he repaid all that she did for him with untiring devotion. To a large extent, he owed his advancement to "Self Culture," for in the wildernesses of Tennessee he continued his education as best he could—reading widely, studying law and teaching.

When the War of 1812 broke out he became a Colonel in the army of General Jackson. The war over, he returned to his profession, and edited a newspaper in St. Louis. For thirty years—1820 to 1850—he was U. S. Senator from Missouri, and he has described this period in his "Thirty Years' View." Of his policy and political career the main outlines may be learned from the following sketch, but the whole book from which it is taken will repay a careful reading.

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THE fame of Thomas H. Benton has suffered almost total eclipse. This is the more to be regretted because he was one of our most substantial statesmen, in merit and achievement outstripping many whose names are more familiar. He sat for thirty consecutive years in the United States Senate, a record never reached before the Civil War, and since then seldom surpassed. Much of this time he was a commanding figure, sometimes dominant and always useful. Over all of his contemporaries he had the advantage of a clearer view of the great problems of the age, because unvexed by ambition: in uprightness and purity of character he was excelled by none. The names of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun are household words and their careers are well known. Benton served longer than any one of them, is responsible for more sound legislation than all of them put together, yet only the student of history knows anything about him.

This is due to a number of causes. The Senate in his day was not a forum where enduring fame was created, unless by that exceptional oratory which he did not possess. He spoke often and on nearly every question of the day, but his words are no longer remembered. The great triumvirate already mentioned owe their reputations less to actual work in the Senate than to outside political activity, each striving long and unsuccessfully for the presidency. More potent is the fact that Benton died just before the Civil War. That great conflict stands as a barrier across the history of the country. It brought more or less enduring fame to some warriors and civilians, but shut out forever many sound statesmen. Benton died fighting for the preservation of the Union: had he lived five years longer he must have become still more conspicuous and have remained to fame as one of the most striking figures in our national life. His political career began with the passage of the Missouri Compromise, and practically closed with its repeal. He ever denied that there was any cause for civil war, and gave up his seat in the Senate, almost as dear to him as life itself, because he would not bow the knee to the slave-

holding oligarchy which had finally gained political control of his beloved Missouri. One word would have saved that seat and prolonged his life, but he would not utter it. He was the first conspicuous martyr to the Union cause. . . .

No one can have a correct perspective of the history of the country without some appreciation of the position of this uncompromising advocate of the Union during the thirty years' growth of the slavery issue in politics. Webster and Clay were compromisers seemingly for the sake of preferment. Calhoun was the arch-nullifier. Benton was a bulwark of uncompromising unionism from a slave state for almost forty years, and when he died the nation lost one of its truest servants, one of its best men.

It would be idle to impute perfection to Benton. He was exceedingly human and had many defects. He was not a brilliant genius, but, what was better, a sound statesman. His abilities were conspicuous and he was offered many positions in the Cabinet, in the diplomatic corps and elsewhere, but he refused them all. The only place he coveted was at the head of the army for which he was thrice scheduled, but fortunately the post was never bestowed upon him. Imperfectly educated in the schools, by ceaseless industry he became a widely read scholar, though somewhat inclined to pedantry. He had tremendous passions; in his youth he engaged in brawls and in early manhood killed his antagonist in a duel, an event which marked a change in his life. It has been common to speak of him as a Western statesman, indicating that his sectionalism limited the range of his views and activities. He is so reckoned by writers who speak of Clay and Webster as national statesmen. This is a grave mistake. Much of the legislation originated or endorsed by these two giants was either sectional or transitory. Benton was more truly a national legislator. His nickname, "Old Bullion," stamps him as the father of the sound currency system of this country, while his land policy was more truly national than that of some of his opponents. . . .

Those who give Clay unstinted praise for his love of the Union—so great that his dead bones kept Kentucky from secession,—seem to forget that in Missouri Benton, though dead, also kept his state in the Union at a most perilous time. The loss of Missouri in 1861 would have been an almost fatal blow to the Union. That it was finally preserved was due in no small measure to the bitter war that Benton waged so long against disunionists, and though his personal fortunes and his life were swept away in the contest before the clash of arms, his spirit survived to conquer.

Lastly it should not be forgotten at a time when the nation has so recently celebrated the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, that Benton was the first as he was the greatest of the statesmen that have arisen west of the Mississippi, and that the development of the purchase, the acquisition of the Pacific slope, and the construction of the first transcontinental railway are due more to his influence than to that of any other single man. . . .

Benton is to be judged not solely by what he did but also by what he aimed to do. We owe to him Oregon, California, the cheap land system that has enriched the country so rapidly, the specie standard, the transcontinental railway lines, and a debt that can never be repaid in keeping alive the fires of patriotism at a time when it required tremendous self-sacrifice to renounce his party. Benton was the first martyr to the slavery cause, since he was as surely struck down by the slave power as Charles Sumner and he deserves much more sympathy than the latter, who had in a sense provoked the attack.

That Benton was often too dogmatic, that there were occasions when he mistook stubbornness for principle, that he might at times have been more genial and less arrogant, we do not deny. These are the faults which show the strong human side of the man, though his frailties were not those of his age or those of most of his colleagues. They do not render the portrait less attractive. On the contrary, we can but admire the man who in turn was called an Apollo, a "wild buffalo," and a

"gnarled oak," and whose career was one of singular success, and unparalleled usefulness.

It is only fitting that a man so eminent in his time, whose principles for the most part are as sound to-day as then and the advantages of whose legislation we are now enjoying, should be remembered gratefully. This is neither the time nor the place for comparisons, but it is probable that there stands to-day on the statute books of the country more wise and sound legislation that can fairly be ascribed to Benton than to any other man who ever sat in Congress; while his name is not connected with a single act of personal dishonor, or a single unworthy piece of legislation. This is a record fit to be the epitaph of one of the greatest men of the age.

Or, if an epitaph be needed, could a better one be found than the prophetic words in which he stated his position to Calhoun!—

"I shall be found in the right place—on the side of my country and the Union."

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

BY

CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM.

John C. Fremont ("The Pathfinder") was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1813, and died in 1890. His father was a Frenchman, and in early life the boy supported himself and his mother by teaching. While yet a young man, he was sent to survey the frontier of the State of Missouri, the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and the highest peak of the Windy River Mountains is named after him. Later he visited the Great Salt Lake, the Columbia and the Sacramento Rivers; and in 1845 went to California, from whence he drove out the Mexicans. He was successively Governor and Senator. He followed the work of exploration until the Civil War, in which he gained distinction, and afterwards became Governor of Arizona Territory.

The vivid and enthusiastic characterization of his life and work which follows, was written before his career had closed, but it presents a sufficiently comprehensive picture of the man.

From "Life, Explorations and Public Services of John Charles Fremont." Boston.

THE career of Colonel Fremont must be considered as one of the most active and crowded with service, of any in the whole circle of biography. Considering that we live in what is called a utilitarian age, and that his line of occupation has itself been eminently practical, it is remarkable how much that is romantic and almost marvellous is spread over it. Poetry has seldom indulged in visions stranger or more exciting than has been his reality. Chivalry has seldom had finer models than his camp presented. The artist finds as many scenes of varied and most attractive interest, in the events and circumstances delineated in the story of his life, as in the experience of any feudal or heroic period of the world. The days of high adventure are not over; life, in our times, and in our country, opens still a field for true heroism; and, in every calling, presents emergencies that will try and display the power and glory of courage, truth, benevolence, and fidelity.

Of a character not yet closed, no minute or full portrait can be drawn. But his countrymen justly ask to be made acquainted in some detail of particulars, with the person of one who has attracted so much their attention; and a few general reflections may, with propriety, be appended.

Colonel Fremont is not yet old in years, and looks even younger than he is. He is in the full flower of matured strength and health. He is about five feet nine inches in height, but from his perfectly straight, erect, and elastic bearing, appears taller than his inches. He is quite slender, but well made, of a peculiarly graceful bearing, quick and alert in his movements; and by his manners and expression, conciliates the good-will of all whom he meets. His success in life is partly owing to the favorable impression he makes by his manner of treating others in common intercourse. Consul Larkin, in a letter to the Secretary of State, dated April 2, 1846, referring to Fremont's first visit to Monterey, says that he "was well received in this place, and to the last day we heard of him, by the natives individually, who sold him provisions and liked his presence." Colonel William

H. Russell, a witness of the highest character, and great means of information, testified before the military committee of the Senate as follows: "In consequence of the wise and humane treatment of Colonel Fremont towards the conquered population, his popularity became very great in the country, and enabled him to do what no other man, I confidently believe, could have done." There is much more testimony to the same effect. The point is urged as an important lesson. Nothing costs less, and nothing purchases so much as a kind, respectful, courteous, and agreeable treatment of others.

This uniform justice and friendliness of manner and spirit in his treatment of others, combined with readiness to decide where the decision belongs to him; rapid, and as the result has always proved, correct judgment; cool and intrepid courage, and persevering firmness of purpose, constitute that great executive capacity he has invariably exhibited, by which perfect order and constant harmony were preserved among his men, and his force rendered efficient, invincible, and successful against all odds. This executive capacity enabled him to surmount all obstacles in his exploring expeditions, and was signally shown in the conquest and government of California. . . .

His appearance still impresses a similar surprise upon those who know what he has gone through. The explanation is to be found in temperate habits, and a cheerful faith in success; in calm courage to undertake, and patient firmness to bear and go through, whatever duty imposes. The physical frame, if preserved from all enfeebling indulgences, and animated by a well-regulated, contented, and resolute mind, will retain the buoyancy of its spirits and the energy of its forces. An active out-of-door life in the pure mountain air, and indurated by long usage to the elements of nature, will be very likely to harden a constitution to a high degree of firmness. In this way we are to account for the remarkable evidences of physical endurance. Often Fremont rode sixty miles a day, swam foaming mountain torrents, slept uncovered, save by a blanket, in pouring rains and on beds of snow,

and walked and worked, day after day, without food. So it was with his men. Carson and Godey pursued, attacked, and routed an Indian party, slew two warriors whose hands were yet red with blood of murdered travellers, and brought in their scalps, having ridden one hundred miles in thirty hours. Fremont accomplished a still more extraordinary feat. Accompanied by Pico, the Californian commandant, whose life he had spared, and Jacob Dodson, he rode from Los Angeles to Monterey, four hundred and eighty miles, in three days and ten hours, and after remaining one day, made the return distance within the same time. This is in part to be accounted for, perhaps, by the exhilarating effect of the atmosphere of that region upon all animal life, but it still remains a wonderful illustration of the degree to which the physical energies may be invigorated by habits adapted to strengthen them. . . .

Fremont's expeditions were conducted on temperance principles. This enabled him to maintain the perfection of discipline which won the admiration of all who witnessed the conduct of his battalion. Without any military badges, without even a drum to tap, there was the most exact regularity and order. Without severity there was obedience. Combined with that precision and thoroughness of discipline, there was a singular equality of condition, a pervading, fraternal feeling, that knit them together as one family. Service under Fremont was a school of personal good conduct, and good feeling, and of every manly virtue. The consequence is that those of his men, who have survived their hardships, are, with scarcely a single exception, good citizens, useful members of society, men of commendable habits, and enjoying the prosperity which such characteristics will be likely, in the long run, to command. . . .

"Few travellers," says Professor Silliman, "have encountered greater hardships, and none have exhibited more indomitable courage or untiring zeal. Captain Fremont's journal is written in a graphic style, bearing evidence of literal accuracy in all its statements, and yet, in many parts, reading like a romance. With deep inter-

est we follow the adventurous traveller, threading his pathless way over lofty ridges, through dense forests, and up the icy heights." Speaking of the fact that a particular flower had been called "Fremontia," he says: "It is right that this bold explorer of the mountains should have his name inscribed among the flowers of the region, and about its loftiest heights, as well as upon the honored page of history."

Colonel Fremont inherited from his father a particular interest in the Indian tribes of the continent; and no man so well understands their peculiar traits, or knows so well how to deal with them. With Indian wars breaking out from Florida to Puget's Sound, this is no trifling qualification for the administration of our public affairs.

It is said that the Indians of his day admitted General Washington to their heaven, and were of opinion that no other white man would be allowed to enter those celestial hunting-grounds. The Indians of the present day have a similar affection for Fremont. This is not the only point of interesting resemblance between them. The same blood flowed in their veins. The domestic influences under which the mother of Fremont grew up, were derived from the same circle of family connections within which Washington was nurtured. Several of the most impressible years of her son's childhood were passed in that circle, among her kindred in Virginia. The same remarkable prediction was uttered in the early stages of their career. Though each has been exposed to every peril of the wilderness, and of battle, their lives have been constantly shielded from danger, and no hostile arm has ever reached their persons. When we consider what Fremont has encountered, in cold and hunger, in rapids and rushing rivers, from the tomahawk and the rifle, we may well regard him as "A Man of Destiny," and believe that Heaven has preserved him, also, for some great purpose, yet to be fulfilled. They were both particularly devoted to the mathematical branches of learning, by an early and natural partiality. Both were on the point of being committed for life to the naval service.

Both, while scarcely more than boys, commenced the business of surveyors; they both ripened into manhood, carrying the chain and compass in the wildernesses of the Alleghany ranges; and both devoted their speculations and explorations to the same special object. It is well known that more than, and before, all his contemporaries, Washington discerned the importance of connecting the Atlantic States with the interior, and labored to promote it. Following in the steps of the Great Leader, the mind of Fremont has ever been engrossed with similar views and objects. He has led the way, in our day, in opening to view the vast hidden regions between the great mountain ranges of the continent. He first unfurled our flag on the summits of them both. To his boldness and prompt decision we are indebted for the integrity of our Pacific empire; and, if the great desire of his heart and object of his life is to be accomplished, we shall have a Pacific Railroad. . . .

The example of Colonel Fremont ought, from its essential worth and importance, to be placed where all can contemplate it. His personal history is, in many essential particulars, especially in reference to California affairs, the history of the country. But the example is held up, mainly on account of its moral value to the rising generations of America. The course of John Charles Fremont is a pattern, and his success an encouragement to every noble mind, which, despising sloth and ease, folly and pleasure, aspires to an honorable usefulness to be achieved by meritorious exertions.

The self-made man, sustaining himself in the pursuit of knowledge, by incessant labors as an humble teacher of private classes—the young pioneer, penetrating interior forests, climbing snow-clad mountains, enduring every privation, and braving every danger—the patriot soldier, ever ready to die beneath the flag of his country—the humane conqueror, by clemency making his victories complete—the gallant commander, just and kind to his men—the enlightened legislator, watching over the interests and rights of Labor and Industry—the scientific scholar, commanding the respect of the learned men of

his country and the world—and the far-reaching statesman, embracing the continent in his policy, and giving his life, in an unparalleled service of toil, suffering, and peril, to open a channel through which the wealth of the other continents may flow over its surface, are all before the eyes of the Young Men of America. May the spectacle give ardor to every manly virtue, and inspire all hearts with industry and resolution in self-government, with fidelity and courage in the discharge of duty, and with an exalted and comprehensive patriotism.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

BY

JAMES W. SHEAHAN.

Stephen A. Douglas was born in Vermont in 1813 and died at Chicago in 1861. He was one of the greatest orators in the Legislature of the United States, and earned for himself the name of the "little giant." Like so many of our great men, he in his early life worked on a farm, and later taught school, thus earning the money which enabled him to study law. Before he was twenty-two he had so far succeeded in his study as to enable him to attain to the position of Attorney-General of his native state. Later on he became successively Judge of the Supreme Court in the State of Illinois, a member of Congress, and United States Senator.

He was defeated in the Presidential election of 1860 when he ran against Abraham Lincoln, and did not long survive his defeat.

But, his powerful personal character, his life, and ineffaceable impression upon the moulding of his country before the Civil War, have had much to do with the upbuilding of the nation since that event, an event which has overshadowed the names of many great men who took part in our national affairs during the years which immediately preceded it; those names are now emerging to the light of day, and we are beginning to realize in the true perspective, the influence which they exercised not only before but during the war and after it, in the reconstruction of our great and never-to-be disintegrated United States.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in "The Crisis," says, "He was a gentleman, a strong man, and a patriot. He was magnanimous, and to his immortal honor be it said that he in the end won the greatest of all struggles; he conquered himself; he put down the mightiest thing

From his "Life of Stephen A. Douglas."

that was in him—his ambition for himself. And, he set up instead his ambition for his country. He bore no ill-will toward the man whose fate was so strangely linked to his, and who finally came to that high seat of honor and of martyrdom which he coveted."

"THE issues of all human action are uncertain. No man can undertake to predict positively that even virtue will meet with its full reward in this world; but this much may be said with entire certainty, that he who succeeds in marrying his name to a great principle, achieves a fame as imperishable as truth itself." Such was the language in which a senator from Virginia concluded an able and most eloquent speech upon the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The prediction has been verified by history. By that act of legislation, the name of Stephen A. Douglas was "married" to the principle of Popular Sovereignty; and, even had he no other claim upon the grateful memory of the American people, that indissoluble blending of his name with the most vital principle of constitutional liberty would alone render his name as imperishable as truth itself. The name of Stephen A. Douglas, therefore, has, by that single and most memorable act, been stamped ineffaceably upon the pages of his country's history, and, though contemporaneous writers may have recorded the most widely differing judgments upon his conduct, and future historians may differ as widely as those who were present at, and who were participants in the consequences of the passage of that great act, as to the measure of censure or praise that should be awarded to him, still the assertion of the senator from Virginia will stand verified, and, in defiance of all the bitterness of his enemies, throughout all coming time the name of Douglas and the great principle of Popular Sovereignty will be so linked in the records of the past, and so closely identified with the memories of the present, that the fame of the former can only perish in the overthrow of the latter—an occurrence only possible in the total destruction of truth itself. . . .

In the spring of 1853 Mr. Douglas visited Europe, and spent several months in personal observation of the prac-

tical workings of the various systems of government. He stayed a considerable time in England, and though he had the pleasure and honor of being presented to several of the monarchs of Europe, it was done at no sacrifice of personal independence or yielding of American principles. He was presented to the Emperor of Russia, and was not presented to the Queen of England. The circumstances attending his success in the one case, and his failure in the other, furnish a practical lesson of the respect due to national etiquette.

When he was in London there were several eminent gentlemen of the United States there at the same time; these as well as Mr. Douglas were about to be presented to her majesty at the next reception. When the time came, there came also the inexorable requirement that the Americans must put off that costume and dress which is universal at home, and put on another which is entirely discarded in their own country. Mr. Douglas protested, as did also his countrymen, but the requirements of royal etiquette would not be evaded. The alternative was to submit to a change of costume, or be denied a presentation to the queen. Mr. Douglas accepted the latter, and his companions put on the dress required by the court; they were presented and he was not.

Subsequently he visited St. Petersburg, and for two weeks examined personally all the public institutions of the capital, and sought a thorough knowledge of the manners, laws, and government of that city and of the empire. He had not made known his official position. After this time he left his card at the residence of Count Nesselrode, and promptly received a cordial and pressing invitation to that minister's palace. The interview was a pleasant and agreeable one; the political affairs of the United States and of Europe were discussed unreservedly and with mutual gratification. At this, or a subsequent interview, Mr. Douglas announced his intended departure from the city, when Count Nesselrode inquired if he did not desire a presentation to the Emperor. Mr. Douglas expressed the great pleasure such an honor would be to him, but suggested the difficulty of the "court dress."

Count Nesselrode, after some consultation upon this point, frankly told Mr. Douglas that he was right; that a citizen of the United States entitled to be presented to a monarch in Europe, if received at all should be received in that dress in which he would be admitted to the presence of the President of the United States, and added that if Mr. Douglas desired to be presented to the Emperor he could possibly arrange the interview within a few days.

Mr. Douglas thanked his distinguished friend for his kindness to him personally, and also for his manly and honorable tribute to the dignity of American citizenship.

The result was that in a few hours Mr. Douglas was visited by an officer of the imperial household, with a notice that he would be received by the Emperor. Mr. Douglas had the good fortune to be placed in the hands of Baron Stoeckle, who is well known in the United States from his official position in the Russian embassy at Washington. The Emperor was at that time celebrating, at some distance from St. Petersburg, a grand Russian national festival, and was reviewing the imperial army. Accompanied by Baron Stoeckle, Mr. Douglas proceeded in an imperial carriage and under an imperial escort to the neighborhood of the camp, where he left the carriage and proceeded on horseback towards the position on the field occupied by the emperor. At a proper distance he was met by officers of the imperial staff and conducted to the Emperor.

He was the only American present at that magnificent display of the power and wealth of the empire; representatives from all quarters of the world were present to witness one of the grandest festivals of Russia, graced by the presence of the imperial household and of all the most distinguished individuals of the empire, and yet into this scene of royal magnificence Mr. Douglas was admitted and welcomed with a frank cordiality by the Emperor, in the same black suit of cloth in which, just before his departure, he had visited Franklin Pierce.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

BY

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

William Henry Seward was born in New York State in 1801 and died in 1872. He went through college, later becoming a lawyer, and at the age of twenty-nine was elected to the Senate of the United States; later on he became Governor of New York State; was sent to the Senate of the United States and distinguished himself for his opposition to slavery. Later he became Secretary of State under President Lincoln, and narrowly escaped assassination at the same time as President Lincoln was killed. One of his chief claims to the memory and to the honor of the American people is the fact that it was he who brought about the purchase of Alaska from Russia. When he bought it few people knew what the purchase meant. To-day we know that its purchase means millions for America, to say nothing of the other parts of the world.

SOON it appeared that the lawful exercise by our Government of the rights of public war to reduce the revolt, and which the rules of public law required neutral nations to respect and submit to, carried into the internal affairs of these nations, into their industries, their commerce, their finances, their values and prices of their domestic trade, the employment of labor and the rate of wages, as much disturbance, derangement and suffering as if they themselves were parties to the war itself. Soon, too, it appeared that under our close blockade of the Southern ports the temptation to a vast trade to violate and evade it sprung up and was irresistible. Soon, as well, the exigencies of the rebellion demanded a foreign base of supply and a foreign maritime resort for naval constructions and naval recruitments. In short, so closely were the industrial and commercial interests of foreign nations interlocked with our own, the maintenance of our domestic war seemed to partake, in nature and effect, so strongly of the consequence of a war upon the fabric of their peace and prosperity, that it seems as if this must urge them to coerce a peace or take open part in the war itself.

The addition to these natural and urgent influences

that were pressing upon foreign nations to meditate or speculate how far and how long this novel situation should be or could be allowed to continue, without some form of friendly or hostile intervention, the political calculations and designs of France and England as they watched the progress of affairs on this side of the water, could not be looked upon by our Government without the greatest distrust and concern. Imperial France allied with imperial Mexico, planning an alliance with our revolted States—England watching for the expected, if not desired event of our dismemberment, and counting upon an industrial and commercial conquest of both the broken parts—these, indeed, were attitudes and eventualities which demanded in the conduct of our foreign affairs unsleeping vigilance and an active and energetic diplomacy.

These observations on our foreign relations during the war can be carried, on this occasion, no further. They go scarcely beyond mere allusion to the elements of difficulty and danger, without attempting an exposition of them. The more they are explored and understood, the graver and more numerous and complicated they appear. The responsibility of this department of the public service, in all cabinets, foreign and in our own, even in time of peace, rests wholly upon the minister in charge of it. In disordered times, in periods when war rules the hour and brings upon the scene its own inexorable rights, its own despotic laws, the management of foreign relations is, of necessity, at the charge of one mind, of one will, of one action and one accountability. His eye must survey the whole field, his forecast must take in the future, his wisdom, his courage, his faculty, his will must, for better or worse, be the forecast, the wisdom and the will of the Government and the country. He who can point in this province of human affairs and mastery, to the crown which ends his work in the prosperity and triumph of his policy and methods, may, more than in any other great sphere of political duty and political success, expect and receive the applause which belongs to personal qualities, personal conduct and personal achievement. For this

reason, great reputations have been deservedly made and conceded for prosperity in single instances, in isolated negotiations and even in subordinate hands. Who, then, can measure the vast services, and who will venture to qualify the honest fame of one who held, through the whole great drama of our Civil War on the world's stage, the part Mr. Seward filled and the action he displayed. . . .

In the last, as in the earlier stages of his public service, the principles, the methods, the policy which he pursued were crowned with success. His political fortunes were never separate, and never separable, from the prosperity of his party and the welfare of his country. The political good of the country was always the end which he had before him. The political means to accomplish this political end, under our institutions, were the action of parties through the methods of free speech, free press, and free suffrage. In this scheme of our wide democracy, he believed with Mr. Burke, "that no men could act with effect, who did not act in concert; that no men could act in concert who did not act with confidence; that no men could act with confidence who were not bound together by common opinions, common affections, and common interests. . . ."

To me, much meditating upon the collective traits of Mr. Seward's character, his life and work seem among the sincerest and worthiest that the history of government and the annals of statesmanship have shown. Those traits were a calm judgment, a penetrating forecast, an intrepid courage, a fervid spirit, unfailing patience, and the largest charity. These, united with great intellect and high morality, made up his qualities and his preparation and equipment for the strenuous public services he was destined to perform. His system of life, his conduct of life comported, from the beginning to the end, with these collective traits. He betrayed no trust, he deserted no duty, he quailed before no danger, he recoiled from no labor, he broke no friendship, he rose on no man's fall, he gained by no man's loss, he fed no grudges, nor raised his own repute by defamation of others. Toward the

dear country which he loved, the great Constitution which he revered, the institutions of equality and freedom which he adored, the work of his life was given to strengthen, in every part, the Republic, add stability and permanence to its frame and cure all evils in the body politic.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY

A. S. Draper, LL. D.

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Kentucky in 1809 and died in 1865. He worked as a boy on his father's land in Indiana until he was about seventeen, doing any and every kind of work in connection with clearing and settling the land, picking up such rudiments of education as he could. Then he became clerk in a country store; Captain of Volunteers in the Black Hawk War, 1832; postmaster in New Salem, Ill.; and took to the study of the law. In 1834 he went to the Legislature, afterwards becoming a practical lawyer; in 1846 became a member of Congress; thenceforward took an active part in public affairs and was elected President in 1860. The Civil War broke out in 1861. In 1863 he issued the famous proclamation freeing the slaves. In 1865 the war ended, and Lincoln's attitude and administration during that awful period were so well appreciated by the people that he was again elected President. A few weeks later, he died by the shot of an assassin in a theatre in Washington.

RECENT years have witnessed an intensive study of all of the details of Mr. Lincoln's life. No word of his has been too small, no act too trivial, no association too remote to enlist the quick attention of an interested people. The child of pioneers, he was a pioneer himself. The story of his childhood is one of the most stirring in all the stirring record of American pioneering, and one of the most pathetic in all the history of the world. It is so familiar that there is no need to dwell upon it now. The humble Kentucky log cabin without floor or window or chimney, in which he first saw the light, is as safe from profanation by the instinctive feelings of all true citizens of the Republic as was the ark

MEMORIES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRY ROSELAND.

Harry Roseland, one of our most distinguished American artists, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1866, where he still lives and has his studio. This picture, instinct with true feeling, is characteristic of his work.

of the covenant by the written law of the Jews. The book he read in lieu of schooling, the desk upon which he wrote a letter, are relics worthy the care of a whole people. The house in which he lived receives the jealous care of the state to which his renown brings its greatest honor, and the tomb which holds his ashes is a mecca to which all lovers of free government, from all nations and in all generations, will turn with continually increasing devotion.

From this reverential interest in the material things by which he was encompassed the study has passed on with still larger devotion to the thoughtful contemplation of the secret springs of his inner life. His intellectual qualities are being analyzed only to deepen wonder and widen admiration. His innermost religious feelings are being reviewed in the light of every expression having the remotest bearing upon them. His relations to his mother, who died in his ninth year, to his always kindly foster mother, to his wife and children, and to the men who were the associates of his public life, are all under the searchlight of public investigation. Even his first love has lifted the plain name of "Ann Rutledge" to a fame so lasting that all patriotic Americans are tempted to journey far that they may drop a sympathetic tear over the fair head at her humble and untimely grave. His liking for the anonymous hymn, "Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" has immortalized it.

None of us can throw off the influences which spring from the place of our nativity or the associations of our first years. Grounded as Mr. Lincoln was in the principles of free government, strong as he was in his love for the humanities, abhorrent as he was of the slave system, it was fortunate that he was born south of the Ohio and in a slave state, and that his earlier life was spent in southern Illinois among a people who were strongly sympathetic with the people of the South. The ties of birth, of kindred, of years of familiar association with a chivalric people, and of marriage, all combined to give the man whose official acts were to gather the greatest army that a constitutional state ever marshalled to subdue

insurrection, a deep and abiding sympathy with the people of the South.

This it was that led him when the crucial moment had come which required him to speak from his great office to an agitated people, already torn into fragments, to take his inaugural address upon his knee, even when surrounded by multitudes of great men and the excitement of a great occasion, even after the bugles had sounded the onward march of the inaugural procession, and add the important part of these memorable words:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Abraham Lincoln was the child of the common people. The training for his great work was in the school of poverty and of toil. His rough pioneer life opened to him the secret springs of human action. It was not money, but brawn which could put down the Rebellion. The people of the North had been separated by political discussion and hate. They were to be united in feeling before an army could be marshalled. His sagacious words, born of his experiences in Illinois, did the work. Could the great New York senator have said from his standpoint what I heard Mr. Lincoln say to the New York legislature, and with like effect? Hear him:

"I deem it just to you, to myself, and to all, that I should see everything; that I should hear everything; that I should have every light that can be brought within

my reach, in order that when I speak, I shall have enjoyed every opportunity to take correct and true grounds; and for this reason I don't propose to speak, at this time, of the policy of the government. But when the time comes I shall speak, as well as I am able, for the good of the present and future of this country—for the good both of the north and the south of this country—for the good of the one and the other, and of all sections of the country."

His feeling for the lowly and oppressed was intense, almost consuming. He could treat a stalwart man with indifference, but the cry of a child touched his heart and the pleadings of a woman unnerved him.

He commenced the growth of his whiskers upon receiving a childish letter from a little girl, and when his inaugural train stopped for a moment at Westfield, New York, he asked for her and then got down into the crowd that he might kiss her.

It was this sympathy for the lowly and the weak which led him to put death sentences from the army into his desk without his approval until the military authorities procured a change in the law in order to get around him. When the Judge-Advocate General laid the first one before him he said: "I will keep this a few days until I read the testimony." When the second came he said: "I must put this by, until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can best serve the country dead or alive." To the third he said: "The General commanding the brigade is to be here in a few days, and I will speak with him about it." When the next came and he was told that it was an extreme case, that the man was worthless and without mother, wife or children, and that the discipline of the army demanded summary action, he said to General Holt: "Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my *leg cases.*" "Mr. President, what do you mean by 'leg cases'?" was asked. "Why, those papers in that pigeon hole all refer to cases of 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them 'leg cases.' If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?"

Mr. Lincoln had a judicial mind. He had become prominent at the bar. He knew the secret springs of the common law. He drank in its spirit. It found rich ground for fruitage in the great soul which the Almighty had given him. He was just by nature. The circumstances of his Illinois law practice made his mind keen and incisive, and the experience of his political contests prepared him for leading and managing men. When the time came he grasped great events with a firm hand which gave confidence, with a kindly spirit which gained support, and with a legal learning which carried weight.

It was his business to save the Union and enforce its laws. Whatever it was well to do to save the Union, not prohibited by the constitution, he would do; what it was well to leave undone in order to save the Union he would forbear. He was commanded to enforce the laws of the United States by the fundamental law, and he would do it upon every rood of her territory with such force as might be necessary, so long as he could command it.

His great mind never departed from its simple creed. The waves of selfishness, of supercilious self-importance, of political hate, of bigotry, all beat against him, but the rock stood the storm.

The intrepid confederate army made no more trouble in front than the sincere but impatient abolition leaders did behind him. To Horace Greeley, the greatest of American editors, his party associate and the stinging thorn in his flesh, he wrote:

"I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*.

"If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

"If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

"If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

"*My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.*

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it—and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

"I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purposes according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

Mr. Lincoln was not an orator in the sense that his great competitor in the nominating convention was an orator. He was awkward in person. He was a reader of literature; but he seldom used its flowers to ornament his addresses. Here, as in everything else, he was plain and unassuming. He attempted none of the graces of the traditional orator. We have been led to admire the fluency of speech of other candidates for, or occupants of, the presidential office since then, but surely he ranks below none of them. In purity of style he surpassed them all. And he made many speeches. In his inaugural journey alone he made thirty-six more or less substantial addresses upon great questions, and always with safety and marked acceptability. He, himself, hardly appeared

in his addresses. His cause was always held up before his auditors; his logic was irresistible; and his style, acquired before the debating clubs and before the farmer juries and the plain people who constituted the political assemblages of Illinois, was so simple, pure, and penetrating, that it has become distinctive in the literature of the English language.

With all his modesty he was every inch the president. He took his positions promptly and with certainty. He never hesitated to exercise any of the prerogatives of his great office. In an unusual crisis he even strained those prerogatives and put them to the accomplishment of unusual ends. Going into an official circle of the nation's greatest statesmen, and without familiarity with administrative functions, he did his great work with his own hand and stopped at nothing which would save the Union.

His messages to Congress were penned with the confident air of a veteran. His proclamations rang like great signal guns from ocean to ocean. He took the most heroic action with the utmost quietness of manner. He directed his cabinet officers with a gentle, but an unhesitating hand. Within ninety days of his inauguration he took Mr. Seward's memorable despatch to Minister Adams, upon our relations with Great Britain, made erasures, changes, and additions, until the original now on file in the State department looks worse than a theme after it has been slashed by a professor of rhetoric in a University; and all the world quickly says that every change was an improvement. His laconic direction to the great, iron-handed Secretary of War was the simple indorsement upon the papers: "Do this," with only the initials "A. L." beneath. He was never uninformed about the army. He made the plan of organization, he selected the leaders, he advised movements with a military insight possessed by few and worthy of the greatest professional military men of the age.

He was alert and his acts were timely. He censured delay unsparingly. He thanked the army for victory very quickly. He promoted the deserving. Again and

again he called upon the nation to humble itself in prayer before the God of nations.

Upon the second night of the decisive battle of Gettysburg he wrote an order as Commander-in-Chief to General Meade, directing him to intercept Lee's retreat and give him another battle. He sent it by a special messenger, with a private note saying that this seemed to him to be the thing to do, but that he would leave it to the ultimate decision of the military commander on the ground. The general order was not a matter of record, and need not be. If Meade would undertake the movement, and it was successful, he need say nothing about it. If it failed, he might publish the order immediately. In other words: "Go ahead. Make an heroic attempt to annihilate that army in its disheartened state and before it can recross the river. If the attempt succeeds, you take the glory of it; and if it fails I will carry the responsibility of it."

The people of the state of New York will never think less of Governor Seward than they always did, but rather they will hold his memory in higher and still higher esteem with the passing years. But the people of New York will always look with entire satisfaction upon the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation in their state library, in the long, clear hand of the great Emancipator himself, with only a formal beginning and ending in the handwriting of the accomplished Secretary of State. The greatest act of his life, perhaps the greatest act of any life, was determined by the intelligence and performed by the hand of this plain Illinois lawyer in his closet.

In speaking of the character of Abraham Lincoln it is not permissible to omit a special reference to his wit. It was proverbial and a part of the man. In quick retort, in apt illustration, in ready humor, he had few peers. This accomplishment is commonly dangerous to public men, but his wit was so pure, so spontaneous, so apt and so lacking in invective, that he has not suffered in consequence of it. Indeed it was fortunate that he had it, for it came to his aid at critical junctures. It helped

relieve the hours of his despondency, and they were many. It enforced his views. It saved him when at the breaking point.

On the 5th of June, 1863, he wrote General Hooker: "In a word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by the dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." The next day the eighteen thousand dead and wounded Union soldiers at Chancellorsville, bore dreadful testimony to the military foresight of the great war president.

To a committee of congressmen who came to protest against the removal of McClellan, he said frankly that he thought the general had had opportunity; that he complained too much, and that he made no headway. They replied that he was certainly *a great engineer.* "Yes, but he must have run a *stationary* engine," was the answer.

Going down to review the army, he rode upon an army wagon and found the driver swearing at his mules. He said: "My friend, you must be an Episcopalian?" "No, sir; what make you think that?" asked the man. "Why, you swear the way Governor Seward does and he is an Episcopalian, but he has mules to drive sometimes and it may be in the business," was the answer.

Mr. Lincoln's religious views have been surrounded with mystery. In early life he was certainly a doubter, and he expressed his doubts freely, but it is also certain that in maturer years he acquired considerable religious feeling, and all the facts go to show that it deepened with his expanding greatness. Indeed, it promoted his greatness. He was not hypocritical. He never paraded. He cared nothing for denominational differences and little for creeds. An analysis of his religious feelings would doubtless uncover points with which many Christians would not agree. But he came to be an undoubted believer in God, in immortality, in the larger liberty which makes men free. As early as 1860 he wrote to Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Schools in Illinois:

"I know that there is a God and that He hates injustice

and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it and Christ is God."

In November, 1862, he enjoined the orderly observance of the Sabbath upon the army and the navy in "becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard to the Divine Will," and added: "The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High."

He had a constitutional tendency towards sacred things, an intense emotional nature, an innate regard for the truth, an inborn reverence for the right, an abiding sense of his dependence upon God. And all this limited and expanded and correlated his other qualities to the development and upbuilding of a great and uncommon character which safely directed the American republic through the greatest crisis in its history, and perhaps through the greatest crisis of free government in the world.

Walking in the busy streets of the city of Atlanta, I came upon a fine statue of Henry W. Grady. Beneath the bronze figure of the young orator, whose early death has been so widely regretted, was the legend:

"He died while literally loving a nation into peace."

Even more suggestive than his cheering words was the act of the Southern masses which placed this monument with this inscription in their busiest thoroughfare, a witness of their satisfaction at the sentiments which had distinguished him. The South has a new feeling towards the North, and the North towards the South. As we understand each other better, we love each other more. New roads are being broken out. Beaten paths are being made. Commercial intercourse has commenced and fraternal regard is growing. The Ohio River no longer sepa-

rates two opposing peoples. The bitterness of a century of controversy is well-nigh gone. The wounds torn by the rough hoof of war have almost healed. The soldiers of the two armies, and the young men and women of the new generation, who "look forward and not back," have attained this magnificent result. The union is stronger, safer, because the ideals of Lincoln prevailed and because it stood the shock of battle. The people are more homogeneous because more free. A hundred millions of united, industrious, frugal, educated, Christian people, under a free flag, stand in a place so high among the nations that they can command anything that is right by the force and dignity of their position, and without resort to war.

The work of Abraham Lincoln will bear fruit forever. His career is an unceasing inspiration to us.

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand;
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one."

By Theodore Roosevelt.

IN his second inaugural, in a speech which will be read as long as the memory of this Nation endures, Abraham Lincoln closed by saying:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Immediately after his re-election he had already spoken thus:

"The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great

Extract from the Address at the Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Feb. 13, 1905.

national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. . . . May not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to (serve) our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

"May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have?"

This is the spirit in which mighty Lincoln sought to bind up the Nation's wounds when its soul was yet seething with fierce hatreds, with wrath, with rancor, with all the evil and dreadful passions provoked by civil war. Surely this is the spirit which all Americans should show now, when there is so little excuse for malice or rancor or hatred, when there is so little of vital consequence to divide brother from brother.

Lincoln, himself a man of Southern birth, did not hesitate to appeal to the sword when he became satisfied that in no other way could the Union be saved, for high though he put peace he put righteousness still higher. He warred for the Union; he warred to free the slave; and when he warred he warred in earnest, for it is a sign of weakness to be half-hearted when blows must be struck. But he felt only love, a love as deep as the tenderness of his great and sad heart, for all his countrymen alike in the North and in the South, and he longed above everything for the day when they should once more be knit together in the unbreakable bonds of eternal friendship.

We of to-day, in dealing with all our fellow-citizens, white or colored, North or South, should strive to show

just the qualities that Lincoln showed: His steadfastness in striving after the right, and his infinite patience and forbearance with those who saw that right less clearly than he did; his earnest endeavor to do what was best, and yet his readiness to accept the best that was practicable when the ideal best was unattainable; his unceasing effort to cure what was evil, coupled with his refusal to make a bad situation worse by any ill-judged or ill-timed effort to make it better.

The great Civil War in which Lincoln towered as the loftiest figure left us not only a reunited country, but a country which has the proud right to claim as its own glory won alike by those who wore the blue and by those who wore the gray, by those who followed Grant and by those who followed Lee; for both fought with equal bravery and with equal sincerity of conviction, each striving for the light as it was given him to see the light; though it is now clear to all that the triumph of the cause of freedom and of the Union was essential to the welfare of mankind. We are now one people, a people with failings which we must not blink, but a people with great qualities in which we have the right to feel just pride.

All good Americans who dwell in the North must, because they are good Americans, feel the most earnest friendship for their fellow-countrymen who dwell in the South, a friendship all the greater because it is in the South that we find in its most acute phase one of the gravest problems before our people: the problem of so dealing with the man of one color as to secure him the rights that no one would grudge him if he were of another color. To solve this problem it is, of course, necessary to educate him to perform the duties a failure to perform which will render him a curse to himself and to all around him. . . .

I am speaking on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and to men who count it their peculiar privilege that they have the right to hold Lincoln's memory dear, and the duty to strive to work along the lines that he laid down. We can pay most fit-

ting homage to his memory by doing the tasks allotted to us in the spirit in which he did infinitely greater and more terrible tasks allotted to him.

Let us be steadfast for the right; but let us err on the side of generosity rather than on the side of vindictiveness toward those who differ from us as to the method of attaining the right. Let us never forget our duty to help in uplifting the lowly, to shield from wrong the humble; and let us likewise act in a spirit of the broadest and frankest generosity toward all our brothers, all our fellow-countrymen; in a spirit proceeding not from weakness but from strength, a spirit which takes no more account of locality than it does of class or of creed; a spirit which is resolutely bent on seeing that the Union which Washington founded and which Lincoln saved from destruction shall grow nobler and greater throughout the ages.

I believe in this country with all my heart and soul. I believe that our people will in the end rise level to every need, will in the end triumph over every difficulty that rises before them. I could not have such confident faith in the destiny of this mighty people if I had it merely as regards one portion of that people. Throughout our land things on the whole have grown better and not worse, and this is as true of one part of the country as it is of another. I believe in the Southerner as I believe in the Northerner. I claim the right to feel pride in his great qualities and in his great deeds exactly as I feel pride in the great qualities and deeds of every other American. For weal or for woe we are knit together, and we shall go up or go down together; and I believe that we shall go up and not down, that we shall go forward instead of halting and falling back, because I have an abiding faith in the generosity, the courage, the resolution, and the commonsense of all my countrymen.

The Southern States face difficult problems; and so do the Northern States. Some of the problems are the same for the entire country. Others exist in greater intensity in one section; and yet others exist in greater intensity in another section. But in the end they will all be solved;

for fundamentally our people are the same throughout this land; the same in the qualities of heart and brain and hand which have made this Republic what it is in the great to-day; which will make it what it is to be in the infinitely greater to-morrow. I admire and respect and believe in and have faith in the men and women of the South as I admire and respect and believe in and have faith in the men and women of the North. All of us alike, Northerners and Southerners, Easterners and Westerners, can best prove our fealty to the Nation's past by the way in which we do the Nation's work in the present; for only thus can we be sure that our children's children shall inherit Abraham Lincoln's single-hearted devotion to the great unchanging creed that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

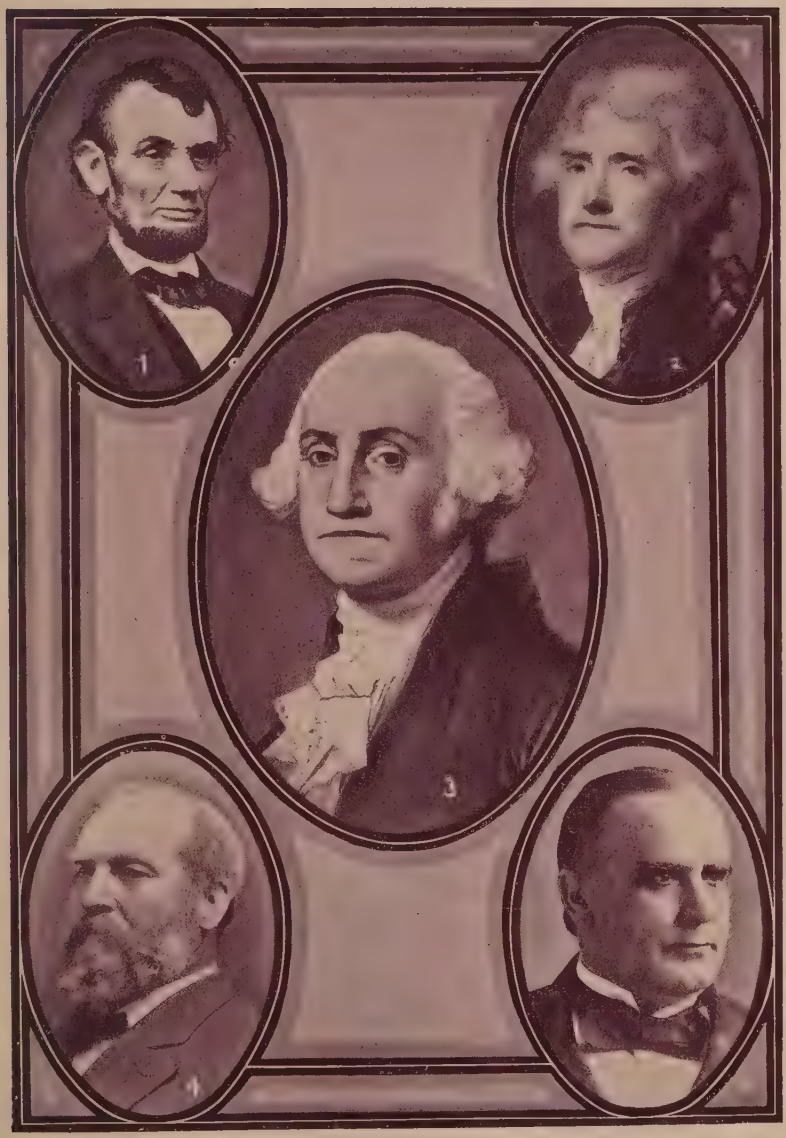
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

James Abram Garfield was born in Ohio in 1831, was shot by an assassin in Washington in 1881, dying three months later at Long Branch, N. J. He was another one of those shining lights of American history which show the world what "Self Help" can do for the young. The son of a poor farmer, driving horses on the tow-path of a canal, he yet found time to fit himself to enter and ultimately graduate from college. He afterwards studied and practised law and became a member of the Ohio Senate. He distinguished himself and rapidly rose during the Civil War; resigning from the army in 1863 to take his seat in Congress to which he had been elected, where he remained until elected President of the United States.

WITH strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments, or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship; but he believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prosperity of fifty millions of people. He believed that our continental relations, extensive and undeveloped as they are, involved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PORTRAIT GROUP No. 1

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. Thomas Jefferson
3. George Washington
4. James A. Garfield
5. William McKinley

responsibility, and could be cultivated in profitable friendship, or be abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. He believed, with equal confidence, that an essential forerunner to a new era of national progress must be a feeling of contentment in every section of the Union, and a general belief that the benefits and burdens of government would be common to all. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under Republican institutions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny and influence of the United States with the philosophical composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

The political events which disturbed the President's serenity for many weeks before that fateful day in July, form an important chapter in his career, and, in his own judgment, involved matters of principle and of right, which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy; but the events referred to, however they may continue to be the source of contention with others, have become, so far as Garfield is concerned, as much a matter of history as his heroism at Chickamauga, or his illustrious service in the House. Detail is not needed, full and personal. Antagonism shall not be rekindled by any word uttered to-day. The motives of those opposing him are not to be here adversely interpreted, nor their course harshly characterized; but of the dead President this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced, and he can be no more heard except through the fidelity and the love of surviving friends: from the beginning to the end of the controversy he so much deplored, the President was never for one moment actuated by motives of gain to himself, or loss to others. Least of all, did he harbor revenge; rarely did he ever show resentment, and malice was not in his nature. He was congenially employed only in the exchange of good

offices, and the doing of kindly deeds. There was not an hour, from the beginning of the trouble until the fatal shot entered his body, when the President would not gladly, for the sake of restoring harmony, have retraced any step he had taken, if such retracing had merely involved consequences personal to himself. The pride of consistency, or any supposed sense of humiliation, that might result from surrendering his position, had not a feather's weight with him. No man was less subject to such influences from within or without; but after most anxious deliberation, and the coolest survey of all circumstances, he solemnly believed that the true prerogatives of the Executive were involved in the issue which had been raised, and that he would be unfaithful to his supreme obligation if he failed to maintain, in all their vigor, the constitutional rights and dignities of the great office. He believed this in all the conviction of conscience, when in sound and vigorous health, and he believed it in his suffering and prostration, in the last conscious thought which his wearied mind bestowed on transitory struggles of life. More than this need not be said; less than this could not be said.

Justice to the dead, the highest obligation that devolves upon the living, demands the declaration that, in all the bearings of the subject, actual or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions.

The religious element in Garfield's character was deep and earnest. In his youth he espoused the faith of the Disciples, a sect of that great Baptist communion which, in different ecclesiastical establishments, is so numerous and so influential through all parts of the United States; but the broadening tendency of his mind, and his active spirit of inquiry, were early apparent, and carried him beyond the dogmas of sect and the restraints of association. In selecting a college in which to continue his education he rejected Bethany, though presided over by Alexander Campbell, the greatest preacher of his church. His reasons were characteristical: First, that Bethany leaned too heavily toward slavery; and, second, that,

being himself a Disciple, and the son of Disciple parents, he had little acquaintance with the people of other beliefs, and he thought it would make him more liberal, quoting his own words, both in his religious and general views, to go into a new circle, and be under new influences. The liberal tendency which he anticipated as the result of wider culture, was fully realized. He was emancipated from mere sectarian belief, and with eager interest pushed his investigation in the direction of modern progressive thought. He followed with quickening steps in the paths of exploration and speculation so fearlessly trodden by Darwin, by Huxley, by Tyndall, and by other living scientists of the radical and advanced type. His own church binding its disciples by no formulated creed, but accepting the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, with unbiassed liberty of private interpretation, favored if it did not stimulate the spirit of investigation. Its members profess with sincerity, and profess only to be of one mind and one faith with those who followed the Master and who were first called Christians at Antioch. But, however high Garfield reasoned of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," he was never separated from the Church of the Disciples, in his affections and in his associations. For him it held the Ark of the Covenant; to him it was the gate of heaven.

The world of Religious belief is full of solecisms and contradictions. A philosophic observer declares that men by the thousand will die in defence of a creed whose doctrines they do not comprehend, and whose tenets they habitually violate. It is equally true that men by the thousand will cling to church organizations with instinctive and undying fidelity when their belief in mature years is radically different from that which inspired them as neophytes. But after this range of speculation and this latitude of doubt, Garfield came back always with freshness and delight to simpler instincts of religious faith which, earliest implanted, longest survive. Not many weeks before his assassination, walking on the banks of the Potomac with a friend, and conversing on these topics of personal religion, concerning which noble

natures have an unconquerable reserve, he said that he found the Lord's Prayer and the simple petitions learned in infancy infinitely restful to him, not merely in their stated repetition, but in their casual, and frequent recall as he went about the daily duties of life. Certain texts of Scripture had a very strong hold on his memory and heart. He heard, while in Edinburgh some years ago, an eminent Scotch preacher who prefaced his sermon with reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which book had been the subject of careful study with Garfield during all his religious life. He was greatly impressed by the elocution of the preacher, and declared that it had imparted a new and deeper meaning to the majestic utterances of St. Paul. He referred often in after years to that memorable service, and dwelt with exaltation of feeling upon the radiant promise and the assured hope with which the great apostle of the Gentiles was persuaded. . . .

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man, not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happily. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that, after four months of trial, his Administration was strong in his grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger, that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed. That trouble lay behind him and not before him. That he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted, and, at times, almost unnerved him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he attained the loftiest position in the gift of his countrymen. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs

of this world, on that quiet July morning, James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man.

No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly langour, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death.

With unfaltering tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JOHN HAY.

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

John Hay was born in Indiana in 1838 and died in 1905. He had the advantages of an early liberal education, and is equally famous as an author and a diplomat. He was one of President Lincoln's private secretaries; he was secretary of Legation at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid; later ambassador to England; and finally Secretary of State of the United States—in every one of which capacities he proved to be a wise and far-seeing statesman. As an author he touched no subject that he did not adorn. His "Castilian Days"

From an address to The National Educational Association, Ocean Grove, July, 1905.

furnishes charming glimpses of Spanish life, and his "Pike County Ballads," of which perhaps the best known are "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," paint with vigor the characteristics of various types of Western character, while his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which he wrote in conjunction with J. G. Nicolay, is the standard biography of that great man.

THIS country has lost a great statesman, who was also a great man of letters; a man who occupied a peculiar and unique position in our country; a man of whose existence we could each of us be proud; for the United States as a whole was better because John Hay lived. John Hay entered the public service as a young man just come of age, as the secretary of President Lincoln. He served in the war and was a member of the Loyal Legion. He was trusted by and was intimate with Lincoln as hardly any other man was. He then went on rendering service after service; yet always able (this was one of his great advantages and great merits) at any moment to go back to private life unless he could continue in public life on his own terms. As the climax of his career he served as Secretary of State under two successive administrations, and by what he did and by what he was he contributed in no small degree to achieving for this Republic the respect of the nations of mankind. Such service as that could not have been rendered save by a man who had before him ideals as far apart as the poles from those ideals which have in them any taint of what is base or sordid.

Now I wished to secure as John Hay's successor the man whom I regarded as of all the men in the country that one best fitted to be such successor. In asking him to accept the position of Secretary of State I was asking him to submit to a very great pecuniary sacrifice; and I never even thought of that aspect of the question, for I knew he would not either. I knew that whatever other considerations he had to weigh for and against taking the position, the consideration of how it would affect his personal fortune would not be taken into account by Elihu Root; and he has accepted.

I am not speaking of Hay and Root as solitary excep-

tions. On the contrary, I am speaking of them as typical of a large class of men in public life. When we hear so much criticism of certain aspects of our public life and of certain of our public servants, criticism which I regret to state is in many cases deserved, it is well for us to remember also the other side of the picture, to remember that here in America we have and always have had at the command of the Nation in any crisis, in any emergency, the very best ability to be found within the Nation; and this ability has been given with the utmost freedom, given lavishly and generously, although at great pecuniary loss to the man giving it.

There is not in my Cabinet a man to whom it is not a financial disadvantage to stay in the Cabinet. There is not in my Cabinet a man who does not have to give up something substantial, often very much that is substantial, sometimes what it is a very real hardship for him to give up, in order that he may continue in the service of the Nation; and the only reward for which he looks or for which he cares is the consciousness of doing service worth rendering. I hope to see more and more throughout this Nation the spirit grow which makes such service possible. I hope more and more to see the sentiment of the country as a whole become such that each man shall feel borne in on him, whether he is in public life or in private life (and, mind you, some of the greatest public services can be best rendered by those who are not in public life), that the chance to do good work is the greatest chance that can come to any man or any woman in our generation or in any other generation. Let each man feel that if such work can be well done it is in itself the amplest reward and the amplest prize.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

BY

A. S. Draper, LL. D.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born in Ohio in 1844, and died by the hand of an assassin in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1901. He was admitted to the Bar in 1867, after serving his country through the Civil War, rising to the rank of major. In 1877 he went to Congress, became the leader of his party, and framed the famous tariff schedule known as "The McKinley Bill." He was twice elected Governor of his native State (1891 and 1893) and twice elected President of his Country (1896-1900).

WILLIAM McKINLEY grew up like many an ordinary American boy. He attended the village school. At a very early age he showed a tendency towards argument and oratory. He prepared for college and entered Allegheny at sixteen, but sickness soon compelled him to suspend his college course. Then his father became embarrassed in business and the son felt obliged to share the family support. He taught school, and in the teaching of others did the most to teach himself. At eighteen, when he was yet teaching, came the war between the States. Without a moment's waiting he entered as a private soldier the 23d Ohio Regiment, of which William S. Rosecrans was colonel, Stanley Matthews lieutenant-colonel, and Rutherford B. Hayes major. For fourteen months he carried a musket. He shared in all the sickening, shuddering experiences of the Army of the Potomac. Referring to this period he said: "I always look back with pleasure to those fourteen months I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. The year was a formative period in my life. I have always been glad I entered the service as a private." His veteran courage at Antietam gained him a lieutenancy. Gallant and meritorious service in time won a major's commission over the signature of Lincoln. When the war was fully over, in July 1865, he was mustered out.

Now he must face life. Should he go back to college or

forthwith into the struggle of life? He took a middle course. He went to the old Albany Law School, the department of law of Union University, and, in 1867, graduated. In the next nine years he displayed no little aptitude for the bar. He became the efficient public prosecutor of the county in which he lived. But his interest grew in public affairs rather than in the drudgery of the office or the trial at bar. His power as a public speaker enlarged and he drifted inevitably towards public life. In 1870 he sought the nomination and was elected to Congress. In 1878 his district had been gerrymandered against him, but he overcame an adverse majority of 2,500 and was elected by more than 1,200. Seven times he was elected. In Congress he became so hard a student of American industrial problems, and so much of a specialist upon revenue questions and protective tariffs, and withal so ready and accomplished in debate, as to make a very considerable impression upon the Country.

It must not be imagined that his bark glided smoothly and easily along the stream. It had to be propelled against adverse winds by physical and intellectual forces. His forcefulness and in time his very prominence in the House of Representatives arrayed against him the sharpest political opposition. Ohio has long been the tramping ground of very hostile political parties, and frequently they have been so evenly divided as to cause the control of the legislature to rest first with one and then with the other. Neither has hesitated to use its legislative power to redistrict the State so as to make it more difficult for the opposition to again get control, and in this process it has always been considered legitimate political warfare to outline districts which would make it difficult or impossible for leaders of the opposition to gain re-election. This was done so effectually by the democrats against Mr. McKinley that when, in 1889, he was a candidate for re-election, he was defeated. But, as very often happens, the vigor of his canvass in a hopeless contest, and the widespread regret at his defeat, made him, in the ensuing campaign, the logical candi-

date of his party for Governor of the State. That campaign was one of the most memorable in the long list of memorable campaigns in Ohio. It was the first general canvass the candidate had ever made, but it proved him one of the strongest men who had ever participated in an Ohio State campaign. His personal character stood the searchlight of vigorous opposition and appealed to the better nature and the sounder thinking of the people, while his spirit stirred and quickened the activities of his political associates; and his words, even among his opponents, left no bitterness behind him. He was elected and then re-elected by one of the largest majorities ever thrown in the State.

His administration as Governor of Ohio was not marked by hazardous or brilliant exploits, but by such unvarying kindliness, such steadiness and such uniformly patriotic sense, as to command the confidence of the State and of the Country. As early as 1880 he had been talked about for the Presidency. In 1884 he was something of a factor in the National Convention. In 1888 the nomination was within his grasp, but he declined it upon a point of honor. He was a delegate in the National Convention under the instructions of his State to support Senator Sherman. The delegation did it loyally, but the event proved that the nomination of Sherman was impossible. A stampede was imminent. The air of the convention was charged with feverish expectancy. All the Republican congressmen in Washington, seeing his availability, joined in a telegram to the convention urging his nomination. Two delegates had been voting for him through several ballots, but the number was so small that, although it had both annoyed and amused him, he could not protest against it without seeming to desire to attract attention to himself. On the next ballot his vote rose to fourteen, and the movement towards him was decisive and unmistakable. He was recognized at once as the available man in a trying situation, and all believed that he had but to sit still and the nomination would come to him at once. But he would not sit still. He sprang to his feet and electrified the

convention and perhaps assured his great future by the involuntary revelation of his great soul. Let us hear his very words:

"I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, passed without a single dissenting vote, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President and to use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and my judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their vote for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot remain silent with honor.

"I cannot consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me; I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman; I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I should find it in my heart to do so, or permit to be done that which would ever be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request, I *demand* that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

Another was nominated and elected. Four years later Mr. McKinley was himself chairman of the nominating convention and held unsurpassed popularity in that vast assemblage. The renomination of President Harrison was widely believed to be of doubtful expediency and the tendency of the convention was again overwhelmingly towards McKinley. Against his repeated and forceful protests the vote for him had reached 182. But he had given his word and did not falter. Leaving the chair he moved that the nomination of Harrison be made unanimous, and his eloquence and sincerity carried a doubting convention to that consummation. In the campaign

which followed, as we all know, the candidate was defeated.

By the middle of the ensuing administration it had become quite manifest to experienced observers of political occurrences that the popular feeling would produce the nomination of McKinley for President in the next National Convention of his party. There were some decided efforts to stem the tide in the great States of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York, but they were unavailing, and upon the first ballot he had a clear majority of all the votes, was named by acclamation, then elected, and, four years later, renominated without question, and re-elected with decisiveness.

Few men have understood, have been filled with, have expressed the spirit and purpose of our national life so completely as he. Few have appreciated the proprieties or met the responsibilities of the great station to which he rose so fully as he. Few of the Presidents have had so inspiring an outlook, have held their own lives so open to the better impulses and the higher leadings of the Nation, and have been so able to exercise the functions of their great office for such a large measure of national upbuilding and advancement as he.

In all his public life Mr. McKinley was a hard student, a tenacious advocate, and a conspicuous representative of the policy of imposing protective duties for the promotion of American industries. But no one, adherent or opponent, will deny that his purposes were patriotic. As Fisher Ames said of Alexander Hamilton, in none of the revenue bills which he framed is there to be found a clause which savors of despotic power. To this very important subject he devoted the studiousness and the aggressiveness of his life. He left no loop-holes of escape, no avenues of retreat. He had ready command of the facts and his logic never failed. He risked his public life upon his economic and industrial theories, and the event proved that he did it wisely and well. His confident outlook and his convincing advocacy combined with his personal qualities to carry him to the Presidency.

And the new energy which was given to American

industries by his election, seemed to vindicate his philosophy, and certainly gained for him a yet larger measure of personal and public regard. His administration found our industries depressed and discouraged, and speedily saw them teem with unprecedented vigor and life.

For the first time in his life this unwavering disciple of the extreme policy of protection revealed the influence of new conditions upon his opinions touching the relations of national tariff policies and national industries in his address at Buffalo on the day before his assassination. That address taken in connection with what had gone before exemplifies the patriotism and the sagacity of the man. He had discerned, and that shows that he was willing to see, that new conditions in the world were forcing a revision of political creeds and a modification of governmental policies. Let us hear a sentence or two from that memorable public expression:

"A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"Our interest is in concord, not conflict, and our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

If Mr. McKinley was a tenacious and aggressive parti-

san upon protective tariffs he was not commonly so upon other subjects. Ordinarily he was mild in his expressions and judicial in his temperament to a degree which at first led to the quite common belief that he was vacillating and weak. In the Presidential Office he kept closely in sympathy with the overwhelming sentiment of the Country, and so made himself the exponent of very great undertakings, and his office the instrument of very great deeds.

His first election turned very largely upon the standards of national and international finance. He was by no means an original gold monometalist. He became such because forced by the extreme attitude of his opponent, because led by the teachings of students of the subject, because carried along by the drift of the sentiment of his country, because sustained by the growing courage of his party. In this, as in many other matters, he followed or he fell in with sentiment, quite as much as he led it.

Touching the most stirring events of his administration,—the war with Spain for the rescue of Cuba and the acquisition and pacification, in sequence, of great island empires in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, he did not take the initiative. The abuse heaped upon him by the opponents of these undertakings, assuming as we do the right of opposition, was wholly misplaced and unwarranted. All that he did in connection with these very trying events he did as the conservative, cautious, responsible, and reliable agent and instrument of his country. If he had done less he would have been censured more. The affection and admiration of his people grew because with apparent and natural reluctance he made himself the instrument of the people and did the great work of the nation and the time with such a steady and patriotic hand.

If his aggressive leadership touching industrial questions and tariff legislation opened the way for his upright character and attractive personality to reach the Presidency, his sympathy with all mankind, his readiness to listen to others upon matters concerning which he laid

no claim to special proficiency, and his unexpected firmness under pressure, went quite as far to prove his greatness, to make him a world leader of men, and to fix his place in history.

Mr. McKinley's public character grew to new and unexpected proportions during his term in the Presidency. When chosen, the very common estimate of the best thinkers of the Nation was that he was clean and affable, but vacillating; clever and attractive, but not stern or resistive. It used to be said that stronger men and great commercial interests used him. His political opponents first attributed stronger qualities to him than his political associates recognized in him. It is doubtless true that for some time the statesmen of Europe rated his political sagacity and power higher than the statesmen of America did. But the highest responsibility and the severest trial tempered the metal of which the man was made, and developed to the utmost the great qualities that were in him.

There was no taint of uncleanliness about his administration. If wrong was done the wrong-doer was efficiently prosecuted. Men of the first ability and of the largest experience were called to his Cabinet, and the public business was transacted safely and well. He mingled with the crowd frequently. He spoke and wrote freely. He came to represent and express national sentiment splendidly. All he said gave higher tone and truer ring to the best there is in our citizenship. He revealed wide and well-grounded information and, in an unexpected measure, developed the power of imagination and of construction. Things went his way. His administration found his party torn and dissevered into fragments and left it a consolidated and energized force. He drew other parties to him. He became the leader of a people as well as of a party. When war with Spain was imminent, Congress, without any dissent, placed fifty millions of dollars in his hands for its prosecution. Policies which he espoused were carried out. Before his term was half over discerning men began to say that he was putting other men to his purposes rather than that self-

seekers were using him. Other peoples recognized his qualities. Under his leadership his people had attained a new place in the esteem of other nations. It was no mere coincidence, it was no empty form, when the great exchanges of London and Liverpool, of Paris and Berlin, shut down upon the instant of his death. It was the natural but impressive recognition of his leadership in the wide field of national politics, of the eminence which he and his people had gained in the yet wider field of international comity and commerce. Before the sad end came, the facts accomplished under his administration, in recovering the public confidence, in regaining the common industries, in enlarging our trade to a point which stirred the apprehension of all the nations, in the hard and successful blow for the rescue of Cuba, in opening the way for the working of God's righteousness in the hearts of other millions of the earth, lifted him to the very pinnacle of fame here and throughout the world.

As admiration for him grew, and as the fame of his public life extended, his personal qualities became better known and the knowledge endeared him to all who regard cleanliness and courage, simplicity and virtue. In tastes he was frugal. In estate he was not rich, and, although the opportunities were great, he was not grasping. When misplaced confidence in another brought upon him a loss of more than he possessed, he gave up all he had that he might save others so far as he could. That he loved public life none will doubt, but the little frame cottage at Canton, Ohio, was infinitely more grateful to him than the Executive Mansion in the "shining city." At seventeen he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his eminence never led him to discredit the profession he then made. His presidential train was ordered to a sidetrack upon Sundays; and if opportunity offered, whether at home or abroad, he uniformly went out of the glare of his great office on the morning of the sacred day to mingle with his democratic denomination and worship God according to the simple usages of his church. His home life was an ideal for all the world. His marriage was happy. Two little girls came into his life, but they were not to

remain and, in infancy, passed on to the beyond. His wife, always frail, has long been an invalid, but his care for her, tender, unbroken and self-sacrificing, exceeding by far the mere devotion of a lover, has become one of the most pathetic as well as one of the most delightful themes in history. In temperament he was full of sunshine. A perfect picture of good manliness he would greet a visitor to the White House with a heartiness which was sincere and therefore irresistible.

There are in his career no great peaks or promontories which rear their heads above the road upon which he steadily advanced heavenward. His fame will rest upon no single occasion, upon no mere opportunity or chance. He was both a usual and an unusual man. In all our history there is no better illustration of the conquering power of the homely virtues. By physical and intellectual cleanliness, by devotion to wife and home and church, by native gentleness and generosity, by freedom from all bitterness and guile, by habits of study and the acquired power of logical thinking and of forcible expression, by the purity of his patriotism, by the exalted plane and the timeliness of his public utterances, by his readiness to learn and to accept as well as to lead, by his unexpected firmness in executive action, and by steadiness and patience from first to last, he pursued a rugged road to an eminence which commanded the respect of all the world.

When he went with native but misplaced generosity to become a familiar figure in the Exposition, which he believed was to help on the more complete realization of his national ideals, there was but little more which could gain for him a yet higher place in the esteem of his countrymen, and that was supplied in the cause and the heroism of his death.

He had ridden along the roadways, through long lines of people who had come in great numbers to see him; he had passed through the buildings that his word and his smile might reward the labor of the exhibitors; he had made his great address; he had surrendered himself to the hand-shaking of the multitude; he had warmly

greeted a little girl in the interminable line and looked after her as she passed, perhaps thinking of the two little girls who had come into and quickly gone out of his own life; he had moved to grasp the hand of a fiend in the garb of honest toil, when the red right-hand of anarchism fired the bullet which tore through his body and appalled mankind. With his unceasing care for others, with sublime fortitude and patriotic impulse which the very presence of immediate death could not overthrow, he talked of the effect that his injury might have upon his wife and of the trouble he might be to the Exposition, and enjoined the crowd to let no one hurt his murderer. For days the thanksgiving of the Nation arose upon the reports of the experts that he would survive. But it was not to be. With a nobility not surpassed by that of any of the great in human history, not by that of Hampden praying for the king who was overthrowing the liberties of his country, not by that of Sidney upon the field of Zutphen refusing the cup which could help another, not by that of Strafford on Tower Hill sustaining the court which had wrongfully condemned him, nor yet by that of Christ on Calvary petitioning the Father to forgive his enemies who knew not what they did, he said: "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," and passed into eternal peace.

It seems to me that there is a great lesson for this splendid Nation to learn. License, defiance to all that protects and all that secures us, is being indulged and allowed, falsely and profanely, in the name of liberty. It is something new in this Country that scandalous journals profit most through inciting and nourishing the basest tastes. A coarse and vicious stage flaunts its offensive advertisements in our faces and sends forth appeals for patronage which our fathers would have resented and would have punished as well. The saloons multiply in number only to enlarge the armies of the vicious and unemployed. We have been accustomed to look with apprehension upon the coming of the European Sabbath, for the floodgates of revelry and dissipation are let loose and no municipal authority limits and regulates

and controls as the authorities of Europe do. Labor unions—altogether proper for legitimate ends—have undertaken to say who may work and upon what conditions. Men have been beaten and killed because they believed in the gospel of work in a free land. Passengers on trolley cars have been killed because a "union," unauthorized by law, has decreed that one who has not complied with its conditions shall not be allowed to operate the car. Public officers have betrayed their sacred trusts at such times because of the fear that efficiency might turn away vicious votes. Men have been hanged and burned and shot to death by infuriated mobs upon mere suspicion and without any form of authorized trial, and sometimes the people themselves have been indifferent or have even tacitly consented thereto.

All this nourishes and cloaks the spirit of irresponsibility, of irreverence, of lawlessness, of disobedience, and of anarchism. If our fathers were rigid in their beliefs and severe in their forms, we have become lax to a degree which outrages the convictions of Christian people, which defies the sensibilities of the lovers of stability and order, which produces a disagreeable harvest, and which loudly calls for the fuller exercise of the common powers for the protection and uplifting of the common life.

The Nation will carry itself with circumspection, but it must not forget. It investigated the abhorrent crime at Buffalo with dignity: it proved the facts as required by our law: it inflicted punishment with deliberation. It must reckon with itself and with the future.

The crime was not against Mr. McKinley. He was but the object in the assassin's way; only the splendid representative of that at which the foul blow was aimed. The crime was against our Government, and against all government, against our people, and against all people. It was against you and me, our parents and our children. It was against our Christian civilization, against all that has been won by battle and gathered by philosophy and science through the trying out of the ages.

His life was not in vain, and his dreadful death shall not go without its compensations.

His mind was pure, his example ennobling, his words were an inspiration to all earnest, liberty-loving men and women throughout the world.

His spirit brought the people of your Country more closely together than they had been in generations, and bound all the forces of order in all countries in a firmer union than had obtained in all history before.

He was brave in war: he was great in peace: he became mighty in death. The step of the Army became heavy with the feeling of comradeship; an artillery caisson was rightfully his funeral car; the insignia of the Loyal Legion became his breast even in his coffin; the bright flag of his country was the appropriate decoration of his bier. But the honors, like the victories, of peace exceed those of war. What he did to heal the wounds and mend the waste when wars were over draws the millions to his tomb and betokens a renown which flags cannot signify and wars cannot give.

A splendid mausoleum, graceful arches and towering columns, teeming libraries and noble churches, stately streets and thronging cities bear his name to the future. They will make known to the hereafter the esteem of the men and women who knew him. His countrymen will care for the frail companion of his life until her pale cheek shall flush in the soft sunlight of the eternal morning to which he has gone; and what he said, and what he did, and what he was, and the nobility of his death, will give wisdom and inspiration and courage to the passing generations of Americans forever and forevermore.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in New York in 1858. He was educated at Harvard, and afterwards had experience in ranching and hunting in the West—the outcome of which was the publication of several books on those subjects. He entered the New York Legislature in 1882; was Civil Service Commissioner in 1889; President of the New York Police Board in 1895; Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897.

When America went to war with Spain in 1898, he organized a regiment known as "The Rough Riders," of which he became Lieutenant Colonel; a regiment which earned much distinction at Santiago.

Returning home he was elected Governor of New York, and two years later Vice-President of the United States, which position he occupied when President McKinley met his death by the hand of an assassin in 1901. The Presidential duties then devolved upon him, and at the end of the unfinished term he was re-elected.

NO human character can be justly depicted, with all its lights and shades duly touched and set forth, in a few pages or a dozen phrases. How much more impossible to make clear to others a human character which has been caught in the toils of great affairs, upon which responsibilities, growing ever more vast, have acted and reacted, and which has thus been modified, educated, and developed! All this is pre-eminently true of President Roosevelt. No man has lived the life of his time so amply as he; no one has known humanity in so many phases, no one has wider sympathies or so many interests. It would be worse than idle for any one, no matter how intimate his friendship, to fancy that he could depict a character so many-sided, so tried and tested in such multiform experiences within the brief

I am indebted to the kindness of the publishers of *McClure's Magazine* for permission to include this article in this volume. I reprint it with a full realization of the utter impossibility of giving any proper description of President Roosevelt within such narrow limits. I venture to republish it because it was an attempt, at a critical moment, to give an impression of the real man, and only an impression, but at the same time one sufficient to counteract some of the misunderstandings which were rife during the Presidential election of 1904, when the article appeared. (H. C. L.)

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space allowed me, and in the hurry and excitement inseparable from the closing days of a presidential election.

But perhaps out of my personal knowledge I can give an impression; and to that I can best attain by dispersing some of the myths and misconceptions engendered partly by accident and partly by malice, which, if not actually believed, have certainly confused the minds of some very honest and very patriotic people, and have even troubled many men who thoroughly believe in the President and fully intend to vote for him.

There are few things in this world so dangerous as catchwords. President Roosevelt once used the word "strenuous" as a title for some essays. The popular fancy pounced upon the word, the popular humorist caught it up, and to-day there is an idea widely diffused through the mass of the American people that Theodore Roosevelt leads an existence of feverish and almost diseased activity, which, if not expended on things physical, is projected upon public affairs. Mr. Roosevelt is certainly a man of great physical and mental energy. If he had not been he could not have performed the extraordinary amount of work which he has accomplished in the last twenty-five years; yet the very accomplishment of that work shows that his activity is neither feverish nor abnormal nor diseased, but regulated and controlled; for if it had not been regulated and controlled it would have effected nothing. His daily life does not differ in any respect from that of any other very busy man of great energy, who finds rest and relief not only in active out-of-door life, but in a wide and constant reading of books,—a habit, by the way, quite as characteristic of the man as any other, but of which the newspaper critics and humorists tell us little.

In the same way the President is described and widely accepted as hot-headed, rash, and impulsive, prone to sudden resolutions, and acting upon them without sufficient consideration. The origin of this misconception is as slender as that of the strenuous life. Theodore Roosevelt is a man of strong convictions, who started as a boy with some high and fixed ideals of life and conduct, to

which he has tenaciously clung. Like most young men similarly equipped, he was disposed at the outset to be very certain of his opinions and very vigorous in their expression. But unlike most other young men, he had the perilous opportunity, when barely out of college, to put his opinions into practice and to express them in permanent form both in speech and writing,—a trial which youth usually escapes. The care of statement which comes with age and experience was sometimes lacking to the young writer and assemblyman; as it would be to any young man. But the written word and the accomplished deed remain; and hence the delusion has sprung up, and been carefully fostered for political purposes, that all the strong utterances of youth, to which they are entirely becoming, are those of the present moment, and mean rashness and indiscretion in the mature statesman, to whom these particular forms of utterance might not be at all fitting. There is no necessary connection between the two; between the generous and often unmeasured expression of youth and the instructed mind of the man who has known men and cities and tasted the delight of battle. We judge the mature public man by what he is, not by what he may have said twenty-five years before, honest and brave as that early opinion and that boyish speech surely were.

Theodore Roosevelt apprehends very quickly. When he has thought a subject out thoroughly and knows what he means to do, he acts promptly. When, after full consideration, he has made up his mind as to what is right he is unbending; but no man has been in the White House for many years who is so ready to take advice, who has made up his mind more slowly, more deliberately, and after more consultation than Theodore Roosevelt. No President within my observation has ever consulted with the leaders of his party, not only in the House and Senate, but in the States and in the press, so frequently and to such good purpose as Mr. Roosevelt, although a favorite charge is that he is headstrong and wishes no advisers.

Another misconception growing out of the same theory

and much urged by his political opponents and by sundry neurotic newspapers, is that Mr. Roosevelt is extremely reckless, and would not hesitate for an instant to plunge the country into war.* This absurdity grows, I am inclined to think, very largely out of the President's passion for athletics and for more or less dangerous sports, and because he went so readily and quickly himself as a soldier into the war with Spain. But this theory is of course a mere confusion of ideas. Because a man likes to take the risks of the hunting-field or of the pursuit of big game, or because he is eager to fight personally when his country goes to war, it may follow that he is a brave man with plenty of nerve; but it does not follow that he is therefore a fool, who regards our foreign relations in the same light as he would dangerous or exciting field-sports. The fact, indeed, is just the reverse. A man who has faced danger, either in hunting or in war, is the very last man to put other men's lives in peril without the sternest necessity, and is the first man to feel most keenly in this respect the heavy responsibility of a great office.

In the space allotted to me I can only touch on these two or three popular misconceptions which a personal friendship of many years' standing renders more absurd to me than those which usually swarm about Presidents, and which, in this case, are being used for somewhat mean and low political objects. But in the many attacks made upon President Roosevelt there is one thought which has come again and again into my mind, knowing him as I do. Every nation, or rather every historic race, has certain attributes, in addition to the great and more obvious virtues, which it believes to be peculiarly its own, and in which it takes an especial pride. We of the United States like to think of the typical American as a brave and honest man, very human, and with no vain pretence to infallibility. We would have him simple in his home life, democratic in his ways, with the highest education which the world can give, kind to the weak,

*The peace between Russia and Japan and the attitude of the President in regard to the Morocco difficulty, which have come to pass since his re-election in 1904, are interesting illustrations of the absurdity of the charge that he loved war for its own sake, and of the truth of what was written in this article in refutation of that charge.

tender and loyal and true, never quarrelsome but never afraid to fight, with a strong, sane sense of humor, and with a strain of adventure in the blood, which we shall never cease to love until those ancestors of ours who conquered a continent have drifted a good deal farther into the past than is the case to-day. These are the qualities which all men admire and respect, and which thus combined we like to think peculiarly American. As I enumerate them I describe Theodore Roosevelt. The use to which he has put these qualities of heart and character, as well as the fine abilities which are also his, is cut pretty deep into the history of our last twenty-five years, whether in the Commission of the Civil Service, in the Police Commission, in the Navy Department, in the Spanish War, at Albany, or in the White House.

JOHN MARSHALL AND THE MARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION.

BY

A. S. Draper, LL. D.

The work of John Marshall as Chief Justice was so conspicuous that it has overshadowed the other services he rendered his country.* Those other services were sufficient to make him eminent if he had never been Chief Justice. He was born in 1755 in the Virginia county which grew presidents, and died in Philadelphia in 1835. He was the first born of fifteen children. His father was noted for skill and gallantry as a colonel in the army of the Revolution. He was accustomed to say that his father was "far abler than any of his sons." The son was a choice product of the aristocratic stock which

*James Bryce says of him in "The American Commonwealth": "His fame overtops that of all other American judges more than Papinian overtops the jurists of Rome or Lord Mansfield the jurists of England. No other man did half so much either to develop the Constitution by expounding it, or to secure for the judiciary its rightful place in the government as the living voice of the Constitution. The admiration and respect which he and his colleagues won for the Court remain its bulwark: the traditions which were formed under him and them have continued in general to guide the action and elevate the sentiments of their successors. . . .

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to call him, as an eminent American jurist has done, a second maker of the Constitution. His work of building up and working out the Constitution was accomplished not so much by the decisions he gave as by the judgments in which he expounded the principles of these decisions, judgments which for their philosophical breadth, the luminous exactness of their reasoning, and the fine political sense which pervades them, have never been surpassed and rarely equalled by the most famous jurists of modern Europe or of ancient Rome. That admirable flexibility and capacity for growth which characterizes the Constitution beyond all other rigid or supreme constitutions, is largely due to him, yet not more to his courage than to his caution."

had descended from the English cavaliers. His education was meagre, but it covered considerable mathematics, and a couple of years of Latin. He had at an early age a very fair knowledge of the early English essayists. Of course, he had the spirit of an active boy in stirring times. He was not yet twenty years of age when he gathered a volunteer company for service in Washington's army. Between campaigns he read law, attended lectures at William and Mary, and was admitted to the Bar. Independence gained, he commenced practice in his native county, and very soon had a large clientage and fame at the bar. He was essentially a lawyer, but his peculiar adaptation to public service forced him, against his desires, but under his sense of public duty, into one representative and political position after another. He was soon, at the age of twenty-seven, in the Legislature, then in the Virginia Convention called to act upon the proposed Federal Constitution, and then in the State Executive Council. He removed his law office to Richmond. When war threatened with France, and the State Militia was reorganized, he was made a general, and wore that title until he exchanged it for that of "judge."

Upon the adoption of the Constitution, after a great and bitter struggle, he refused, for some years, election to political positions. He was employed in nearly every important case in the state and federal courts. In 1795, at the earnest request of Washington, and in anticipation of unrelenting opposition to the administration in the President's home state, he again accepted an election to the Legislature. The first President offered him a seat in his Cabinet, and an important mission abroad, but he was constrained to decline both.

In 1797 he went with Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry, upon the appointment of President Adams, as an ambassador to France, in the hope of adjusting our very strained relations with that country. They were met by the French Ministry with a demand for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bribe money, resented and refused it, and returned without accomplishing anything. At a dinner given him by members of both houses of Congress, upon his return, "as an evidence of affection for his person, and of their grateful approbation of the patriotic firmness with which he sustained the dignity of his country during this important mission," and in allusion to the demand for a bribe, there was coined the phrase, "Millions for defence but not a cent for tribute," which has since become so significant and expressive.

In 1798 there came a vacancy upon the bench of the Supreme Court and the President invited Marshall to accept it, but he felt obliged to forego the opportunity on account of Washington's desire that he should go to Congress, and his friend, the favorite nephew and afterwards the literary executor of the first President, Bushrod Washington, was appointed. Pursuant to this arrangement Marshall served in the sixth Congress. In 1800 he was nominated by Adams to be

Secretary of War, but declined the position. Soon the Secretary of State was removed, and he was induced to accept that position, because of the President's very ardent desire that he should sit at the Cabinet table. On the 31st of January, 1801, after Adams had been defeated, and only one month before the inauguration of Jefferson, the outgoing President nominated Marshall to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

THE nominee had never held a judicial office. He was the most unrelenting and the ablest opponent in his generation of Jefferson and of the political views which were controlling in the affairs of the country for the next sixty years. He was at the age of forty-five; he filled the place more than thirty-four years: he made the station great and high, for what he did in it became overwhelming.

In personal appearance he was tall and slender, even attenuated and spindling. His face was benignant and dignified. His hair was dark and his eye small and twinkling. His tastes were simple, his dress modest, his manners reserved. In his family, and among his friends, he was buoyant. His house was plain and spacious and inviting. He kept a farm and loved it. He was fond of horses. He was a member of the Quoit Club of Richmond for more than forty years. He could throw the discus, a ring of two pound weight, with unerring aim for fifty-five or sixty feet, and when he was specially successful he would jump up and clap his hands with the enthusiasm of a boy. He revered womanhood. He was the ardent lover of his wife for almost sixty years, and after death had claimed her he would sit in the old place and read aloud, the same as he had done when she was in the vacant chair. He liked children, attracted them, and was happiest when they liked him. He was an early riser, and might often have been seen coming from his farm to the market on horseback at sunrise, with poultry on one side, and vegetables on the other; it is sad to reflect that very few are likely to have witnessed the exhilarating spectacle.

The mind of John Marshall was not colorless. His long service in political bodies had developed in him un-

alterable political views upon the great public questions of his age. Those views were consistent with themselves from first to last. He could not leave them behind when he went into his judicial office. Of course, they entered into his work as a judge; necessarily they influenced his construction of the clauses of the Constitution. But he was no partisan upon the bench. His nature was kindly and his temperament was judicial. He was blazing new roads, and his step was confident. His reasoning was original and it seldom halted; his literary style was faultless; his courage was absolute. The greatest service a man can render his fellows is to lay down the complex principles upon which experience afterwards proves that a government may endure. It is this which puts Marshall in a class by himself alone in America. In the world at large his rank is not below that of Mansfield, or Hardwicke, or Holt, or Eldon, or Stowell, or any other of the greatest judges who have ever lived.

What is the American Constitution? Does it consist of so many words of a written document adopted at a national convention, and ratified by the legislatures of the several states, with the fifteen amendments which have since been added thereto? Yes, and of the written constitutions of the states, and of the laws, federal and state, enacted by the constituted powers, in the forms established thereby and not inconsistent therewith. Yes, and of much more also.

Constitutional government is a growth. It does not stand still. It accumulates. It moves. When a foolish English king, and a fatuous majority in Parliament, took a course touching the English Colonies in America, which was subversive of the rights of Englishmen and forced those colonies into revolt, and separation followed, did we bring with us nothing of the inheritance which had been gathering in the English Constitution through the heroisms and the triumphs of a thousand years, save those things which our fathers set forth in the Declaration of Independence? Indeed we brought all save those things which they specifically protested and refused. We brought Magna Charta, and the Bill of

Rights, and the Petition of Right, and the Grand Remonstrance. We brought all the liberties which the English Army and Navy had gained by triumphing over the forces of absolutism in all the world; all the great rights for which endless heroes had died; all the splendid results which the English revolutions had taken from the pitiless hands of the overreaching English kings.

We brought with us the inspiring spirit of Puritanism, and had already given it some measure of toleration. We brought away with us the principle which England had learned through a bloody revolution, that the state cannot be the real head of the church. We brought the right of representative government, the right to a house of commons as well as a king's council,—that for which Puritan cavalry had ridden roughshod over king and lord and bishop together; that for which "King Pym" had thundered in the Parliament House and for which Hampden and Eliot and Raleigh and Sidney and Sir Harry Vane had died.

We brought all the priceless accumulations of the English common law, the chapters of which had been gathered out of the experiences and the discussions and the decisions of learned judges through the centuries.

Perhaps better than all else, we brought with us the traditions and the spirit which could resent the encroachments of a misguided king and parliament *acting together,* and which, when the sword was drawn against us, could vindicate by the sword all the natural rights of English freemen struggling for security, for inborn liberty, and for progress in a wilderness. We had, by force of arms, refused to let King and Parliament together take these things away.

All of these things entered into and became a part of the American Constitution. In a legal sense one might as well regard the "Great Charters" which were reduced to form as all there is of the English Constitution as to look upon the formal phrases of our fathers as all there is of the American Constitution. What has been reduced to written form has well deserved all the praise which has been pronounced upon it, but it remained to be read in

the light of history, construed in harmony with the traditions and the innate purposes of the Saxon race, and enforced with conscience and nerve, before it could meet the needs of the men and women who were to establish the home of the purest and the mightiest democracy of all history in the wild western world, while they made its wilderness to blossom with beauty and filled it with unnumbered and untiring industries.

Carlyle sums up the reasons for the failure of the Constitution of the Constituent Assembly of France in the title of one of his chapters with the words, "The Constitution will not march." Marshall gave the American Constitution the power to march. It has marched through all the difficulties which have encompassed it, and some of them have been great. It has not hampered freedom: it has moved on, and enlarged and extended it. It has marched upon firm ground: it has kept step to the heart-beats of a rapidly multiplying and a cosmopolitan people who have dedicated this fair land to freedom, and who know and at all times expect to make further use of their power.

It is small wonder that the people, and many of the ablest statesmen of the revolutionary and constitutional period, were jealous of centralized power. All they could hear from over the sea brought dread of the power of the state. In the decade between 1780 and 1790 all Europe was at war, or preparing for war, because of the abuses of central power. Prussia was invading Holland to restore the House of Orange to the throne from which it had been thrust out by a people resenting its aggressions. And Prussia had troubles enough of her own in that decade. France was bounding along to the most direful cataclysm which could overtake an organized state. England had gained no ground in the eyes of Americans, nor in fact. The people of the new states stood in dread of all governmental power, for it seemed to be conferred only to be abused.

They were accustomed to settle matters in their town meetings. Such matters as they had had to settle had been fixed more to their liking in that way. When they

needed to combine to ward off the Indians it could easily be arranged by conference. And the sentiment for local self-government was not only strong; it was wholesome. It was not to be broken down, but nourished and educated to the new conditions. All the same they realized little of the obligations and responsibilities of independence and sovereignty. They were sceptical of the desirability of government through representatives, and particularly so if that government was remote. The Revolution itself was quite as much against the Parliament as against the King. The people were poor. They were physically, and industrially, and financially exhausted by the long war. The public obligations were great. To yield up the taxing power to a far away authority seemed likely to prove that their victory had cost more than it was worth.

The Confederation was, in a national sense, meaningless. It was not a constitutional, but a revolutionary organization. It answered a sublime purpose in a great emergency; but the emergency over, its defects were so marked that permanent government under it was impossible. It created no executive, and no judiciary except for an immaterial purpose. Legislative, executive, and judicial powers were all united in one body. Its powers were feeble. It could act for states, but states were sovereign and it could not bind them. It could make requisitions for men and money, but it could not compel the states to comply. It could not regulate trade. It could negotiate treaties, but could not enforce them: it had no power even to perform its own part in the mutual obligation. Nothing could be done without the consent of nine states and when the need was not imperative, and sometimes even when it was imperative, this could not be secured. No enlargement of powers could be secured without the approval of every state, and this could not be had.

The pendulum had swung its arc. It seemed as though every man's hand was against organized authority. The courts were menaced. The unoffending lawyers were obliged to fight shy of popular feeling. Local and inter-

state antipathies were many and strong. Repudiation of debts was in the air. The Congress of the Confederation managed to get money to pay its members, but the claims of the ragged soldiers of the Revolutionary Army could not be met. The paper money was worthless. Foreign obligations were neglected, and in some cases ridiculed. The honor of the nation, if there was a nation, was stained. Unless something important could be done anarchy was at hand.

In this dire exigency, upon the pitiful supplication of Washington, the Constitutional Convention was assembled. No body of uniformly greater men ever met in any country. Of the fifty-five members, twenty-nine were university men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, William and Mary, Oxford, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Of the twenty-six others, Washington and Franklin were two. These two names stand for the best intelligence and the fullest experience. The two which stand for the greatest forcefulness, and the broadest political sagacity, were those of Alexander Hamilton, of New York and Columbia, and James Madison, of Virginia and Princeton. Of the two, the first was thirty and the other thirty-six years of age.

No body of men could have discussed principles more thoroughly, differed more widely, or garnered more beneficent results out of such an unpromising field. The details of the fearful struggle by which results were reached, and then of the yet greater struggle by which the adoption by the states was secured, belong to history, and students ought to be familiar with them. We cannot dwell upon them now. At a moment when all seemed lost, and the weaker ones were proposing compromises, Washington arose from the chair and, with the deepest emotion, uttered a few brief words which are sacred enough to be written across the fair face of the flag. They were these: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the

honest can repair: the event is in the hands of God." It was done.

It was natural enough that the Constitution should establish three great departments of government, viz.: legislative, executive, and judicial. They corresponded with the Parliament, the Crown, and the Courts of Law, which had long existed, and with distinct functions, in the mother country. But much was to be done to adjust these departments to each other and to the changed conditions.

England has no written constitution. Acts of Parliament, and the decisions of the courts, form her constitution. The theory of the English government has been, and is, that Parliament stands in the shoes of the people; that it can do whatever the entire nation could do if assembled; and therefore, that its acts are supreme. But that is precisely what the states would not have. If there must be a central government at all it must be limited by the provisions of a written constitution. If there must be a written constitution to limit the power of Congress, there must be some ultimate authority to say, as occasion should arise, what the clauses of the Constitution really meant, and to determine whether congressional acts were within or in excess of the constitutional intention. Not by any specific provision, but by the necessities of the situation, this very responsible duty fell upon the Supreme Court.

It was the first instance in modern times that a written constitution had become the organic law of a nation. That the interpretation of such a constitution should be left to a single court, the judges of which held a life tenure of position, was altogether new, was opposed to all traditions, and was abhorrent to many as a wide departure from democratic principles. But the court never flinched. It took its position with exactness, with logic as keen as a razor, and with decisiveness that was conclusive against everything but revolution; and there was no heart for revolution.

No court ever started out in a smaller way than the Supreme Court of the United States. Its real jurisdiction

was to be created by its own constructive work, and by the inexorable events of history. When the court first convened in New York, in 1790, there was no case before it. In 1800 there were less than fifty cases upon its docket, and they of very inconsequential character: in eleven years the court had acted upon less than one hundred cases: when Congress came to its aid in 1891 by creating an intermediate Court of Appeals there were more than eighteen hundred cases awaiting adjudication, and some of them surely reached very close to the arteries where the national life currents flow. In the eleven years of the court before Marshall's time the opinions occupy but about two hundred written pages, and but five hundred pages of the printed reports: in the next thirty-four years the printed reports exceeded thirty volumes: now they number almost two hundred volumes.

Marshall was practically the court upon constitutional questions. Opposition forced the man, who was made to be the foremost judge of any country in which he should live, up to his utmost possibilities. In one volume of Cranch's reports there are two hundred opinions by the court, and all save one of them are by the Chief Justice. Let no layman imagine that the work was easy because the precedents were lacking. It was infinitely more difficult to travel where the lights were few. Marshall was no mere lawyer: he was a philosophical nation-builder, with a legal education which kept his feet upon the ground, and a patriotic idealism which kept his head among the stars. For a whole generation wrote the landmark opinions, under which the Federal Government has changed from a confederation to a union, from a decentralized aggregation of feeble states to a sovereign nation with the power to do anything which a free nation of eighty millions of people may properly do. As no other court has ever been made the exponent of the life principles of a great nation, and as the work of this court has stood the test of experience and carried the standard of democratic freedom to a foremost position in the world, so he made the nine judges, sitting in the most contracted and the meanest room in the national

Capitol, the most august judicial tribunal upon the earth.

The Constitution has not only marched upon unexpected roads in its original territory, but it has gone out and conquered much new territory. The greatest act, by all odds, of Jefferson's administration, was the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from the First Napoleon. No student needs to be told of the bearing of that acquisition upon the destiny of the nation. The area of the original thirteen states was 909,050 square miles: that of the Louisiana Territory was 875,025 square miles. Jefferson looked into the Constitution very closely to find some specific authority for the proceeding, and was much troubled because he looked in vain. He was right, however, and his foresight and energy of action in the matter entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. In 1819 the Constitution secured the Floridas, with 70,107 square miles, and in 1846 the Oregon country, with 288,689 square miles, by treaty. In 1845 we annexed Texas, and soon, by questionable means, coerced Mexico into a cession, and so obtained 949,808 square miles more. Alaska was taken by treaty in 1867, with 599,446 square miles. So the total of continental territory is quite four times what it was when the Constitution was adopted. The insular territory acquired in 1898 is computed by the Coast Survey at 138,399 square miles.

The Constitution has been swimming as well as marching all its life. Before it was out of swaddling clothes it could swim enough to put an end to the piracies of the Barbary States who had terrorized the nations of Europe upon the high seas for an hundred years. Before it was past the college age the Constitution swam well enough to call a halt upon the bad English habit of searching our merchant ships without leave. The Constitution swam very well indeed in the blockading squadrons, the cruisers, and the little Monitor in the war between the states; and it swam splendidly in the torpedo boats and the great battleships at Manila and Santiago. Yes, the Constitution has proved to a demonstration that it can swim as well as march.

The lesson of the work of the Great Chief Justice is as important a lesson as the world has had to learn. That work has secured, if it has not saved, the structure of democratic government.

The Constitution of the United States has not been written in completed form: it never will be. It has not been perfected: it never will be. The resources of language can describe the Constitution but inadequately. It is infinitely more than our fathers were able to agree upon, or to anticipate and formulate in a written paper a hundred years ago.

It is all that we inherited from the mother country after all the heroisms and triumphs in the evolution of a race, and in the building of a free nation through a thousand years. It is all that the millions from the other great nations have brought to us since our birth as an independent nation. It covers a full knowledge of the accomplishments and the failures of all other governments in all ages and in all the world.

It is the physical energy and the intellectual resourcefulness which have come from the admixture of blood and of civilizations.

It is the country we now possess, crossed by the natural thoroughfares of the nations, with endless shores and uncounted harbors washed by the waters of both oceans. It is our mountains and plains, our great lakes and majestic rivers, our diversified climate, our corn lands and cotton lands and wheat lands, our inexhaustible mines, and the herds upon our ten thousand hills.

It is our great factories in every town; the magnificent steel highways threading our valleys, tunnelling or scaling our mountains and making the maps of our prairie states black with their frequency. It is our genius in invention and our skill and courage in engineering. It is our common respect for labor and the accounts in our savings banks. It is the unparalleled opportunities, in every direction, which are offered to rectitude and to endeavor, no matter how humble the roof under which they were born. It is our publishing houses, our newspaper press, our libraries and museums and art galleries.

It is our improved house making, and the innumerable new conveniences which enter into our home making. It is more than that: it is the spirit of the American home, the equality of right in it, the exalted position of woman, and the dominating influence of the mother in the household.

It is our free public school at every door, and our centres of the higher learning pushing the scientific advance in every possible direction and promoting every conceivable phase of intellectual activity. It is our churches and our Sunday schools, the complete toleration of religious opinion, and the common respect for religious worship. It is our private benevolences, and our steadily improving treatment of the troublesome and dependent classes.

It is the individualism and the balanced sense of the nation, the love of freedom which is so strong that no one is afraid of losing the object of it. It is the regard for laws which are fundamental, the indifference to laws which are only advisory, the jealousy of laws which tend to favor special interests or seem to set at naught the common thought.

The old Pilgrim at Plymouth, the minute-man at Lexington Green and Concord Bridge were in our Constitution at the beginning: the citizen soldier of the Civil War, the Oregon upon her fifteen thousand miles journey around the Horn and then at once the decisive factor in the most sanguinary naval battle in all history, the college boys and farmers' lads and millionaires' sons fighting their way together up the flame-swept hill at San Juan, the veterans of the Ninth Regular Infantry pushing their way through the August heat and the sand and filth of China, and battering down the gates of the Forbidden City to relieve the American legation from the horrors of Peking, are all in the Constitution *now*.

The spirit of the nation, that spirit which moved out of the old world into the new, that chastened and tolerant, that sober and yet aggressive spirit which separated from an established church, and so learned how to separate from an autocratic state; which centred at Plym-

outh Rock, and then tempered the heroic but intolerant sentiment at the Bay; which moved out into the valley of the Connecticut, and then crossed the Berkshires into the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk and the Susquehanna; which crossed the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge; which took possession of the prairies with confident and resolute step; which scaled the Rockies and claimed the Pacific shores; which passed through the Golden Gate and into the beyond. This spirit is the very life of the Constitution. The spirit that has fattened for a hundred years upon what it has fed, that chafes more and more at the long continued exactions of the kings, and that would indefinitely extend free government, its helps and its opportunities, is in the Constitution in yet larger measure now than in the days of our fathers.

More, far more, than any one can tell is in the American Constitution. May the God of nations give us larger reverence for the inspirations that are in our history, whether inscribed in the law books of state, or written upon the hearts of men and women. May the written law be construed in the light of the traditions, the heroisms, the opportunities, and the aspirations of the unwritten. May the Supreme Court never lack in discretion, or in courage. And under its guidance may the Constitution march on. May it advance without greed and, if possible, without war. May it go forward with the consciousness of moral right to widen the area of civilization and enlarge the liberty of the human race. Never fear. Vastness may prove to be the ark of our safety. May all the fundamental principles of human liberty be upheld and, within the lines which Marshall laid down, may the Constitution and the flag of the great Republic MARCH ON.

CHANCELLOR JAMES KENT.

BY

THE HON. JOHN DUER.

James Kent was born in New York State in 1763 and died in 1847. Educated at Yale, he became a lawyer in 1785, and being noted for his learning became Professor of Law in Columbia College about ten years later. He, after advancing in his professsion, became Chief Justice of New York and subsequently Chancellor; and his wise decisions have furnished precedents for the settlement of thousands of law cases since his time. His "Commentaries on American Law" which were published from 1826 to 1830, are to-day part of the indispensable equipment of every American lawyer, and are as frequently consulted in the Old World as they are in the New. In fact, Chancellor Kent may be said to be the "Coke upon Littleton" of the United States, and a great deal more than that.

THE condition of the Supreme Court at the time of his accession to the Bench was probably much the same as it had been, with little variation, from the close of the Revolution. It was not a condition that reflected credit on the jurisprudence of the State; it was not such as the character and the honor of the State and the interests of the public demanded. The judges, although not distinguished by any marked superiority, were by no means deficient in learning or ability; but it was in a very imperfect and unsatisfactory manner that their duties were discharged. There was not only a great delay in the determination of causes,—a delay not at all excused by the multiplicity of business,—but the decisions, when pronounced, were far from supplying the requisite proof of a mature consideration. It was evident that they were not the fruit of that careful and laborious investigation which is essential to the proper discharge of the judicial functions; and the authority they might otherwise have claimed was greatly impaired by those frequent differences in opinion that are the necessary result of imperfect examination and study. It was seldom that the opinions of the judges,

From "Memoirs and Letters of James Kent, LL. D." by His Great Grandson, William Kent. Boston. Copyright by Little, Brown & Co., 1898.

even in the most important cases, were reduced to writing, and as no reports were then published, and no records preserved of the grounds on which their decisions were placed, the cases were numerous in which they had no rules to direct, no precedents to govern them.

Of this state of things the inevitable consequences were vacillation, contradictions, confusion, and uncertainty. It is hardly necessary to add that this defective administration of the law had a most unfavorable influence on the character and pursuits of the Bar; for when cases are slightly examined and rashly decided by the judges, the principal motives for a diligent preparation on the part of counsel cease to exist. No further observations can be requisite to show that, in order to redeem the character of the Bench and of the Bar, and the honor of the State, a great revolution was necessary to be effected; and it was effected, mainly by the efforts, and by the example of the man who, at the early age of thirty-five, was now raised to the Bench.

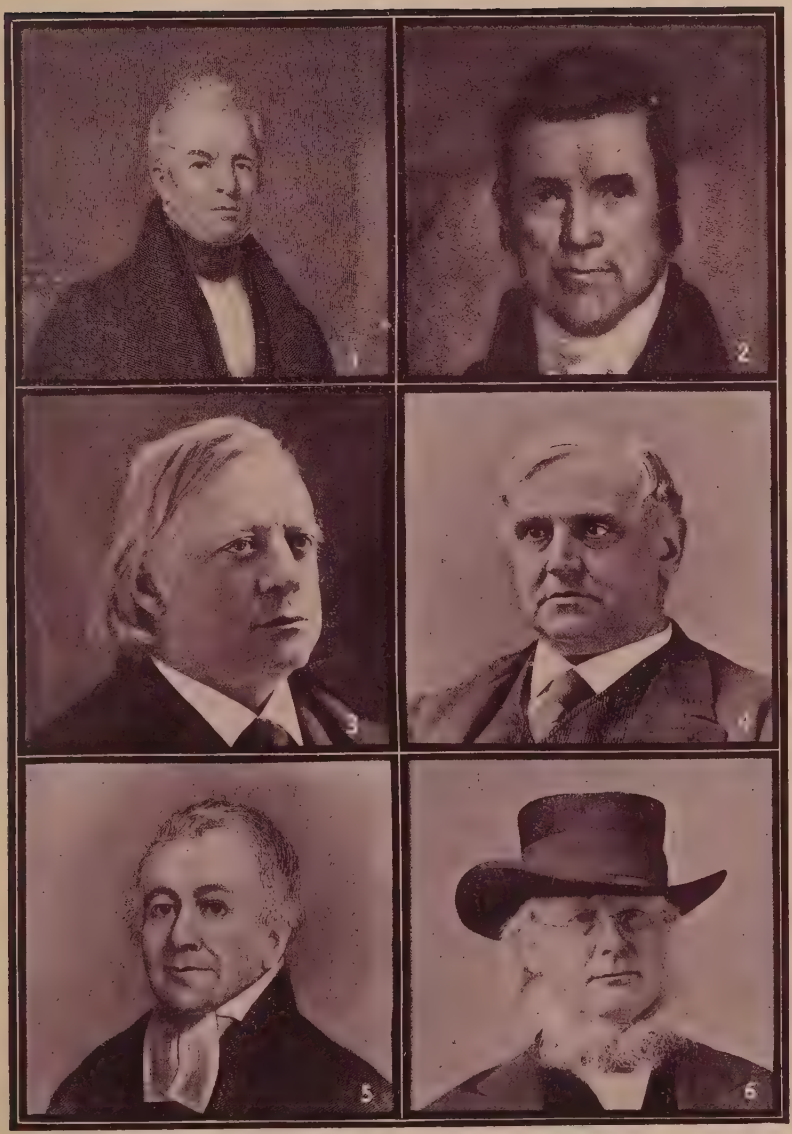
As soon as his seat was taken, his determination was made that he would examine for himself every case not decided on the hearing; and in such examination would not confine himself to the cases and authorities cited on the argument, but would embrace in his researches all the law justly applicable to the questions to be determined; and that in each case he would embody the result of this examination in written opinion. Accordingly, at the second term that followed his appointment, in his first meeting for consultation with his brethren, and to their great astonishment, he produced a written opinion in every case that had been reserved for decision; and as these opinions were carefully prepared, were clear in style, forcible in reasoning, and well sustained by a reference to authorities, his brethren, even when they dissented from his conclusions, were in no condition to controvert and oppose them. Hence they at once understood and felt that their own position was materially changed. It was evident that they must either surrender to their junior brother—their junior in station and far their junior in years—the effective control and adminis-

tration of all the important business of the court, or if at all solicitous to maintain their own character and dignity, must follow his example.

Fortunately for themselves and the public, it was upon the latter course that they resolved. From that time there was a constant and most honorable emulation in the discharge of their weighty duties, and the result was that, in the space of a few years, the Supreme Court of this State was placed on an elevation—an elevation of influence, dignity, and authority—that from that day to the present, with a just pride we may affirm, it has continued to maintain. . . .

Although his brethren on the Bench, during this period, emulated his diligence, and contributed by their efforts to advance or sustain the reputation of the court, yet it is not to be denied that the opinions that he delivered were distinguished by qualities that in those of his brethren were rarely displayed, or displayed only in an inferior degree. There was a clearly defined and marked superiority that he was soon admitted to possess, and which he retained without dispute, during the whole period of his continuance on the Bench. . . . What, then, are the causes to which his superiority over his brethren must be attributed? . . . He had cultivated his mind in all its powers and faculties—imaginative and moral, as well as purely intellectual—with far greater care and assiduity. His studies had not only been more extensive and various, but more thorough, systematic, and profound. His learning not only embraced a larger compass in its subjects, but was firmer in its principles and more scientific in its arrangement.

From his far greater intimacy with the classic writers of antiquity and with the great masters of composition in our own language, he derived eminent advantages. To this intimacy, the justness, elevation, and purity of his taste must be attributed; it was this intimacy that had endowed him with a command and mastery of language that enabled him to express his thoughts, on every subject to which they were directed, with such remarkable facility, precision, perspicuity, and force. It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PORTRAIT GROUP No. 2.

1. James Kent
2. John Marshall
3. Henry Ward Beecher
4. Phillips Brooks
5. Manasseh Cutler
6. Horace Greeley

was this intimacy that gave choice and variety, and occasionally splendor to his diction, and enriched his style with apt and varied illustrations. In short, it was the intrinsic and peculiar excellence of his opinions, in matter and style, that gave to them a paramount authority, and to their author his widespread and rapidly increasing reputation. . . .

It is hard to over-value the civilizing influence of Kent's Commentaries on American Law. It was a work emphatically demanded by the requirements of the time, and, furthermore, the age was ripe for the beginning of the development of this country. It was at once so comprehensive in its character, so accurate in its deductions and reasoning, so highly scientific in the true acceptation of the term, so clear and simple in its statements and design, that it at once found its way into the hands of the general practitioner, and with him it went out to all parts of the American world. In the Justice Courts, in the terms held at county towns, and in the high courts of the States, it was the highest authority upon the fundamental principles of the law; ever broadening its sphere, particularly throughout the ever widening West, until the whole country, from ocean to ocean, was permeated by the same principles, the same deductions, and practically the same laws based for the most part upon the life work of New York's greatest lawyer.

Considered in the light of a law book its range has been extraordinary. It has run through many editions, and the demand and sale for it is steady from all parts of the country. It is the first book placed in the hand of the law student, it stands on the shelf of every practising lawyer, and whenever an intricate case is presented for consideration, many a careful lawyer will turn to it to refresh his mind on the principles of the question before him, before proceeding further with his investigation. This is Chancellor Kent's true monument; in it breathe the principles of truth, law, and equity, and, like Blackstone's Commentaries on English Law, the revered masterpiece of British Jurisprudence, Kent's Commentaries will stand enshrined in the hearts of hun-

dreds of thousands of American lawyers, the great Bar of the United States.

HORACE GREELEY.

BY

JAMES PARTON.

Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, N. H., in 1811 and died in 1872. At the age of two years he was able to read, and before he was ten he had devoured everything readable for miles around his native town. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old. He read the "Arabian Nights" with intense pleasure in his eighth year, "Robinson Crusoe" in his ninth, Shakespeare in his eleventh, and in his twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years he read many of the common superficial histories (Robinson's, Goldsmith's, and others) and as many tales and romances as he could borrow. Later he worked with his father clearing unsettled land, then he worked as a printer's apprentice, and later went to New York to seek his fortune. There he worked in several newspaper offices until in 1833 he started a newspaper entitled *The Morning Post.* When this failed he introduced *The New-Yorker* to the public, which finally was merged in the year 1841 into *The New York Tribune,* which rapidly became a power in the land; always on the side of truth and honesty and the square deal.

He was a member of Congress in 1849, and was particularly active in politics after the Civil War. He was defeated as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872 by General Grant.

Mr. Greeley wrote several books, among which we may mention "The American Conflict" and "Recollections of a Busy Life."

But his first and his last claim to be considered as one of the "Ideals of American History" rests upon the fact that he was the founder of *The New York Tribune,* and that in every one of his newspaper articles, lectures, and public speeches he always stood for right, truth, and honor.

EVERY race has its own idea respecting what is best in the character of a man. The English admire "pluck"; the French, adroitness; the Germans, perseverance; the Italians, craft. But when a Yankee would bestow his most special commendation upon another, he says, "That is a man, sir, who generally succeeds in what he undertakes." Properly interpreted,

From "The Life of Horace Greeley."

this is high, perhaps the highest, praise; for a man who succeeds in doing what he tries to do, must have the sense to choose enterprises, suited to his abilities and circumstances. This praise, it is true, is frequently given to men whose objects are extremely petty—making a fortune, for example; but if those objects were such as they could attain, if enterprises of a higher nature were really beyond their abilities, how much wiser is it in them to attempt petty objects only! But whatever may be the value of the American eulogy—and a Yankee is an American, only more so—it may most justly be bestowed upon Horace Greeley. Whatever he has attempted, he has done as well as, or better than, any one else had done it before him. A piously generous son, a perfect pupil, an apprentice of ideal excellence, a journeyman of unexampled regularity, perseverance, and effectiveness. His *New-Yorker* was the best paper of its class that had been published. The *Jeffersonian* and *Log Cabin* excelled all previous and all subsequent "campaign papers." *The Tribune* is our best daily paper. As a member of Congress, he was truer to himself, and dared more in behalf of his constituents, than any man who ever sat for one session only in the House of Representatives. In Europe, he retained possession of all his faculties! In the presence of nobles, he was thoroughly himself, and he spoke eloquently for the toiling million. Emphatically, Horace Greeley is a man, sir, who has generally succeeded in what he has undertaken.

But not always. He tried hard to get Henry Clay elected president. He tried long to wield the whig party for purposes of general beneficence. Neither of these objects could he accomplish.

Of Horace Greeley's talents as a writer little need be said. A man whose vocation obliges him frequently to write at the rate of a column an hour and who must always write with dispatch, can rarely produce literature. Nor can any man write with faultless accuracy who is acquainted with no language but that in which he writes. But Horace Greeley writes well enough for his purpose, and has given proof, in many a glowing passage and

telling argument, of a native talent for composition, which, in other circumstances, might have manifested itself in brilliant and lasting work. His power as a writer, arises from his earnestness of conviction, from his intimate acquaintance with the circumstances and feelings of his readers, from his Scotch-Irish fertility in illustration, and from the limited range of his subjects. He says not many things, but much.

His forte is, as I have said, in making practical suggestions for the better conduct of life and affairs. Like Franklin, he confines himself chiefly to the improvement of man's condition in material things; but he is a better man than Franklin; he is Franklin liberalized and enlightened; he is the Franklin of this generation. Like Franklin, too, and like most of the influencing men of this age, he is more pious than religious, more humane than devout.

The reader need not be detained here by remarks upon Horace Greeley's errors of opinion. A man's opinions are the result, the entirely inevitable result of his character and circumstances. Sincerity, therefore, is our only just demand when we solicit an expression of opinion. Every man thinks erroneously. God alone knows all about anything. The smallest defect in our knowledge, the slightest bias of desire, or fear, or habit, is sufficient to mislead us. And in truth, the errors of a true man are not discreditable to him; for his errors spring from the same source as his excellencies. It was said of Charles Lamb, that he liked his friends, not in spite of their faults, but faults and all! and I think the gentle Charles was no less right than kind. The crook, the knot, and the great humpy excrescences are as essential features of the oak tree's beauty as its waving crown of foliage. Let Horace Greeley's errors of opinion be what they may, he has done something in his day to clarify the truth, that no error of opinion is a hundredth part as detrimental to the interest of men as the forcible suppression of opinion, either by the European modes of suppression, or the American. He has made it easier than it was to take the unpopular side. He has helped

us onward towards that perfect freedom of thought and speech, which it is fondly hoped the people of this country are destined in some distant age to enjoy. Moreover, a critic, to be competent, must be the superior of the person criticised. The critic is a judge, and a judge is the highest person in the court, or should be.

And to conclude, the glory of Horace Greeley is this: He began life as a working man. As a working man, he found out, and he experienced the disadvantages of the working man's condition. He rose from the ranks to a position of commanding influence. But he ceased to be a working man with working men, only to become a working man for working men. In the editor's chair, on the lecturer's platform, on the floor of Congress, at ducal banquets, in good report and in ill report, in the darkest days of his cause as in its brightest, against his own interest, his own honor, his own safety, he has been ever true, in heart and aim, to his order, i.e. his countrymen. In other lands, less happy than ours, the people are a class; here we are all people; all together we must rise in the scale of humanity, or all together sink.

HORACE MANN.

BY

Mrs. Mary Tyler (Peabody) Mann.

Horace Mann was born in Massachusetts in 1796 and died in Ohio in 1859. He was one of the most famous educators of his own or any other time, and has earned the lasting gratitude of the people for what he did for the American school system. He was called to the Bar in 1823; was Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education (1837-48); member of Congress for Massachusetts (1848-53); and President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, from 1853 until he died.

IN speaking of Mr. Mann as an educator, I enter into his inmost life; for that cause, of all others, roused into action all his powers. He had always been interested in reforms; but no cause in which his duties

From "Life of Horace Mann," by His Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.
Copyright by Mrs. Mary Tyler (Peabody) Mann.

as a citizen involved him held the same rank in his estimation as this. His interest and action in the cause of insane hospitals had deepened his insight into the primary causes and hindrances of human development; and the study of Combe's "Constitution of Man," which he met with in 1837, added new fuel to the fire of his enthusiasm. Although life had lost its charms for him since the death of his beloved wife, his reserved power was, unconsciously to himself, lying ready to be evoked by some great aim. After the stunning effect of that blow had passed away in a limited degree, he began a private journal, which covers the first six years of his secretaryship; and a few extracts from that will show in what spirit he undertook it. But his own words, even in a private journal, do no justice to the zeal and devotion with which he prosecuted the work. The first conviction of his early manhood had been the necessity of head and heart culture in the citizens of a republic; and, through every period of his life, the conviction grew, till it culminated in a fervor of action, which obstacles could not cool, and which no selfish or personal considerations could abate. If I can well describe the sentiment that animated him, I feel sure that I shall kindle in the young, to whom I have dedicated this work, a generous emulation to go and do likewise, aiding rather than contending with each other at every step. If I can make it apparent how he understood the central principle of our religion, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," I shall feel that I have succeeded in an endeavor which costs me too much to be made for any lesser motive. Only those who knew him vitally know how truly he lived to that end, and how hard he labored to improve the relations of the young and inexperienced with the older and more experienced. Only through the young could he work out reforms which must underlie society before the next step in human advancement can be taken; for it is the effect of practical unbelief, such as pervades what is poetically called "the world," to deaden hope and generous resolve, and to dim the light of the ideal man which burns in every soul till it is covered up and quenched by

false doctrine, and by the "rubbish and muddy waters of custom."

One must understand all ecclesiastical and sacerdotal history, or the animus of it, to estimate the full effect of the ages in which might constituted right, with those few exceptions which illumine history and redeem the race from the stigma of a failure. Only a great soul can see that God has made no failure; though happily the simple heart believes it, as we see exemplified by the filial trust and faith of the lowly and pious sufferers, who, in all times, have taught us that God speaks in the humble and waiting soul.

Education, religious and political freedom, then, were the watchwords of his life and action. All collateral evils would vanish if these things could be established. In one sense, he cannot be said to have sacrificed himself to them; for he identified himself with them, and cared little for anything else. To work for them was his happiness. All culture, all living, that could be transmuted into material for their advancement, were dear to him, if they were not to be monopolized by the few at the expense of the many; for there was nothing beautiful or of good repute which was to be selfishly appropriated. He wished every child of God to be so situated as to lay hold of the means of self-improvement; and with sledge-hammer and battle-axe he would beat down the obstacles, if they did not yield to the arguments of love and truth and justice. He considered it the first duty of government to put these means within the reach of every one. He did not believe that men were created to minister to their own pleasures, or even to their own self-improvement merely; indeed, he did not believe that any self-improvement could be vital which did not consciously ally itself with the improvement of others. He believed that man was created for ends of which he only obtains a faint and far-off glimpse, his consciousness of the great destiny that awaits him gradually deepening as he advances; that for this great destiny he is endowed with faculties of indefinite progress; and that he is so allied socially, that the advance of one cannot go on successfully

without the advance of the whole. When he looked upon the inequalities of human condition, he saw that it was the consequence of man's not using worthily his God-given gifts; and that the stimulus of acting for the good of each and all caused these gifts to become divine in their proportions.

Feeble in health, and still more feeble in animal spirits, there were times when the exhaustive nature of his labors, and of the way in which he performed them, made it impossible for him to write down his own purposes and emotions for his own perusal. His journal was written rather as a relief from depression, than as a full exponent of his thoughts. He was not himself aware, that, while under that cloud, the calls of humanity often touched him as with fire from heaven. Nevertheless, a man's own words are always an expression of himself, if written in sincerity and simplicity. If he had been as much animated and inspired by his own eloquence upon this subject as others were, we should have had brilliant paragraphs recording successful performances; but he never appreciated justly his own efforts. No sooner had he made an effort than he was tormented by a sense of its inadequacy to the demands of the occasion; and especially when ill health and sorrow held such sway over him, his exactions of himself were fearful. He has sometimes been called "Pitiless" in his requisitions of others: he was so in regard to himself, never counting his own ease, comfort, or even life, as of any importance, if he thought the sacrifice of them could further the ends of any cause in which he had embarked with a disinterested purpose. It was not that he imagined that the world could not get on without him, but that he saw so much to be done, and so few willing to do the work, that he took more than his share upon himself. He was content to work at the underpinnings of great interests, sure that, if these were well laid, the superstructures would be safe. This characterized his later as well as earlier efforts; for when, in subsequent years, he transferred himself to a field in which less had been accomplished than in Massachusetts, he was still content to begin at

the beginning, and made new and deeper explorations into the kingdom of ignorance than any he had before been led to make.

In Massachusetts the common-school system had degenerated in practice from the original theoretic view of the early Pilgrim Fathers. Common and equal opportunities of education for all was the primitive idea of those men who had been so signally made to feel how unequally human rights were shared. The opportunities, unparalleled in the world's history, which the establishment of the Federal Union had opened to all classes of men to obtain wealth, had caused this idea to be nearly lost sight of; and the common schools had been allowed to degenerate into neglected schools for the poorer classes only, instead of becoming nurseries of democratic instruction for all classes. For, as wealthier and better educated citizens turned away from them, the best talent and education were not secured to carry them on.

The word "classes" is not a good democratic word. Under our institutions, there should be but two,—the educated and the ignorant; and the latter should be an ever-decreasing one, gradually merging into the other. Mr. Mann's wish was to restore the good old custom of having the rich and the poor educated together; and for that end he desired to make the public schools as good as schools could be made, so that the rich and the poor might not be coincident with the educated and the ignorant. As long as poverty necessitates ignorance, society will always be divided on a wrong principle. Poverty may in itself be honorable; and it is a well-observed fact, that out of its ranks have risen the most distinguished Americans. The self-reliance and self-denial consequent upon limited means is one of the finest elements of education. Education is the best security for that competence which holds the golden mean between riches and poverty, affording time and opportunity for cultivation of all the powers, while it does not preclude the necessity of industry and exertion. For the temporal and spiritual advancement of society, Mr. Mann felt that the vocation of educator was the highest possible one in a republic. He

approached it with the deepest awe and a sense of the highest responsibility, gladly relinquishing senatorial honors and wealth for its arduous but interesting duties.

Very exhausting labors had preceded his acceptance of the office of Secretary of the Board of Education. He had found the practice of the law very onerous; for he regarded the legal profession as one by whose conscientious practice a man wields great power for truth and justice. But he was unable to leave it for more congenial pursuits until he had discharged certain obligations. When he assumed the office, he was wholly free from debts thus incurred, but nearly penniless; and had passed three years of his sad lonely life in his law-office, without even the solace of a borrowed domestic life such as can be found in a boarding-house.

Most of his friends, who thought wealth, the position which it insures, and the prospects of political advancement that lay fairly before him, the most desirable objects of life, considered him foolish and visionary in making the change from a lucrative profession. A few, who knew the spirit he was of, rejoiced in his decision, although his present aim promised no worldly honors.

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong was born in the Hawaiian Islands in 1839 and died in Hampton, Va., in 1893. He earned much distinction in the Civil War, during which he became a general, but his lasting title to fame and a place as an "Ideal of American History," is in his work as Principal of the Hampton Institute for Negroes and Indians, to which he devoted the larger part of his life, and thought, and strength.

IF Lincoln stood for emancipation of the negro's body, no less did Armstrong stand for the emancipation of his mind. The former represented the conduct of the war; the latter, its tremendous issues. The life of a free people is centred not so much in its political as in its educational organs. The death of a great popular edu-

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. LXXIII. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

cator in the midst of his work is an exceedingly critical event. It would seem, therefore, that in their failure to support such a God-given leader the American people may have inflicted upon themselves a grievous blow; nor can a nation more than an individual expect that Providence or good luck will mend such mistakes. As for Armstrong himself, it is not wonderful that, seeing the fortunes amassed by many of his countrymen, and the relative pittance doled out to meet the moral and educational necessities of the nation, he was carried away by a scorn of what he called hoarding, and that when he received a personal gift he flung it into the treasury of the institution. His death was, to the minds of some, a martyrdom; others criticised the struggle that led to it as a rash expenditure of power. If there be truth in the latter view, it becomes us to be gentle in our judgment. Probably he could not help it. Every man has his necessities, some noble, some ignoble. A certain excess was perhaps a necessity of his profoundly impassioned nature. When he took the cup of sacrifice, he could but drink deep of it, and he was satisfied.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

BY

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States, was born in Virginia in 1784 and died in Washington in 1850. He spent his early years on his father's plantation; then entered the army, where he won great distinction for his heroic defence of Fort Harrison against Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief. His career in the army was marked with great and uniform success. In the Black Hawk War, in the war against the Seminoles in Florida, and in the war with Mexico, he achieved splendid victories and became one of the most popular men of his day and generation, earning for himself the title of "Old Rough and Ready."

In 1849 he was elected President of the United States, but he only occupied that position for a little more than a year.

From "Thirty Years' View; or, A History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years. From 1820 to 1850. By a Senator of Thirty years." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HE was the first President elected upon a reputation purely military. He had been in the regular army from early youth. Far from having ever exercised civil office, he had never even voted at an election, and was a major-general in the service, at the time of his election.

Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, were his titles to popular favor—backed by irreproachable private character, undoubted patriotism, and established reputation for judgment and firmness. His brief career showed no deficiency of political wisdom for want of previous political training. He came into the administration at a time of great difficulty, and acted up to the emergency of his position.

The slavery agitation was raging; the Southern manifesto had been issued: California, New Mexico, Utah, were without governments: a Southern Congress was in process of being called, the very name of which implied disunion: a Southern convention was actually called, and met, to consult upon disunion. He met the whole crisis firmly, determined to do what was right among all the States, and to maintain the federal Union at all hazards. His first, and only annual message, marked out his course.

The admission of California as a State was recommended by him, and would avoid all questions about slavery. Leaving Utah and New Mexico to ripen into State governments, and then decide the question for themselves, also avoided the question in those Territories where slavery was then extinct under the laws of the country from which they came to the United States. Texas had an unsettled boundary on the side of New Mexico.

President Taylor considered that question to be one between the United States and New Mexico, and not between New Mexico and Texas; and to be settled by the United States in some legal and amicable way—as, by compact, by mutual legislation, or judicial decision.

Some ardent spirits in Texas proposed to take possession of one half of New Mexico, in virtue of a naked pretension to it, founded in their own laws and constitution. President Taylor would have resisted that pretension, and

protected New Mexico in its ancient actual possessions until the question of boundary should have been settled in a legal way. His death was a public calamity.

No man could have been more devoted to the Union or more opposed to the slavery agitation; and his position as a Southern man, and a slave-holder—his military reputation, and his election by a majority of the people and of the States—would have given him a power in the settlement of these questions which no President without these qualifications could have possessed.

In the political division he classed with the whig party, but his administration, as far as it went, was applauded by the democracy, and promised to be so to the end of his official term. Dying at the head of the government, a national lamentation bewailed his departure from life and power, and embalmed his memory in the affections of his country.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

Winfield Scott was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1776 and died at West Point in 1866. He became a lawyer, but soon gave up the legal profession for the military. He was lieutenant-colonel in the War of 1812, and at the battle of Queenstown he and his whole army were captured, for which, however, he gained signal revenge by the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. At the close of the war he received high honors from Congress. He took an active and vigorous part in the Mexican War, being Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, conducting it personally from the capture of Vera Cruz to that of the City of Mexico.

SCOTT was covered with glory. Many people would have had him President at the next election, but the Whig party was not powerful then, and Franklin Pierce, the Democrat, received the larger vote. He had already been honored and promoted to the highest degree, so now a new office, that of lieutenant-general, was created and bestowed upon him, and limited to last no longer than his life.

From "One Hundred Famous Americans." Copyright by D. McKay, Philadelphia. By permission.

But Scott was a peacemaker as well as a soldier. Four times he made peace upon the United States borders, and when his native State and many of his old friends and comrades were doing all in their power to bring on the Civil War, he threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of maintaining the Union. He saw that Washington was well garrisoned and Lincoln was protected on his going to the city for his inauguration; but when the war opened, he asked to be placed on the retired list, for he was now seventy-five years old.

He left the service with full pay, and as the most honored soldier in the country, though valiant in battle, was a lover of peace, though bold as a lion in the fray, was yet a gentleman to his enemies and as tender as a father of his men. In war, he would never lead a reckless charge and put a single man uselessly in danger. He called that murder. He always shared the hardships of his men, and set them the example of being unselfish as well as daring. Yet he was very severe in army discipline. He had learned, himself, that a good soldier must be careful, obedient, and unflinching, and he required that all his men should be true to their calling.

No man who ever did a mean thing to General Scott found him returning the evil. He was open-hearted, forgiving, frank, and manly with all. Beside his high moral virtues he was a religious man and an earnest advocate of temperance.

After his retirement, feeling that his long life of hard work was now over, he started for Europe to seek rest and change. But he had scarcely landed when the news reached him of the boarding of the British vessel Trent by the officers of the American war-vessel San Jacinto and the capture of the Confederate messengers, Mason and Slidell. This affair seemed likely to bring on another war with England; so General Scott returned at once to America, to be here in case his counsel or service should be needed. Fortunately the wise management of Secretary Seward checked the anger of England, and the "affair of the Trent," as it is called, had no bad results.

OLIVER H. PERRY.

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

Oliver Hazard Perry was born in Rhode Island in 1785 and died in Trinidad in 1819. For his distinguished services, of which a brief account is given below, Congress gave him a gold medal and promotion. In the short thirty-four years of his life, he probably did as much for his country as any one of her naval and military heroes.

WAR was declared against Great Britain June 18, 1812, and although the news reached Perry soon after his wedding-day, he hastened to Washington and asked for a place in the navy. He was promised the first one that could be prepared for an officer of his rank. Our navy was then in a very good condition; we had a number of new vessels and a valiant corps of marines. Perry was soon put in command of a flotilla to defend Newport. His rank was now master commandant, a good post; but, there was little to be done here, and Perry was very anxious to be in the thickest of the fight. So, in the next February, he was ordered to Lake Erie to build two brigs and take command of a fleet to engage the British vessels already on the lake.

Before his vessels were ready he was invited to assist Commodore Chauncey in making an attack on Fort George. His little boat arrived at the commodore's ship just before the battle. He struck in at once, and, seeing that the order of the battle had been very poorly planned, his great desire was to fill up the gaps. He seemed to be everywhere just when needed, in fighting, in directing attacks, and in inspiring the men. The British were successfully driven out, and in the pride of his victory, Commodore Chauncey did not hesitate to say that it was largely Perry's work that had won the day.

Before long the new squadron was finished and equipped, and lay, ready for action, in Put-in Bay. Soon the expected enemy was sighted near the town of Sandusky. There were six vessels with a fighting force of

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over sixty guns and five hundred men. Perry with his nine vessels had about the same number of men, but only fifty-four guns, whose range was much shorter than the British cannon. When they met, this gave the English the advantage for awhile, and Perry's flag-ship was badly damaged. He was obliged to leave it, and in the thick of the fight, with smoke of powder filling the air, and shots flying all about him, he took an open boat to the Niagara, half a mile away. Then, with all the smaller vessels close together, he bore down upon the British, opening a fire that in seven minutes compelled the surrender of their flag-ship, which was quickly followed by three more. The other two tried to run away, but were overtaken and captured in a little over an hour. This closed the battle of Lake Erie, for which the 10th of September, 1813, will always be a memorable date in American history. It was a brilliant victory. That three hours of fighting cleared the Northwest of a powerful branch of the enemy's forces. As soon as the conflict was decided, Perry seized a scrap of paper, and, resting it on his hat, wrote to headquarters: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

This victory was of great importance; it gave the Americans complete control of the lakes and was the chief step toward closing the war in the West. Congress was delighted with the conquest. Perry and Elliot, one of his officers, were rewarded with gold medals, while other honors were bestowed upon some of the lesser officers who had shown specially gallant conduct.

After the British were driven out of the West, and the war in that section drew to a close, Perry was given another command in the South, upon the Java, a new frigate just finished at Baltimore. But this was shut up in the bay by a British squadron, which finally began to ascend the Potomac. Perry was instantly called to take charge of a fort and fire upon them as they passed. But they had a good place and kept it, hemming in the Java, while her commander employed his time fitting out other ships, until the war was over.

In the Algeria trouble, which had to be settled as soon

OUR BLUE-JACKETS.

"The dark-blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's breast,
Bears more of real honor than the star and ermine vest."

Eliza Cook

as the treaty with England was signed, Perry, in the Java, followed Decatur to the Mediterranean, where he helped the gallant hero of the Tripolitan War to force the rest of the Barbary pirates to promise to let American ships alone without being paid for it.

Among the many deeds of Perry's noble-heartedness and courage, there is one that occurred after his return from the Mediterranean, which filled his countrymen with greater admiration than even the victory of Lake Erie. There he had his country's freedom and his own glory to spur him on. But this deed was only in answer to a call of duty, which many men would never have heard. His vessel lay in Newport Harbor, in the winter of 1818. One bitterly cold night, during a fearful storm, word was brought that a merchant vessel had been driven on a reef, six miles away. As soon as Perry heard it, he called out to his men to man his barge, and, in that inspiring voice which had so often cheered the battle ranks when hope was wavering, rang out the shout, "Come, my boys, we are going to the relief of shipwrecked seamen; pull away!" Out in the face of the bitter storm and over the surging sea they went. They made toward the reef, and found a quarter-deck of the wreck floating upon the angry waves, with eleven half-dead men clinging to her timbers. The poor fellows were rescued and taken back to care, to comfort, and to life.

The pirates of the Barbary States were not the only robbers that harassed American ships. There was a swarm of them in the West India seas that annoyed and even injured our commerce very seriously, and in the spring Perry was put in command of a squadron and ordered to whip the troublesome thieves, and then go to the Caribbean Sea and pay the respects of this nation to the new republics along the coast. He reached the South, but had only been there a short time, and had not yet fulfilled his commission before he died of the yellow fever, which was then spreading through his squadron.

DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

BY

JAMES BARNES.

David G. Farragut was born in Tennessee in 1801. He was the son of a Spaniard who came here in 1776 and fought in the Revolutionary War. Entering the navy while yet a boy, he was with David Porter in the Essex in the War of 1812. In the Civil War he was in command of the fleet which captured New Orleans, but was not successful in his attempt to take Vicksburg. He commanded the whole fleet in the battle of Mobile Bay in 1864, and having attained to the rank of admiral, he died full of honors from a grateful country in 1870.

PERHAPS no man who ever achieved signal success in some special walk of life was better fitted for it, either by inclination or by training, than David Glasgow Farragut, first admiral of the United States Navy, was fitted for the art of naval warfare. His preparatory training for his profession consisted, not of a several years' course of scientific study at the Naval Academy,—for there was no naval academy in his day,—but of hard service both in the routine of peace, and the work of war.

He was an officer in the naval service of his government at an age when most boys are still at their mothers' apron-strings or scribbling on their slates at school. His book education (if such it may be called) at that period was the little practical learning that his friend and guardian, Lieutenant Porter, found time to teach him, and to have him taught by others.

While a boy of twelve, Farragut was recommended for bravery in action, and, subsequently, with reason, though with seeming injustice, denied the only reward then possible,—promotion,—on the ground that he was too young for the untried responsibility. Manliness even then was the keynote of his character. He was always a man, in the finest and noblest sense of the word. . . .

He who reads Farragut's letters and diaries knows

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the man, his character, and much of his history. There is not a story of the Civil War which does not devote some of its most important chapters to Admiral Farragut's achievements. . . .

When everything was reduced to his satisfaction and placed in good order, Farragut returned to Pensacola, and he sailed thence for the North on November 30, 1864. Great were the honors offered him. Presents and tokens of esteem were showered upon him, but he received them all with the quiet dignity of a great and simple mind. A man brave in spirit, possessing a religious sentiment, and, above all, a sense of humor, can never have his head turned by anything that may happen him on earth.

He saw no further active service during the war. On July 26, 1866, Congress created the grade of admiral, and conferred the office on Farragut with the applause of the nation.

In company with his wife, in June, 1867, he made a cruise in the frigate *Franklin* in European waters.

It was forty years since he had seen the shores of Europe. Then he was a midshipman; now he bore the highest rank that his country could confer upon him. Everywhere he was fêted, toasted, and generously greeted. Crowned heads and great people were anxious to meet him. The journal he kept during this cruise is so interesting that it could be read with profit by any one interested in the man.

No American before or since has been paid such honors. And with what delight do we turn to his own comments on these affairs! His humble belief in his God, his simple faith, and his sturdy republicanism made him proof against any temptations to indulge in self-praise or to show by word or deed that all this adulation had changed his character. Nothing had changed it. The truly great are the really simple; and, whether Farragut was talking with a king or a cartographer, his manners were the same. He was the admiral, the officer, the American gentleman, interested, courteous, and self-assured, no matter in what surroundings.

After a very fine voyage, with good weather and favor-

ing winds, the *Franklin* put into the harbor of Cherbourg on the evening of July 14. Under the date of the 21st of the month the Admiral makes the following entry in his journal:—

"Went to Paris with Mrs. Farragut, and let the officers go as they wished to see the Exposition. . . . Called upon by nearly all the Americans in Paris. We visited the Exposition daily during our stay. I did not see half of the departments,"—and here the sailor crops out; for he adds most pertinently, "saw pretty much all the boats and guns, however," then continuing: "Vice-Admiral Halstead was exhibiting a new system of ironclad with upper decks and tripod masts,—upper works for comfort of the crew. I do not think an ironclad can be so constructed as to float easily with all the appurtenances for sail and steam, and the additional superstructure of decks, having at the same time armor thick enough to resist 15 or 20 inch shot."

What would the admiral have said to the armored belt, the great barbette and turret plating of to-day, to military masts and fighting tops and all of it? It is a strange thing how the old sailors of the days of heave and haul stuck by their wooden ships. They hated to see them go. Farragut had often said, "I am not afraid of the ironclads"; and off Mobile on June 21, 1864, while expecting the fleet of Admiral Buchanan to come out and give battle, he wrote thus: "The question has to be settled, iron *versus* wood; and there never was a better chance to settle the sea-going qualities of ironclad ships. We are ready to-day to try anything that comes along, be it wood or iron, in reasonable quantities." Everywhere he went in Europe he closely observed everything that had had to do with his craft and calling, but especially did he make note of the transition then going on in naval architecture. The unending struggle between armor and armament had begun.

On July 26 the admiral made the following entry in his journal:—

"Heard that the empress was coming to Cherbourg in her yacht. I hastened down to Cherbourg, exchanged

notes with Admiral Reynaud, and promised to participate in the honors to her Majesty.

"At ten o'clock P.M. received an invitation to dine with the emperor in Paris."

So the admiral left Captains Pennock and LeRoy to do the honors, should the beautiful but capricious lady put in an appearance; and he was off again for Paris. That evening, in company with the American minister, General Dix, he appeared at the Tuileries; but let Farragut tell the story of his first informal meeting with royalty,—the emperor Napoleon III.:—

"On entering [he writes] I was met by his Majesty, who shook hands and welcomed me to France. General Dix was placed on the right and I on the left of the emperor, the ministers of foreign affairs and marine in front. The others, ten in number, I did not know." They talked of ships and naval inventions; and the admiral's only comment, after recording the substance of some of the talk, was: "He led the conversation in everything, and talked freely on subjects that he felt an interest in."

And so it was through his entire cruise in foreign waters. Everywhere did he create the same impression of force and character: everywhere Americans could look upon him with pride. He dined with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, he reviewed the Russian fleet with honors only accorded to visiting royalty, he dined with the king of Sweden, Charles XV.; and in return for all these civilities he gave numerous receptions on board the flagship. In fact, the admiral, during this visit, spent his whole income for the time in entertaining; not for himself, he felt, but for the honor of his country. Of his dining with the King of Denmark, and his son George, King of Greece, the admiral writes, "The king was pleased to drink the prosperity of my country and my own individuality." There was one little incident that must have appealed to him greatly, and one that shows how kindly must have been the feeling of Russia to the Union during the war. In the signal orders of the Russian navy this sentence occurs: "Let us remember the

glorious examples of Farragut and his followers at New Orleans and Mobile."

In England he was no less welcome. Every facility for visiting shipyards and proving-grounds was given him. The Lords of the Admiralty could not do enough for him. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh became really his friends; and with the queen he held a delightful and most informal interview.

Leaving England, he went with his fleet to the Mediterranean. Everywhere it was the same story,—fêtes, receptions, and a royal welcome. From Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, and from Constantinople back again, the *Franklin* and the American fleet, officers and men, were guests of honor. Farragut visited his father's birthplace, the island of Minorca; and he might have been a prince returning to his own. But all this left no impression upon him except as evidences of good will to him and his country; and the hero of Mobile—"the sea king of the sovereign West," as Holmes calls him—returned as simple and unspoiled as he had left.

The *Franklin* arrived in New York on the 10th of November, 1868. The following summer the admiral made a visit to the Pacific Coast with his wife. While on his return East, he was taken ill with heart disease, and was delayed in Chicago by a severe illness, but managed to reach home.

The navy department placed the steamer *Tallapoosa* at his disposal, and with his family he was conveyed to Portsmouth, N. H. He knew he was near his end; and, as he reached the harbor and listened to the sound of the salute of honor, he looked up at the blue flag flying from the masthead. "It would be well," said he, "if I died now in harness."

The sloop-of-war *Dale* was then lying dismantled in the Portsmouth Navy Yard. One day the old admiral wandered aboard. The quartermaster in charge of the vessel was an old sailor; and, noticing that the admiral's step was faltering, he assisted him. As Farragut went over the side and the sailor saluted him, the great admiral turned and looked back through the gangway.

"This is the last time," he remarked with a sad expression on his face, "that I shall ever tread the deck of a man-of-war." It was a true foreboding. He died at the house of Rear-Admiral Pennock, the commander of the navy yard, on the 14th of August, 1870, at the age of sixty-nine.

Great is the love and veneration in which the country must ever hold his name. Those who have seen the statue of him in Madison Square, in New York, can realize what the presence of the man in the full zenith of his power must have been.

His simplicity, his words, and his spirit animated, beyond all doubt, the heart of America's living naval hero, the man who had served with him and had seen him fight,—George Dewey. The noblest tribute that can be paid to the great deeds of the living is to compare them to the great deeds of the dead. To say truly of any naval officer, "He is like Farragut," is the highest praise our lips can speak to-day.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

BY

A. S. Draper, LL. D.

Ulysses S. Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States, was born in Ohio in 1822 and died in 1885. His real name was Hiram Ulysses, but by mistake he was described as above when he entered West Point. He served in the Mexican War, and afterwards returned to work with his father, who was a tanner. When the Civil War began he was made captain of volunteers and rose through successive stages by his bravery and the qualities described in the following article, until the war was ended by him, to the highest position in the army.

Twice afterwards he was elected President of the United States, and after retiring he spent many of his later years in travelling around the world. What he did for his country all the world knows. What manner of man he was, is ably set forth in this appreciation.

ON the bluff overlooking the old town of Galena, in the very northwestern corner of Illinois, stands a small and very ordinary brick house. Nothing distinguishes it from other houses that are common in

the neighborhood. While this house, in that place, in 1860, was doubtless a comfortable habitation, yet the unpainted front, the small panes in the windows, the wooden steps, the little front door, and the narrow hall with the steep stairs coming down to the entrance, tell us plainly that it was not above the common run and that the people who then lived in it must have been either in trying circumstances or exceedingly unpretentious.

In the summer of 1860 a man, wife, and four children—three boys and a girl, the oldest eleven years of age—became tenants of this house. The man was thirty-eight years of age. He had been born in Ohio of very intelligent and well-to-do, but not conspicuous, parents. In his boyhood his father operated a tannery and owned a farm. The lad detested the tannery, did not like manual work anyway, but had to do it and preferred that upon the farm, and particularly that in which horses were used. He went to school but little. In one way and another he managed to travel about more and gained wider general knowledge than any other boy in town. At seventeen his father procured him an appointment to West Point. He did not want to go, but his father provided the necessary resolution. He showed but little interest in strictly military affairs. His study of the tactics was not enthusiastic and the drill seemed a nuisance. When made a sergeant, the seventeenth, and there were only eighteen in the battalion, he did so poorly that they lost little time in making him a private again. But his sound character, his readiness in mathematics, and his superior horsemanship saved him, and in 1843 he graduated number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine.

Stationed at Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, as a brevet second lieutenant of the 4th Infantry, he employed the time he could get away from the routine of the post in cultivating the acquaintance of a worthy young woman, whose family was of considerable prominence and lived comfortably five miles out of town. He had been so assiduous about this that when he was ordered away to the war in Mexico she promised to become his wife.

He thought the war with Mexico was unholy, but he followed the flag and gained some distinction as a strategist and a straight hard fighter. The war over, he married and then served with the troops upon the Pacific coast until 1854. The army in time of peace had no attractions for him, certainly none which compensated for isolation from his wife and children. He became a captain, but the pay of that rank would not support his family on the other side of the mountains and the enforced separation became wholly intolerable. He resigned his commission and came home. The reasons for resigning and the manner of his life for the next six years have been called in question by some writers. There is no reason for it. The impulses which led to his retirement from the army were in his nature and they are worthy of commendation. Aside from that, he was not in strong health: he inherited some tendencies to consumption. He has told us of his reasons for leaving the army and of his manner of life in the years which followed. His word removes uncertainty. He engaged in unimportant, natural, honorable enterprises which he hoped would enable him to live with and support his family. His undertakings did not succeed and he went to Galena to share in the leather trade with his father and brothers.

Old residents of Galena say he made but little impression upon the town. He was quiet, unobtrusive, serious. Once or twice he was asked to look after the procession at a local celebration, and did it noiselessly and well. Beyond this he was unknown and little seen except in the store and on his coming and going between that and the house on the hill. On these walks he was frequently accompanied by some of his children, and at times had a basket on his arm, for he did the family marketing and then carried the meats and vegetables himself, according to the custom of the time and the place.

The woman of the family was substantial, educated above the average woman of the time, a good mother and a genuine housewife. The children were like other chil-

dren. The family life moved forward in the ordinary way. We can readily believe that there was much to discourage, for there was nothing to foreshadow future prominence. But we know that the family was happy, for it was bound together by a love which could endure stress and storm.

On the bluff overlooking the Hudson and the Palisades, in the upper part of the city of New York, upon ground at once picturesque and historic, hard by one of the very first of American universities, stands a magnificent mausoleum. It compares favorably with any structure in the great city, or indeed in the land. The tombs of Britain's great men at Westminster, of Napoleon in the heart of Paris, of the Hohenzollern kings at Potsdam, of Washington at Mount Vernon, of Lincoln at Springfield, are not more magnificent, more dignified, more impressive. It is a voluntary testimonial to a great national character. The states contended with each other for the honor of providing it; but the people established it without invoking any governmental function. In the crypt under the great dome stand, side by side, a noble pair of granite coffins. One holds all that was mortal of the father at Galena, and the other, by his special stipulation, has since received the body of the mother. Over all, in heroic letters, is the name of "GRANT."

Between the modest home at Galena and the great mausoleum at Morningside Heights there developed a unique career of universal human interest. It extended through a period of twenty-five years. It was a decisive factor in making the course of history in America. It will never cease to influence the thought and the life of the world.

We can not here trace all the lines or fill in all the details of that marvellous career. The picture is a completed one and our countrymen are familiar with it. The present purpose is to point out the qualities which, when the opportunity came, led that career to move out of obscurity, to increase steadily in volume and in power, and to push through the gravest obstacles and the severest criticism to the very pinnacle of world fame with

such apparent ease and such clockwork naturalness as to surprise mankind.

There is no need to idealize the character of General Grant: in its humanity and its reality it appeals to the world. His name and his fame became great because of the things he did. But what he did was not by chance. It came of qualities which were inherent in his character. Those qualities were sharpened by training and seasoned by hard experience, it is true. But they were peculiarly his own, and they were so independent and so unexpected, were expressed in ways so unlike those commonly associated with conspicuous military achievement, and were so invariably successful, that the character which embodied them speedily advanced to first place in the esteem of his countrymen and the thought of mankind.

The conditions which were to require him, to find him, and to make him very great through service to his country, had not arisen when he went to make his home in the Illinois town. They came in the following year. When they came he was the first to recognize them. He began military operations at once. He organized a company, but rejected the proffer of its command. He offered his service to the government and expressed some confidence in his ability to command a regiment. His overture was overlooked. That did not turn him back. He went to the capitol of Illinois and engaged in military work. Something has been said about his return to the army being accidental; about the possibility of his being out of the Civil War altogether. He recognized no such accident or possibility. Circumstances of time or place or rank were uncertain. He had some feeling about what he could best do or about what might belong to him by reason of previous service. He was ready to pocket it if need be, but not unless it need be. He has told us that not for a moment did he doubt of being in the army through the war; that in war one does not have to ask leave of anybody to fight for his country. As a fact he was in the service from the very beginning. In a few weeks he was commanding a regiment, and in a few months an army.

First and above all the character of Grant was sincere. In military affairs his judgment was entirely confident and almost unerring; in business matters it might slip; but it was always sincere and just, always natural and genuine, always modest and steadfast.

The world had associated glittering show and spectacular effect with military genius. He hated them. He wore nothing in the way of a uniform beyond the requirements of the regulations. His dress in active service conformed to the rough conditions. It hardly seemed to be a uniform. There was little or nothing about it to evidence his rank. In his eating and sleeping he accepted the lot of the ordinary soldier. In his work he could outlast them all. He loved a good horse. He never exhibited himself on horseback. There was no riding along the lines before the onset, no cavorting on parade. There was no parade unless for discipline. But he could ride through wind and storm, mud and slush, days and nights together, sick or well, to accomplish military ends. No reality ever did or ever will appeal to the American heart more than that of the commanding general, upon a good horse, in the Wilderness, in the pelting rain and sleet, in the now historic blue overcoat of the common soldier, with the wounded and fluttering life of the nation in his keeping, yet as calm as a summer morning, as precise as clockwork, as confident as fate, as grim as death itself.

The first years of the Civil War, at the fields of military interest in the East, were marked by dress and parade, by marching and countermarching, by the pomp of officers, the multiplicity of orders, the ready assurances of early and overwhelming victories. But not much ground was gained. Commanders lacked aggressiveness or feared failure, and when the sentiment of the country forced a movement the slaughter was appalling, and without compensating results. The gloom was deep and the feeling ominous.

In these conditions an obscure man, without bluster, had worked his way up to an opportunity in the West. He got poor encouragement from his superiors; jealousies assailed and intrigue encompassed him, but he seized

the opportunity all the same. He drove the enemy out of Fort Henry, took possession, and moved at once upon Fort Donaldson. He had perhaps fifteen thousand men: there were twenty-one thousand defending the fort. He invited battle upon an open field, without avail. He made ready for the assault by land and water. Just as the advance was ordered he received a note from the Confederate commander—his old comrade at West Point and in the Mexican War—asking for delay, and the appointment of commissioners to arrange capitulation. Any other man would have accepted the overture with joy. He thought *one* could settle the terms easier than two, and better without commissioners than with them, and replied, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." The surrender came instantly and upon his terms. A portion of the garrison had escaped in the night, but sixteen thousand men marched out, stacked arms, ate his rations, and were sent to the North as prisoners of war. The man who had done it said nothing beyond his official reports, and they were the briefest possible statements of facts, devoid of self-laudation, free from gush and speculation, but filled with the confidence and outlook of one who could accomplish things even upon the dread field of an overwhelming fratricidal war.

The surprise of the country was only exceeded by its joy. Could it really be that a man had done something of consequence, and without talking about it? How the great heart of the nation throbbed at the news of a substantial and unclouded victory! And how the people stood amazed at the silence and the modesty of the victor! What an official babel there must have been when a man became conspicuous by his very silence! But there were other officers and older generals in the service who had not planned all this. There was enough of official consternation and shameful self-love in high military places to remove the man from command; but the voice of the people soon put him beyond danger from such things. The nation gave him its admiration and its confidence.

His brief reply to Buckner became the slogan of the Union cause in the camps, and at the battle front of the armies, and in the homes and upon the hustings of the people. Could the man sustain all this? Had he the qualities which could stand such prosperity? Steadiness and quiet, with Shiloh, and then Vicksburg with its thirty thousand prisoners of war, soon gave the answer. After Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge he was accepted as the coming general-in-chief of all the armies. Congressional thanks, and medals, and presentation swords, and promotions, came speedily. A special rank was created for him, and before long he was moved to the centre of the fearful carnage in the East and made commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Union. He had himself become greater and stronger through the two years of wondrous doing. The armies and the people had been educated also. Steadily, silently, confidently, he moved on to the mighty climax, leading greater armies, exercising larger powers, assuming weightier responsibilities, forcing heavier battles, winning yet grander victories. Spottsylvania, Five Forks, the Wilderness, Petersburg, Appomattox—these brief words tell the fearful and the wondrous story.

It is certainly an inspiration to see an obscure man, in a brief period and without favoring circumstances, recognized as the foremost military commander produced by the world in a long cycle of time. Other qualities than sincerity were necessary to make this possible. What were they?

He proved to be a great organizer. The objective point in his military organization was the highest efficiency of the individual soldier. The soldiers of his legion were citizens and freemen. He knew the value of patriotic devotion and of free and safe individual initiative in the ranks; he understood the methods which would produce such efficiency as could be secured from mercenaries, and what other treatment would gain that higher efficiency which marks the co-operative work of heroic and conscientious freemen. In his own character he combined the spirit of the patriotic citizen with the ways of the

trained and experienced officer of the regular army. Commander and men were fighting together, not for pay, not for conquest, not for a soldier's fame, but for the freedom of the oppressed, for the life of the Republic, for the rehabilitation and the continuance of democratic government in the world. His military discipline recognized and reckoned with this great fact. Freedom of opportunity and adequate support, forceful and trustworthy leadership with the least of offensive control would enable such men to swing the sword of the nation to the overthrow of its enemies, and then bind up the wounds and bring together the parts for the yet greater unfolding of its unparalleled career.

The supply and medical departments of his armies had first and best care. He knew the need of rations and the worth of shoes. The law of the camp and the march made for whatever comfort could be obtained, for freedom of action, for self-control, for enthusiasm, for elasticity, and for fighting power. His sense of justice was clear and balanced, quick and stern. He never spoke in sepulchral tones to make himself impressive. He was never known to be excited and never heard to use an oath. He tolerated no nonsense: he accepted no lame excuses: he regarded no rank. He would remove a division commander in the front of the battle line if the facts seemed to require it: he would do it with real and manifest regret, but he would not hesitate about it. If in time he found he had made a mistake or gone too far, he would have genuine satisfaction in making the best amends he could in the presence of the army, or before the country. He acted upon small matters and large matters with equal readiness. He dealt with every problem presented: he decided at once: his ways were modest and quiet: his words were few, but every one counted: when he had spoken the thing seemed to be settled. He was serious but he did not trouble himself about results. He knew his ground and he knew his men. There might be an immaterial slip here and there, but the general results were the ones he wanted. The armies solidified: they grew in strength and waxed in spirit: they gained veteran form. Led by

such a citizen and such a soldier, the Union Army of citizen soldiers became the most intelligent and the most scientific, the most extended, the freest, and yet the most homogeneous and effective fighting machine in all history.

Grant proved to be a strategist. He knew personally or he knew all about the leading men to whom he was opposed, and reasoned with much accuracy as to the course they would take. He studied the field and saw where the vantage ground would be. He seemed able to see from the beginning to the end of a campaign, and events happened as he expected. He seldom got into a tight place. If he was surprised, no one knew it. He moved his forces with celerity and in ways which misled and harassed the enemy and ensured the results he had planned.

But if he was a strategist by intuition, the quality was not the factor he depended on most to gain his triumphs. His battles were won by straight, hard fighting. He took the initiative and forced the issue. He gave his enemy no rest. He never seemed to care about what his enemy might do, and always reasoned that the fellows on the other side were as tired and certainly as scared as he was himself. No one will ever know how he would have conducted a defensive campaign. He was fitted by nature to lead offensive campaigns. He did not rest when a campaign was won. Before one end was gained he had started towards another. His self-confidence was and is startling. In the Vicksburg campaign he called in the division commanders and asked their opinions. He did not agree with them and he disregarded their conclusions, and says in his "Memoirs" that that was as near as he ever came to a council of war. He was quite accustomed to close his brief report of a battle won by saying what would be done next and at once. This trait appeared early and remained to the close of his military activity. Nothing appalled him. In the midst of awful events, when the intricacies of the situation were paralyzing and the commotion distracting, when tens of thousands of lives and the fate of the nation seemed to depend upon what he did, he wrote his orders and re-

GETTYSBURG FROM CEMETERY RIDGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Monuments to the Immortal Dead."

ports with readiness, clearness, and confidence most amazing.

Hear anew his words to the War Department in the darkest hour of the Wilderness campaign: "We have ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result up to this time is very much in our favor. But our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. We have lost to this time eleven general officers killed, wounded, and missing, and probably twenty thousand men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. I am now sending back all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition, and *propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*"

He set at naught the science of warfare laid down in the books. He was criticised for it. He hunted and haunted the enemy. He sought battle on terms equal or unequal. Again and again he hurled the legions of the Union against a brave, and alert, and desperate foe. The slaughter was heartrending. At home, a thousand miles from danger, the weaklings quailed and the poltroons called him a butcher. Nothing could be more outrageous. There was not a coarse or a gross thing in his character. No man was ever moved by a spirit more gentle, or directed by feelings more tender. He hated war. He realized his responsibility and knew for what he stood. He felt that the lives of his armies, and to an extent the lives of his enemies, were in his hands. He was an economist in human life, and a conservator of human sorrow. He knew that the quicker the order, the heavier the onset, the hotter the pursuit, the sooner would the bright sun of peace break through the awful clouds, and shed its light over a Republic which had proved its right to live.

The inside character of Grant is revealed in the close of the war even clearer than in its conduct. He had taken for the guide of his personal conduct the motto, "Treat your friend so that if he becomes your enemy he can do you no harm, and treat your enemy so that he may become your friend without humiliation." He acted upon it in all the events of his military career. It barred familiarities

on the one side and left no room for jealousies on the other. No one ever doubted his independence: no one ever dreamed of coercing him. But the commanders of armies, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson, and a host of others great in our history, forgot that their training had been broader and their experience greater than his, as they gave him their friendship and submitted to his clearer vision, his surer guidance, his more unerring lead. So it was in the momentous events which marked the very climax of his military career. When the glad hour of surrender came he yielded all that a chivalrous and generous soul could give. He did what he could to make peace real, and to have industry and prosperity follow in the footsteps of peace. But he knew his ground and stood to it. When an erratic President would disavow his parole of the insurgent armies and try their leaders for treason, he threatened to resign his place at the head of the army and espouse the cause of his former enemies. When Sherman made terms with Johnson, which mixed political with military matters, because upon the march to the sea he had been out of touch with the authorities for many weeks; when Stanton charged Sherman with treason, and the country was in an uproar, and the government ordered Grant to hasten to Sherman's headquarters, take command of his army and renew hostilities, the General-in-Chief slipped down into the Carolinas, set Sherman straight, told him how to fix the matter himself, and left before the army or the enemy knew of his presence. All that he said and all that he did in those days, so great in our history, was guided by generosity to his brothers in arms, by his keen sense of justice to all the world, and by the longing of his soul for a genuine and lasting peace.

Doubtless the fame of Ulysses S. Grant will for all time rest mainly upon his military achievements. Great as those achievements were, however, they are very far from constituting the sum of his service to the country. He was twice nominated to the presidency without a dissenting voice in the national convention, and twice elected by overwhelming popular majorities. History has not

yet done, but will in time do, his two terms in the presidency adequate justice. No executive ever stood for the dignity and integrity of the Union more steadfastly than he, or did it in more troublous times.

He followed a President who was not in sympathy with his party, or any party, whose erratic qualities had practically paralyzed the executive departments of the government for the four years following the four years of fearful war. Nothing had been done towards reconstructing governments in the insurrectionary states, nothing towards recovering the law where war had overthrown it, nothing towards settling the obligations entailed by the war and resuming the normal business standards and financial methods of peace, nothing towards resuming the relations of brotherhood and restoring a true Union, nothing towards adjusting the strained relations which the unusual incidents of the war had made with many foreign powers. There were scandals touching the federal service. The President may have been too confiding. He knew more of military men with their trained obedience to régime than of men accustomed to the ways of politics. On all sides the hatreds were deep, the controversies acrimonious, the outlook overcast and foreboding.

The man was in a new place, and military ways would no longer suffice. But the fundamental qualities of his character, his simplicity, and his genuineness, still served him. He held opinions and expressed them. He exercised the veto power freely. He sat at the head of the council table, every inch the President. After full opportunity for discussion, the quiet man at the head of the table exerted a decisive influence upon the result. There was new aggressiveness in the routine of administration. The star route thieves were punished. Irresponsible clans, which met new conditions and much provocation with unlawful and murderous methods, were hunted down. The moonshine distilleries were destroyed. The government mails and the government engineers began to go freely on their way. The feeling that there was a federal power strong enough to protect its officers

and agents in the performance of their work, and honest enough to punish those who abused its trust, began to abound in the land.

But this is far from being all. Reconstruction of the dismantled governments in the insurrectionary states went forward. There was great bitterness it is true. There were many mistakes undoubtedly. The conditions were unprecedented. It was the accepted belief that the control of the South could not at once be placed in the hands which had but just prostrated all government there. The present understandings were impossible then. The men through whom the administration had to act were frequently a hard lot. But reconstruction went forward all the same. Before the end of his second administration the Soldier President saw the legal and constitutional union of the states completely restored.

Happily the immaterial things in administration, the things which cause the most commotion because all can talk about them, are in time forgotten. The great things undertaken by a steady soul and a free hand remain and become greater. There were great things done by President Grant which will become yet greater in the light of history. He helped on popular education: the excellent scientific work of the government is largely traceable to his sympathetic feeling: he inaugurated a humane and rational treatment of the Indians: he was the first President to stand for reform in appointments, promotion on the basis of merit, and protection in the civil service. The fifteenth amendment, giving citizenship, regardless of color, the logical sequence of our political theories and of emancipation, became a part of the Constitution in his first term.

While legal rehabilitation was going forward, the outlines of a new Union were shaped and the spirit of the new Union was tempered by the sense and the sympathy of the President. The chief instrument of war became the main reliance of peace.

A concrete example, which may never have been in print, will illustrate. Just after General Grant became President, at the heyday of patriotic exultation, the

Republican members of the Senate determined in conference to erect in the city of Washington a more elaborate memorial of the triumph of the Union than had been dreamed of before. The intention was to represent all the forces of the Nation—the Congress, the regular and volunteer armies, the navy, the auxiliary organizations, and all the rest, which had combined to overthrow the Rebellion, in a costly and enduring group of statuary which should signify the fact to future generations. It was easily settled in the party caucus that the figure of General Grant should typify the regular army in this group. Then a committee was appointed to wait upon the President and ask his co-operation in the enterprise and his advice as to other figures which might be included. A member of the committee has since described the interview to me. The impatience of the President was scarcely concealed while the plan was being unfolded to him. As soon as it was laid bare he said with much feeling that the scheme was in his judgment a bad one, that he had no claim upon his countrymen beyond that of all other men and women who had done what they could, that the last things the nation needed were reminders of the war, that the people of the South were to enjoy Washington with the people of the North, that nothing should be erected in the streets of that city which would be disagreeable to any section or class of the people, and that the committee must be assured not only that the judgment of the President was opposed to their conception but that the official attitude of the President would be positively antagonistic to it. That ended the particular matter, but the incident illustrates qualities which were inherent in a great man.

Two great, conspicuous acts in national statesmanship will forever do honor to the sound judgment and testify of the personal courage of President Grant in civic administration. Each of these acts requires a book for adequate exploitation. They must be passed with a paragraph.

The first was the complete settlement of our troubles with Great Britain, growing out of the unsympathetic

attitude of many leaders of the party in power in English politics during our Civil War, and the consequent building (in English ports) of the Confederate cruisers, which in our sore straits had taken the attention of our armed vessels away from the suppression of the Rebellion and driven our merchant marine from the seas. For years our State Department had been asserting the claims of American citizens to reparation. The demands had been met by ridicule in the English press and disdain in the English foreign office. The American jingoes talked war. The President caused our claims to be asserted with dignity and directness, but he avowed his confidence that the time would come when the English sense of justice, and the desirability of international comity, would lead to a recognition of our demands. War for the collection of money was unthinkable. He neither sneaked nor blustered. His words made a more profound impression abroad than at home. When the Franco-Prussian War threatened the equilibrium of Europe, apprehension quickened the English sense of international justice. A joint high commission was appointed to take the matter up. When the commission met the British representatives refused to proceed, or even to consider the arbitration of the subject, if indirect damages were to be insisted upon. Direct damages meant the loss directly resulting from the destruction of property, and were finally measured at fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars. Indirect damages covered the cost of the prolongation of the war, smart money for injured feelings, and the like, and were estimated at from two to three thousand millions of dollars. The talking element of the dominant party was for the larger demands: the fellows who, in the main, fight but with their tongues were for war: the opposition party was for anything to harass and sever the dominant party. The President said we could not honorably demand what Britain could not honorably pay, and that we should be content with an expression of regret and the payment of the direct losses. There was a great political uproar. There was intrigue in the administration councils. But Grant had his way. His

way recalled Mr. Motley from the English mission, and removed Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the committee on foreign relations of the Senate, and precipitated such a breach in his party that a large element refused to support him for re-election. He had his way all the same: and his way secured fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars for American claimants, a suitable apology from the government of Great Britain, modifications of the law of the high seas which have come to be recognized by all the nations, and a firmer peace with the mother country and all the world. And his way resulted in his re-election with a decisiveness both unexpected and unprecedented.

The other great act of General Grant's presidency was the veto of the bill further inflating the currency and further deferring the time for making good the promise of the government to redeem its paper obligations in coin. His trial was a sore one. The times were hard. The country had just passed through a financial panic. The demand for more circulating currency was imperative. The apparent necessities of party were urgent. A clear majority of the cabinet, of his party associates in Congress, and doubtless of the rank and file of the party which had twice made him President, hoped the bill would be signed. The President listened. At the last hour he went to his library late at night and all by himself he wrote one message to Congress signifying his reluctant approval of the bill, and another vetoing it. He made each paper as strong as he could. He was trying himself. When through, he determined that the veto message was the more logical and sound. He sent it in. The integrity, the business sense of the country came quickly to the support of his attitude. That message advanced the credit of the country in every market of the world and strengthened the foundations of a system of national finance capable of supporting the industrial and commercial evolution of our rapidly accumulating population. It did more. It put a premium upon moral courage and developed more steadiness and stamina in the homes, and the shops, and the factories, and the centres of trade

throughout the land. And it gained us larger respect at every seat of learning and at every political capital in the world.

In a tour around the world, following his presidency, the General received every mark of respect and honor that the people and the governments of other nations could show him, and reached home, by way of the Pacific, amid the universal acclaim of his countrymen.

So warm and enthusiastic was the expression of regard that misguided party leaders conjured with his great name once again for the presidency. The move was not of his seeking. His attitude was that of modest and passive acquiescence in the wishes of his people. But the results were acrimonious, humiliating, in some ways tragic.

But his fine metal never lost its splendid edge. The casual acquaintance which it had been my privilege to establish with him when serving as a member of the committee of the New York Legislature appointed for his reception and entertainment in 1881 made it proper for me to pay my respects to him when we were together for several days in a Chicago hotel in 1882. As we conversed there came a knock at the door. Opening it, the General read the name upon a card that was handed him and instantly said to the boy, "You will tell this person that I do not want to see him." Partly closing the door and then opening it again he repeated, "Boy, please remember precisely what I say: you will tell this person that I do not want to see him." His manner was as unruffled as the summer sun. "Why did you not say that you were engaged?" inquired Mrs. Grant. "Because, if I had he would have come again," was the reply. Wifely interest forced an immediate though somewhat reluctant and embarrassing explanation: "Well, that was a reporter from a daily paper which wants an interview," the General said. "Yesterday this paper abused President Arthur for appointing Colonel Walter Evans of Louisville as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on the ground that he had once supported me. The paper has the right to condemn the President and also the right to criticise

me, but when it condemns the President for nothing but because he appoints an old and entirely worthy friend of mine to office it is time that I resent it." Who shall say that this was not proper discrimination prompted by commendable self-respect?

His remaining years were encompassed by bitter suffering and sorrow. He thought his sons might be as successful in the business as he had been in the military world. Who can blame him for that? He gave his name to a firm in Wall Street embracing his sons and another. The other proved a polished scoundrel and pulled down financial ruin and debt and intense humiliation upon an honored head. The General gathered up all he had, and pawned his medals and presentation swords, to meet his obligations. But this was by no means the sum of his suffering.

Although his sturdy will gave him great endurance, his body was never strong. Pain was very familiar to him and he seemed specially susceptible to accidents and hurts. Many times in his campaigns he had to rise above serious bodily suffering to command the issue of great events. In 1884 he had a fall which compelled him to go upon crutches for months, and from which he never recovered. The last time I saw him was when he came into Mr. Blaine's room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on crutches to pay his respects to the candidate of his party, although the two men had never been in personal accord. Just after this, disease in its dreadest form fastened upon him.

He commenced to write the history of his life, that the proceeds might provide his family the means of living. The dread messenger stood at his elbow and withheld the service of the summons that he might complete his self-imposed and gracious task. The cancerous growth in his throat made the suffering intense and in time speech became impossible. He never murmured: his calmness and steadiness were as sure as ever: his heart grew yet warmer to his people, his mind yet clearer upon the enduring interests of his country, as he went on with his writing. And as he wrote of reconciliation between

the sections and the factions, the old bitterness did give way, the love of all his countrymen gathered around him, and the people became united in a common sorrow.

To his physicians he expressed the hope that they could be instrumental in prolonging his life that he might finish his work. As he worked, the last act of the Forty-eighth Congress created for him anew the grade of General in the army, which he had vacated upon his accession to the presidency, and the final act of President Arthur's administration placed him in it. In all this, partizanship receded and was stilled. With one accord the people of all sections and all opinions demanded it. His life was prolonged until his task was finished. He closed the book with the words, "Man proposes, but God disposes." It was his last will. It ensured his family a competency. It gave to his country a noble example, a benediction, and an inspiration. It was all he had to give. But it was much. It was more than any other of his generation could give. With work finished, he waited the end with composure and with confidence, and the thought of all the people gathered at the cottage on the Adirondack mountain top to await the end.

On the morning of July 23, 1885, on my usual walk to daily duties in the capital of the nation, I had stopped a moment, as was my wont, to admire the beautiful equestrian statue of McPherson, the gallant commander of the Army of the Tennessee, whose life was given to his country before Atlanta. There was a sharp stroke by the fire alarm on the city's bells. I looked up to the flag on the Treasury Department, and instantly it dropped half-way down the staff. Looking at my watch it was 8.24; and I knew that but a moment before the light had flickered out on Mt. McGregor, that a devoted husband and father had passed out of a loving family circle, that a great national character had passed on to the inexorable judgment of history, and that a kingly spirit which had put itself at peace with all the world was at one with the hereafter.

We knew before that General Grant had the gift of military genius. The ground over which we have just gone

must have illustrated the fact that he had other qualities which were very great. They by no means made for strife; they by no means pointed to war. They were factors in civic as well as in military leadership. Sincerity, genuineness, gentleness, patience, steadiness, judgment, force, endurance, self-respect, and patriotism were inborn qualities of his character, and peace was the best loved word in his vocabulary.

The last public scene in the career of this great captain was not what he would have made it, but it was very properly an imposing one. The people moved by common impulse to our great city by the sea. The offices, and shops, and marts of trade were closed. The press, the pulpit, the schools, the clubs, gave expression to the universal grief. The army and navy of the United States were there in impressive form. The veterans of the Union armies he had commanded, and of the Confederate armies he had opposed, gathered in fraternal concord, to signify their affectionate and patriotic sorrow. The President and his Cabinet; the Congress; the Supreme Court; the officers, the legislatures and the militia of the states; and civic organizations without number, joined in the long march to the tomb. The cortège reached from the Battery to Morningside, and beyond. And through the August heat of the great city, through a throng of sorrowing people so great that no man could number it, the endless line of civic black and military white, and crimson, and blue, and gold, with arms reversed and banners draped, with slow music and measured tread, bore the mortal remains of Grant to their dignified and historic resting place on the banks of the Hudson, to the shade of a great university, and to that peace which his will had postponed but for which his great spirit longed. "Ashes to ashes: dust to dust." He has gone; but the memory of such an one remains and becomes the splendid inspiration of the nation, the priceless heritage of the generations which follow after.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1820, and died in New York in 1891—a soldier all his life. He was graduated at West Point, and the story of what he did during the Civil War is well told in the following article.

The reader who wishes to obtain an intimate personal glimpse of the man will find it in Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis."

JUST before General Grant went to Washington to receive the great commission of Lieutenant-General of the Army, he wrote to William T. Sherman, saying: "It is to you and General McPherson, above all others, to whom I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

General Sherman was another of the West Point graduates who took part in the Seminole War in Florida and then in the great Civil War. For two years before 1861 he was Superintendent of the Louisiana Military School at Alexandria, and when the conflict began, he went to Washington, hoping to help make the great preparations he felt we should need before it was over. But the authorities at the capital did not foresee the terrible extent of the struggle, and his advice and services about making ready were not accepted. He then became a colonel in the infantry, and commanded a brigade in General McDowell's army at the first battle of Bull Run.

He had little active work during the first year, but in the next March he obtained command of a division in General Grant's Army of the Tennessee, and marched with his chief to Pittsburg Landing, and there fought under him in the terrible battle of Shiloh. All through those two days of strife, his coolness, energy, and skill never failed, although three horses were shot under him, and he was wounded in the hand. Grant said: "The first day, with raw troops, Sherman held the key-point of the Landing, and it is to his own efforts that I am indebted

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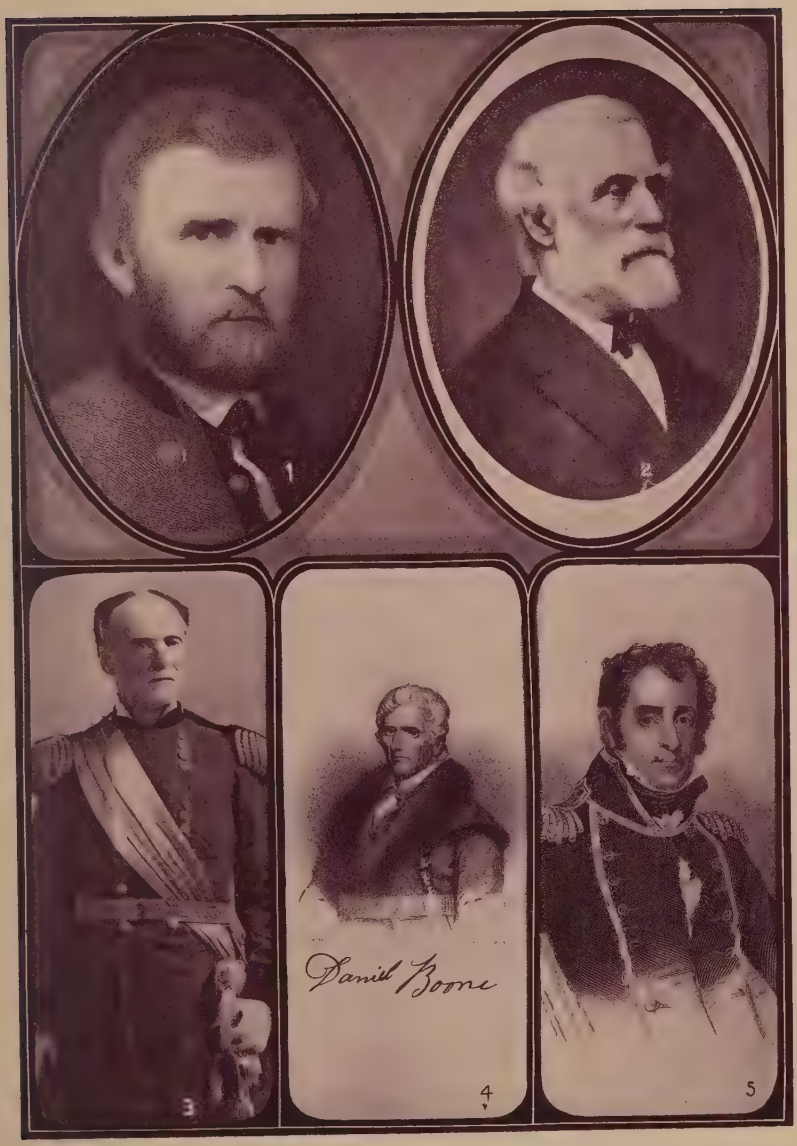
1
2
3
Daniel Boone
4
5

PORTRAIT GROUP No. 3.

1. Ulysses S. Grant
2. Robert E. Lee
3. William T. Sherman
4. Daniel Boone
5. Stephen Decatur

for the success of that battle." Two weeks later he led the advance upon Corinth, which the enemy left after a month's siege.

Meanwhile he was raised to the post of major-general. The events of war in this part of the country now moved on at a rapid rate, and General Sherman did many excellent services to the Northern side in the battles that took place in and about Mississippi. At Vicksburg he led the first assault, in the latter part of May, 1863, and it was not for lack of skill or bravery that it failed, but simply because the place was too strong to be taken by open assault, only sudden attack in an unexpected place or a regular siege could possibly take it. This last was successful after about two months. Then he took his forces forward against one of Lee's generals and drove the Confederates out of the city of Jackson in two weeks, commanded a wing of the enemy at the battle of Chattanooga, and finally started off with a newly-formed column of troops to Meridian, Alabama, where he destroyed the enemy's depots and arsenals as he had also done the railroads along the line.

In March, 1864, Grant was removed to Virginia, and Sherman being appointed to take his old place, had charge of the division of the Mississippi, to which belonged all the armies between the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains. His orders were to move against General Joseph E. Johnston, whose forces were splendidly arranged to cover and protect the city of Atlanta, which was the chief point at which Sherman was aiming in order to carry the State of Georgia out of the hands of the Confederates. In May he began this invasion, driving General Johnston before him, from Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, and Dallas. One fortified post after another was taken, and the Southern Army was obliged to fight and retreat all summer; and after many severe battles, in which the Confederates had great losses, Sherman took possession of Atlanta on the 1st of September, 1864.

Meanwhile he had made a great name, and was promoted to the rank of major-general in the regular army.

He left Atlanta and began his famous "march to the sea," in the middle of November. No one but the commander knew where they were going. There was a long stretch of unarmed country through which he planned to make a rapid march southeastward to the city of Savannah by the sea. From there he would make his way to distant Virginia and attack the rear of Lee's army. He burned the city of Atlanta, cut the telegraph wires to the North, and ordered the march, leaving provisions behind. His forces were sixty thousand picked veterans, and his way lay through one of the richest parts of the South, where the ravages of war had not yet been.

Not even his men knew his designs; the country was filled with curiosity at the "wonderful march," and report spread far and wide of the sallies after food that were made in various directions, as they moved along, and of the bands of negroes that clung to the army as their great deliverer, and above all the perfect confidence of the men in their leader and their willingness to go wherever he directed. As they marched along, the slaves flocked to the ranks from every plantation and farm. The women, carrying their babies in their arms and leading the little ones, tramped for miles and miles by the side of the ranks. They were told that they must go back and wait a little longer, that there was not enough food in camp for so many to eat, but they could not be driven away, they would rather starve with them in liberty, than go back to slavery. . . .

Finally the soldiers reached Ossabaw Sound, and Fort McAllister, which guarded the city of Savannah—then in the hands of the Confederates. The fort was stormed and taken with a rush in fifteen minutes, and after a siege of eight days the city was captured. This was in about the middle of December.*

Sherman remained in Savannah until the 1st of February, recruiting his men, and getting ready to begin the march northward to meet Grant and his army at Richmond. In a little over two weeks, he reached Columbia

*He wrote to President Lincoln on this occasion, "I have the honor to present you the city of Savannah as a Christmas present."

and took possession of it. From there he went on to Fayetteville without meeting any opposition, but soon after that in front of him lay Joseph E. Johnston, whom he had fought and beaten so many times on his first entrance into Georgia. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, had ordered Johnston to collect all his forces and "drive back Sherman," but Sherman was not to be driven any way, and, although Johnston and his men fought so desperately at Goldsboro that for awhile it seemed doubtful which would win, Sherman was again the victor, and Johnston fell back to Raleigh.

While they were in these positions the news of Lee's surrender came. Sherman marched to Raleigh at once and Johnston surrendered upon the same terms agreed to by Grant and Lee. He then marched his forces on to Washington and took leave of them; but in 1869, when Grant was elected President, he returned to them as general of the entire army.

In November, 1871, he obtained leave of absence from the army and took a tour through Europe. At the end of a year he returned and settled down at Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Later, when General Philip Sheridan took this post, he removed to St. Louis.

ROBERT E. LEE

BY

W. P. Trent.

Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia in 1807 and died in 1870. The Lees of Virginia all rendered good service to their country in their day and generation, but by common consent General Lee has come to be held in the highest esteem of them all, no matter how mistaken he may have been considered by many. He was graduated at West Point in 1829; he fought in the Mexican War, that training field for so many of the brave soldiers of the Civil War; and after being superintendent for three years of the Academy from which he graduated, he finally was made Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army, which post he held when the surrender took place at Appomattox on

From "The Beacon Biographies." Copyright by Small, Maynard & Co. By permission.

April 9, 1865. Later on he became President of Washington College, Lexington, Va.

MY admiration for General Lee has always been considerable, but I questioned the full greatness of his powers until I began to study his life closely. Then I learned to see him as he is,—not merely a great son of my own native State, not merely a great Southern general, not merely a great American in whom citizens of every section may take just pride, but, better than all these, a supremely great and good man, whose fame should not be limited by the characteristic conceptions of patriotism so rife among us to-day, but should be as wide as humanity, or, better still, as his own exquisite spirit of charity and brotherly love.

It would be superfluous to attempt to enter here upon any discussion of the causes that led to the formation of the Southern Confederacy and to the consequent War for the Union. It must be clearly understood, however, that the compact theory of the origin of the Union was almost universally held throughout the South, and had been so held since 1789, as indeed it had been partly held by New England in 1812. In view of this theory the right of a State to withdraw from the Union for good cause was maintained by almost every Southerner, and a feeling had been growing for many years that the attitude of the people of the North toward the institution of slavery constituted such a cause. Abolitionist agitation during the thirties, divided policy with regard to the Mexican War during the forties, the squabble over the newly acquired territory and the Fugitive Slave Law in the fifties, had brought extremists to the front in both sections, and had made the Presidential election of 1860 practically a test vote as to whether the time-honored policy of compromise should be further tried or a separation be resorted to. The election of Mr. Lincoln, according to the logic of passion which rules in such matters, led by inevitable necessity to South Carolina's secession in December, 1860. The same logic determined the far Southern and Southwestern States to imitate her example, and the Border States to follow suit when Mr. Lin-

coln proposed to march his troops through them for the crushing of the new Confederacy. There was not a little of the logic of passion in the zeal with which the North prepared to do battle for the cause of Union; and the important point to remember is that, while the political theorist must use a different sort of logic, the impartial historian must give the logic of passion its full weight in his endeavor to judge men and nations who have been actuated by it. It shows an almost naïve lack of human experience to argue—as so many historians, Northern and Southern, do—from the character of a cause viewed in the abstract to the character of the passionate flesh-and-blood actors therein. Such a procedure is safe enough in the case of plain violations of municipal and moral laws that have obtained the sanction of mankind at large, but it is unsafe in almost every other case. Hence it follows that nearly all the popular judgments passed in condemnation upon this or that prominent actor in the drama of secession will have to be revised, in so far as such judgments touch the moral character. Even in the case of Mr. Jefferson Davis, who has in the country at large and in the outside world borne much of the obloquy of having represented an unpopular cause, the verdict of history will surely be that he was a thoroughly upright, honorable man, who did what he conceived to be his duty, and showed, on the whole, remarkable powers in the performance thereof.

This, and more than this, the world has long been willing to say of General Robert E. Lee; but, while Lee's noble genius and character lift him, by quite unanimous consent, above all other Confederates, it cannot be forgotten that he would never have been willing to be judged apart from the men who fought and labored for the cause that was dear to him, or that in the last analysis there is no real reason for exempting him from any moral condemnation meted out to a man like Mr. Davis. It is true that Lee, as we shall soon learn, did not believe in secession or in slavery,—he had freed his own negroes,—that he had no share in bringing on the war, and that he cannot be charged, as Mr. Davis and other Southern leaders have

been, with bad statesmanship, which, be it remembered, is not bad morals; but it is equally true that he did not believe in the general government's right to invade and coerce the Southern States, that he thought the South aggrieved, and that he accepted the situation in which he found himself, and joined his people with his eyes open. If secession, under the prevalence of the compact theory and the conviction that his right to his slave property was imperilled, casts a moral stain upon any Southerner, it must cast it upon Lee, who willingly fought to sustain the seceders, though he did not accept their arguments fully, and was offered an excellent opportunity to serve the Union cause. Yet very few people have been hardy enough to venture even to hint that there is any stain upon the escutcheon of the great soldier who led the heroic Army of Northern Virginia to victory after victory.

Our conclusion is obvious. In this and in all other matters not settled by the consensus of civilized opinion or the arbitrament of arms—neither of which methods of solution had operated by 1861 with regard to secession, or indeed completely with regard to slavery—it is idle to judge men's moral characters according to our estimate of the cause they serve. We must judge them as men, in accordance with the totality of our knowledge concerning their lives. Judged by this standard, we shall find no purer life ever lived than that of Robert Lee, no matter whether or not we believe secession to have been justifiable from the point of view of history, or deny the right of a man to let his sentiments get the better of his reason. . . .

We must take leave of such a man with an attempt to sum up his character and achievements; and this is a task from which any historian or biographer might well shrink. The present writer must frankly confess his inadequacy to its performance, but he would be false to himself and his hero, did he not claim for the latter a place among the greatest and finest spirits that have ever trod this earth. With the supreme men of action, the small group of statesmen-conquerors, which includes

Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, Washington, and perhaps one or two more, he cannot be ranked, because he never ruled a realm or a republic, and actually shrank in 1862 from assuming the responsibilities of commander-in-chief. We know, indeed, from his own words that he would not have wished to resemble any of these men save Washington; and we know, also, that he could not have entered their class without losing the exquisite modesty and unselfishness that give him his unique charm. But do we, his lovers, wish to put Lee in any class, even the highest? Should we not prefer him to stand alone? If we do, we have our wish; for no one class contains him. There is, seemingly, no character in all history that combines power and virtue and charm as he does. He is with the great captains, the supreme leaders of all time. He is with the good, pure men and chivalrous gentlemen of all time,—the knights *sans peur et sans reproche.* And he is not only in these two noble classes of chosen spirits, but he is, in each case, either a plain leader or else without any obvious superior. But where can another such man be found? Of whom besides Lee may it be justly said that he is with Belisarius and Turenne and Marlborough and Moltke on the one hand, and on the other with Callicratidas and Saint Louis, with the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney?

THOMAS JONATHAN ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

BY

CARL HOVEY.

Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, a great fighter with a great heart, was born in Virginia in 1824, and was killed by his own men by inadvertence in the Civil War in 1863. He was graduated at West Point; served in the Mexican and Seminole Wars and later became a military professor. When the Civil War broke out he joined the Confederate Army. The brave stand he and his men made at the Battle of Bull Run, where they stood like a stone wall, earned for

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him his name of "Stonewall" Jackson. All through the war he distinguished himself, especially at Harper's Ferry and Fredericksburg, and was rapidly promoted until he became lieutenant-general, soon after which came the sad and untimely end. " 'Stonewall' Jackson's way" has been celebrated in song by more than one poet, but his best way was best described in Whittier's thrilling poem of "Barbara Frietchie."

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON is distinguished by his clear sight into the practical situation. His intelligence of this sort and power to perform with certainty what he undertook were individual, and lift him sheer above the ranks of the many officers of the war, some of whom, although they held commands equally important, were but common men. If Stonewall could be shown in action, then he would be truly portrayed. Jackson should stand forth a hero, a genius unmistakable, a rough, sincere, absolutely independent man,—one who, furthermore, with all that valor in him, was content simply to lie quiet during nearly the whole of his lifetime until his nearest duty became naturally a great one, and in the public eye.

Lexington, where Jackson did his teaching, stands in the county of Rockbridge, in a verdant hill country; the Blue Ridge Mountains are east of the town, part of the great "Valley of Virginia" lies beautiful about it, the "deep-meadowed, happy" Shenandoah flows near by. Jackson came to love the place, the walks he daily took beyond the village,—where the "lay of the land" was quite like that of his early home,—and a few, very few, of the people. He was still the shy, reserved, unbending, un-get-at-able peculiarity to the eye of his little public that he had ever been; and Tom Jackson's day as a beau, (in the old phrase) a "pretty fellow," was done, apparently, for good and all, in Mexico.

In a certain Dr. White, a Presbyterian minister in Lexington, he found a congenial "spiritual commanding officer"—so he called Dr. White—for labor in the church. Jackson examined and made comparison of creeds and ceremonies no further, but had himself baptized a member of Dr. White's congregation, and began straightway,

with a zeal that was all his might, the business of leading a veritable religious life. A fast-developing conscience bade him deny himself now this, now that diversion of word or deed or inward feeling which he decided must be improper in a Christian; and such orders he obeyed in a definite and most sweeping manner. He would not dance. "Well, I know it is not wrong not to do it," he said to one argumentative person who, perchance, pressed him close. He would not mail a letter on Sunday, he would not place a letter in the post which he found by calculation would travel on that day.

But Jackson's commandments were not all negative. Though self-discipline was a great article of his religious creed, thankfulness was a greater, and an ever-present feeling that God was his "heavenly Father." Every act, it seemed to him, was fit occasion for a prayer,—prayer before he drank a glass of water, in the class-room a blessing on his scholars, on mailing a letter an appeal for the person to whom it was sent,—silent prayers in most cases; for there appeared little of the Roundhead in this simple man, who could speak out when he thought it necessary, but shrank from uncalled-for show. He married Elinor Junkin, the daughter of the president of Washington College, in 1853, and, upon her dying in childbirth within a year, wrote in his diary, "Objects to be effected by Ellie's death,—to eradicate ambition, to produce humility." He thought then of her "glorified existence," and at the moment of his poignant loss said, as usual, that he "always preferred God's will to his own." "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," was his favorite quotation, which perfectly summed up his religion,—an atmosphere common to him as air, from which he breathed in happiness.

"You must not be discouraged at the slowness of recovery. . . . See if you cannot spend a short time after dark in looking out of your window into space, and meditating upon heaven, with all its joys unspeakable and full of glory. . . . 'All things work together for good' to God's children. Try to look up and be cheerful, and not despondent. . . . The clouds come, pass over us, and are

followed by bright sunshine: so, in God's moral dealings with us. He permits us to have trouble awhile. But let us, even in the most trying dispensations of His Providence, be cheered by the brightness which is a little ahead." So he wrote, and often talked. And, as for doing, instant willingness.

"Suppose," said a friend, "God called you to the heart of Africa, to live there, sacrificing all you care about for life?" "I would go," was Jackson's reply, "without my hat."

This Major Jackson was tall, erect, muscular, with uncommonly large hands and feet, and with a diffident manner of meeting people that was exaggerated by his habitually awkward movements. He walked, it is said, like a dismounted horseman; in the saddle sat loosely, in a kind of slovenly ease, unless—as later, in battle—he was roused by excitement, when his whole body became rigid with martial lines, and he rode with a distinction as inspiring, almost, as that of "the man on the horse" himself. A portrait (in the heroic style,—and why not, of a hero?) runs thus: "Strength is the most striking attribute of the countenance, displayed alike in the broad forehead, the masculine nose, the firm lips, the heavy jaw, and wide chin. The look is grave almost to grimness. There is neither failure nor weakness here. It is the image of a strong fortress, of a strong soul buttressed on conscience and impregnable will." So much for the Spartan. The heavy (bearded) jaw, however, was not square, as one might guess, but oval; and Jackson's eyes, which were large and blue, had a trace of soft light in them not accounted for in this picture of an iron warrior. There shone in his face as much young passion as self-control, wild prompting equal with concentration of energy. Jackson was a great lover, and, in spite of his sincere Christianity, a tremendous hater,—above all, indeed, if he was your enemy, a man terrible to meet in the narrow places.

Back-parlor conversation, however spirited, could not possibly be habitable ground to so rugged an individual Of course, he was a character, so to speak, in society,—

a figure which no one overlooked in a drawing-room. One can see him sitting bolt upright in his chair, say at an evening party, cherishing with such immense pains the exact truthfulness of every remark he uttered that he was prepared to walk back five miles, if necessary, to correct a minute misstatement (when people said to him, "You know," he, very likely, interrupted, "I do *not* know"),—so obedient to his self-made law never to eat a morsel after supper, that he handled an orange like a bomb; and when refreshments were passed, "amid the clatter of china and conversation and the sparkle of wines and ices," as one of his biographers puts it, "the tall form of the major stood firm,—polite, yet constrained, in the gay throng, but not of it." No, indeed! He went to entertainments of this kind because it was just that he should go: the hostess had been at trouble to invite him and to prepare for him, he said; and, though he could not feel at ease, he would attend. But he governed himself as downrightly as ever. A friend who complained of headaches he advised thus: "If you follow my rule, which is to govern yourself absolutely, I do not think you will have these sufferings. My head never aches: if anything disagrees with me, I never eat it."

As a deacon in Dr. White's church, he "served tables," collecting and spending money for the poor, with a very strict obedience to orders. In the same spirit he attended the weekly meetings of the deacons; and to a delinquent member, who excused himself on the score of being busy, he said, "I do not see how at this hour we can possibly lack time for this meeting or can have time for anything else, seeing it is set apart for this business." Always to be punctual was Jackson's rule, and he knew how to enforce punctuality upon others. The negroes in his Sunday-school were very dilatory in coming to the service, and some of the white teachers were not above arriving a few minutes late. Jackson had the doors locked sharp upon the hour; and then it happened, for the first and the last time, that some ladies and gentlemen and black African slaves found themselves in barred-out company on the steps. . . .

Surprise that Jackson could die—he had seemed starred to survive danger—added to the shock which his death gave the Southern people. After the grave on the hill at Lexington finally closed, there came more poignantly yet the sense of a great practical loss. The man was so much needed. He had the mark of victory upon him. His presence in the fight lent faith to the cause everywhere. His wonderful performances in the battle-field now excited all the South; and the name of Stonewall Jackson was, as it is to-day, a thrilling one to speak. So some despair—the first, perhaps, to touch the splendid vigor of the Southern cause—went with the prevailing grief; and years later, at the dedication of a Jackson monument in New Orleans, the veteran Father Hubert prayed, "God, when Thou didst decree that the Confederacy should not succeed, Thou hadst first to take Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson."

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD.

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan"

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took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?
Which encyclopedia?
Where is the encyclopedia?
Was I hired for that?
Don't you mean Bismarck?
What's the matter with Charlie doing it?
Is he dead?
Is there any hurry?
Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?
What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply, can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons

on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pity-

ing, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se,* in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Stephen Decatur was born in Maryland in 1779 and was killed in a duel with Commodore Barron in 1820. At nineteen he was midshipman, and at twenty lieutenant. Five years after, while America was at war with Tripoli, he performed the wonderful feat of destroying the Philadelphia in the harbor of that place without loss of life. He took an active part in the War with England in 1812-14, capturing the British vessel Macedonia, and being in turn captured himself and sent to Bermuda. At liberty again in 1815, he captured two Algerian vessels off the coast of Spain, and made the ruler of Algiers sign a treaty with the United States.

STEPHEN DECATUR was the most conspicuous figure in the naval history of the United States for the hundred years between Paul Jones and Farragut. While the fame of most of the early naval captains, who shed such imperishable lustre upon American arms by their exploits on the sea, rests upon a single battle, Decatur, in at least three of our early wars, was the hero of a half-dozen adventurous undertakings, any one of which would have given a fair claim to immortality. More than any other captain of his time, his name is cherished by his countrymen; for he represented to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries those fine qualities which a pardonable national vanity inclines us to consider peculiarly American. His unfortunate taking off at a comparatively early age, under circumstances painful, but dramatic, has added to the interest which his name excites. . . .

We may venture to say of him, as was said of a greater and nobler man, one of that brave Dutch people from whom he sprang, "As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation; and, when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

His whole life had been devoted to his country. It had been his good fortune to render conspicuous and brilliant

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services in every station in which he had been placed. There is no blemish upon his fame in his public career. His private life had been equally blameless, and his family and social relations were of a noble and tender character. As a seaman and an officer he was second to no one. He enjoyed the highest society of his time and was one of the most cultivated and refined gentlemen of his day. His person and his manners were attractive and charming. He was above the medium height, well proportioned, graceful, and strong. His hair and beard were of a dark chestnut color and curly, his eyes black and lustrous, generally soft and gentle in expression, and rarely brilliant in moments of action and excitement. His nose was slightly aquiline and rather large; his mouth, moderate in size and finely curved; his complexion, clear and pale and rather dark.

He was one of those rare characters who are equally beloved by men and women. With the former he was a genial, kindly, affectionate comrade. Toward the latter he was a devoted, gallant, and respectful friend. His married life, though not blessed by children, was otherwise very happy, and he was the idol of the children of his day. He was gentle and companionable in his tastes, temperate in his pleasures, quiet in his manner, with a low and pleasing voice. The high temper with which he had been born was kept under control except in rare instances, when he was excited by injustice, deceit, or oppression. He was an upright, God-fearing man, an Episcopalian by baptism and rearing; and, although his wife was a Roman Catholic, he never failed to attend the services of his own church whenever his duties permitted. He was generous to a fault, and after his death there came to light many instances of his benefactions which were hardly known during his life.

Loyalty to his country was the very breath of life to Decatur. It is even said that, when he offered his hand to her who afterward became his wife, he told her that he had devoted himself to his country, and that it should ever have the first place in his heart. Our judgment does not entirely approve the ethic significance of his famous

sentiment, "My country,—may she ever be right, but, right or wrong, my country"; but our affections tend to make the sentiment our own. There is a ring of sincerity in the words and in him which wins us in spite of all. Even his faults were of a kind which attract rather than repel. But it is as a fighter, in the highest and best sense of the word, that Decatur is remembered by us; and we may close this brief account of him with a quotation, slightly altered, from a tribute to Lawton, a great American soldier, who died but yesterday:—

"The man of the *Intrepid* is the incarnation of some shining, helmeted warrior who fell upon the sands of Palestine in the First Crusades, with the red blood welling over his corslet and his two-handled battle-sword shivered to the hilt. The race type persists unchanged in eye, in profile, in figure. It is the race which in all the centuries the Valkyrs have wafted from the war-decks,—the white-skinned race, which, drunk with the liquor of battle, reeled around the dragon standard at Senlac, which fought with Richard Grenville, which defied Alva in the Netherlands, which fought the winter at Valley Forge, which broke the Old Guard at Waterloo, which rode up the slope at Balaklava, which went down with the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads, which charged with Pickett at Gettysburg,—the race of the trader, the financier, the statesman, the inventor, the colonizer, the creator, but, before all, the fighter."

High, brave, loyal, and splendid, the great commodore stands before me a glorious figure; and I salute him, "The Bayard of the sea."

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

BY

JAMES WYNNE, M. D.

Jonathan Edwards was born in Connecticut in 1703 and died in 1758. He was educated at Yale; became a Congregational pastor; and was a missionary to the Indians. Prof. W. C. Bronson describes him in his "American Literature" as "one of the greatest philo-

From "Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of America."

sophical intellects of the world. In the popular mind Jonathan Edwards is merely the author of 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God' (1741), the terrible preacher of the most hateful dogmas of Calvinism—a wholly inadequate view of a wonderful man. Personally he was of almost angelic sweetness and purity, an intellectual saint rapt into high communion with the Invisible; and his conception of God, although it included many dark and terrible things, also dwelt with ecstasy upon the ineffable love and beauty of the Divine Being. He was an idealist and essentially a poet, seeing in the brightest glories of the material universe only a dim shadow of the blinding loveliness of Infinite Spirit. His intellect was of the first order. At twelve he thought and wrote in a way beyond the power of most men; while a tutor at Yale he showed remarkable originality in science, suggesting the existence of a cosmic ether and demonstrating that the fixed stars are suns; and his 'Freedom of the Will' (1754) has been called 'the one large contribution which America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world.' As a preacher, Edwards had wonderful power. In his little parish at Northampton began the Great Awakening, for which the churches of New England had thirsted for half a century, and which spread over America and extended even to Great Britain. He usually read his sermons, and his manner was very quiet. But the style was clear as light, the logic cumulative and unanswerable, the spiritual intensity tremendous. His hearers felt themselves in the grip of a giant intellect. Pitilessly it laid bare their sins. Irresistibly it dragged them, all vile, into the presence of Absolute Holiness and Inexorable Justice. Hell flamed beneath them. It yawned to catch them. Women fainted; men cried out in agony; only the preacher was calm, and his calmness was more terrible than excitement. In taking leave of Jonathan Edwards, it is impossible not to regret that his environment led him so largely to waste his magnificent powers upon theological problems which the world was soon to leave behind. If he could have given himself to literature, science, or pure philosophy, mankind would be the richer. Yet as it is, he is one of the very few American writers whose fame is world-wide."

THE loftiest triumph of Rousseau's genius is said to reside in the manner in which in his "Confessions" he is enabled to make the most disgusting and polluted scenes appear attractive and fascinating, by means of the wonderfully graphic and magic power of his language, and it may of Edwards with no less truth be affirmed, that with a style so utterly destitute of beauty as to appear hideous and deformed, he so completely triumphed over the ordinary powers of language by means of the enormous strength of his mind, as to com-

pel the attention of his most polished readers, for the depth of his reasoning alone. If it is true that Rousseau's triumph is the greatest "ever won by diction," it is no less true that that of Edwards is the most splendid ever achieved by the force of reasoning unaided by any of the blandishments of language. . . .

His rigid habits of self-discipline, as well as his quaint and peculiar mode of reasoning, are fully exemplified in the following entries in his diary: "I find that when eating, I cannot be convinced in the time of it, that if I should eat more, I should exceed the bounds of strict temperance, though I have had the experience of two years of the like, and yet as soon as I have done, in three minutes I am convinced of it. But yet when I eat again and remember it still while eating, I am fully convinced that I have not eaten what is but for nature, nor can I be convinced that my appetite and feeling is as it was before. It seems to me that I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then, but when I have finished, I am convinced again, and so it is from time to time.

"By a sparingness in diet, and eating as much as may be what is light and easy of digestion, I shall doubtless, be able to think more clearly and shall gain time: 1. By lengthening out my life. 2. Shall need less time for digestion after meals. 3. Shall be able to study more closely without injury to my health. 4. Shall need less time for sleep. 5. Shall more seldom be troubled with the headache."

These extracts exhibit the care he took to prevent indulgence in eating, in which all accounts agree that he was remarkably abstemious, nor was he less regular in the disposition of his time. His custom was to rise at four in the morning, and devote the early hours of the day in close application to study. His usual practice was to spend thirteen hours each day in his study, for the most part occupied in developing those trains of thought, and in elucidating those principles which have been treasured up in his various writings. While walking or riding, he usually carried with him a few pieces of white paper, and after having pursued a train of reasoning to

its final results, would attach one of the pieces of paper to a particular part of his dress, with a pin, and proceed with a second train of thought, which he would terminate in like manner, so that it was not unusual for him to return after a lengthy walk, with several of these mementoes about his person. On his arrival at home, he would remove one after the other, after writing down the specific chains of reasoning they were intended to recall anew to his mind.

At the age of twenty-three he assumed the duties of the clerical profession, with a devotion which concentrated all the powers of his mind. To the discharge of this duty, he not only brought his great reasoning faculties, but a varied store of learning culled from every department of literature and science, as the accumulation of the unintermitting hours of study to which he had hitherto devoted his life. Mathematics, astronomy, natural science, logic and mental philosophy, each of which had received his most careful consideration, were all made tributary to the absorbing topic of the development of theological phenomena. In this, as in every other subject which drew his attention, he was not content to follow in the paths designated by other men, but submitted their systems, part by part, to the great reasoning powers which so pre-eminently distinguished him, and frequently found that pillar after pillar of the fabric crumbled away beneath this investigation. He was not satisfied with demolishing the theories of those who had preceded him, but strove to reconstruct upon their ruins, a system whose leading principles should date from him.

Edwards's writings, as a whole, display an exceedingly strong and comprehensive memory, great force and perspicuity of thought, and powers of ratiocination equalled by few of that or any other age. These powers, which he possessed in so eminent a degree, were still further strengthened by the most unceasing exertion. His intellectual labors knew no relaxation, and so fixedly had his mind become associated with one branch of enquiry, that his whole existence may be said to have been absorbed in it. His mind, shut out as it were by his processes of

abstraction from the contemplation of the external world, seemed to concentrate its whole energies in the analysis of those materials which lie deep buried within. The subjection of his being to one particular train of thought, placed his passions and feelings so perfectly under control as to give him the appearance of an individual without those ordinary emotions which characterize the human family; hence we find him under the most exciting circumstances as calm and collected as if he were perfectly indifferent as to the result of his investigations. No rich coloring of the imagination, or vivid impression of feeling are ever manifested in his writings, and "no sooner does he sit down to investigate a subject, than his passions seem as completely hushed as though their breath had never ruffled the soul; its surface looks as tranquil, as motionless, and we may add, as cold as a sea of ice, and the turbulence of passion seems as little likely to disturb the fixed calm of the one as the winds of heaven to raise tempests in the other."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY

JOHN R. HOWARD.

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Connecticut in 1813 and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887. He came of distinguished stock intellectually, and the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was his sister. After graduating from Amherst he preached for some time in the West, and then from 1847 to the end of his brilliant career as orator, lecturer, and author, he was pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn. He published many books and founded and edited *The Independent* and *The Christian Union.*

THE central element of Henry Ward Beecher's character was his sensitiveness to truth. From his youth he eagerly desired it, earnestly sought it, welcomed it with delight, and then poured out his whole soul in using it for the good of man,—which he always believed to be the cause of God. To a remarkable extent, for one who worked in the midst of men and along the

From "Patriotic Addresses," by Henry Ward Beecher. Edited, with a review of Mr. Beecher's personality and influence in public affairs, by John R. Howard. Copyright. By permission.

lines of social forces, he laid his course in obedience to principle, holding a sturdy loyalty to it amid all the swaying passions and policies by which he was surrounded. In one sense this was no credit to him, since it was his natural temperament. As he said in reference to facing the stormy English meetings: "I have expressed my views in many an audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it." However, now that he is gone, our inquiry does not so much take the attitude of praise or blame: we are concerned only to know what the man was; what were the relative points of strength and of weakness in his make-up; and how these combined with the movements and events around him, to bring about the unquestionable resultant of a personal influence, wider and more potent than that of any other American of his time. If that seems a strong statement, it must be considered that his influence—whatever it was—at no time owed anything to the accidents of inherited station, or the great leverage of public office, by which individuals may wield the powers of a people, but was the immediate effect of his own personality. . . .

The abounding physical vigor of the man, his sunny good nature, the loving spirit with which he regarded his God and every work of his Father's hand down through all sorts and conditions of men, and animals, and plants, to the face of inanimate nature; his quick sense of humor, of the incongruities not only, but of the aptitudes of life; and the fresh impulse by which his mouth uttered the abundance of the heart, all these elements were a part of his power; but also offered one of the most frequent objections made to him. Very frequently the ripple of a laugh would run over the face of the congregation, and when after the service the new-comer listener, shocked to find that he had laughed in church, stopped to analyze the matter, he found that it was not mere fun or a joke at which he had laughed, but that he had been startled by some unlooked-for, unaccustomed simile, and that it was quite as much the novelty of the idea and the surprising deftness of the illustration which had provoked his risibles as any sense of jocosity. Still, while this was the

frequent case, there was indeed no lack of humor in itself—though never for itself, in his public ministrations. . . .

Henry Ward Beecher was so large a personality, so multifarious a nature, that hundreds of writers have not only since his death but also during his life attempted to depict him, without accomplishing more than showing, each one, the phase that he himself had been able to appreciate. The pictures are mostly truthful, but all are partial. . . .

His political activity was not an artificial addition to his regular labors, but a spontaneous outgrowth of himself, and an integral part of his life-work. It illustrates the man. When one comprehends his acts and motives there, it is easier to see the unity and beauty of his entire life. His enthusiastic and unwavering love for God and for man gave him an access to spiritual forces and to an answering sympathy from men's hearts, that kept his power upon them vital to the last. His keen perception and industry and assimilative capacity provided an endless store of knowledge; and when, drawing from this "things new and old," he reasoned with men, and illumined good sense with the brightness of wit, with poetic attractiveness, and with the ennobling beauty of the moral and the spiritual, his hearers had confidence in his wisdom.

This was to be seen wherever he appeared, and especially among men of his own profession, who, however much they may have assumed him to be deficient in their peculiar modes of reasoning, never failed to look up to him for inspiration or be glad to get his help when his powerful personality was present. A distinguished authority has spoken of seeing him "in councils and deliberative assemblies where, when the business became intricate and entangled, and things were greatly mixed, there came in his clear, incisive sagacity, his persuasive eloquence, and his resolute will, and pulled things straight with marvellous suddenness."

His inborn honesty and candor were evident in his impulsive habit. . . . This native and habitual sincerity,

and his sturdy independence of opinion, strengthening him to stand always foremost among the battlers of right against wrong—even when his personal affiliations and sympathies acted to deter him from differences with those whom he loved—gained and kept for him the respect of mankind. His very opponents—unless small-souled enough to be utterly blinded by passion, either of personal or partisan prejudice—conceded to him a remarkable honesty in opinion and in action. And in those characteristics—faith, knowledge, sagacity, sincerity, and independence—lay the reasons for his influence upon the political life of this nation, an influence unparalleled and unequalled by that of any other unofficial American citizen in the history of the land. When the length of his career is considered, and the breadth of the variety of interests involved—his life will be seen to have been an inseparable and mighty element in that of the nation. . . .

His influence on the religious life of his generation was of course greater than his political power, because it was to the former especially that he devoted himself, even while laboring in politics, reform, or the lighter realm of literary entertainment. . . .

His sermons and lecture-room talks have been for more than twenty-five years published and widely read in England, and many a man high in ecclesiastical honors there. as well as numberless students and young clergymen who loved and followed his teachings, have expressed their gratitude to him for the light he has shed on their path. Dr. Howson, the Dean of Chester, and joint author with Conybeare of the scholarly and famous "Life of St. Paul," came to Plymouth Church to see the man and hear the voice whose printed words had been so much to him. He went home with Mr. Beecher, and they had a delightful time together; and on his return to England he sent one of his own books in return for one Mr. Beecher had given him, inscribed, "For gold I give thee brass." . . .

Lincoln, Grant, and Beecher are generally acknowledged to have been the three greatest men developed by the colossal contests of their era. Yet it is worthy of

note, that both the civil hero and the military hero of the War owed their high eminence largely to the vast power of a Nation, entrusted to their able hands in official responsibility, while the power exerted by Henry Ward Beecher was simply that of his own individuality. His great church, his extensive effect upon the religious thought and teaching of his time, his wide journalistic influence, his popularity as a lecturer, his general acceptability as the man to voice the public feeling on all sorts of occasions, his political influence at home, his triumphant changing of the course of a stubborn nation abroad, his eminence in so many spheres of activity during so long a life,—these all grew out of the magnificent forces of the man himself. . . .

Descriptions and biographies of him are but partial side-lights. Real knowledge of him can be had only from his own utterances, where the living flame of his genius burns imperishably. He held no office; he bore no professional label; he wore no sectarian badge or party collar; he was neither President, nor General, nor Doctor of Divinity; but above all rank, beyond all title, stands and will stand, the unadorned, yet unforgotten name of Henry Ward Beecher.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D.

BY

THEODORE PARKER.

William Ellery Channing was born in 1780 and died in 1842. He was one of the three prominent pulpit orators of the Golden Age of American Oratory. He was the leader of the Unitarians and "won the souls of men by the sweetness of his spirit and the calm clearness of his thought and style." * Theodore Parker, whose tribute to him here follows, another of the trio born in 1810, died in 1860, was "a trumpeter who loved to sound the call to battle against superstition and slavery."

IT is speaking with moderation to say, that no man, of our century, who writes the English tongue, had so much weight with the wise and pious men who speak it. The evening before an election, any political brawler,

* W. C. Bronson in "A Short History of American Literature."

with confidence and a voice, can collect the "Freemen," and make the mob fling up their caps and shout huzzas, which in the next year shall be turned to hissing, if not execration. Such men are thought to have influence; they have it, as boys to raise clouds of dust in a summer day. But here one has gone back to the sky who touched the mind of wise men, the heart of good men, the soul of men pious and Christian, deepening what is deepest, and appealing to what is most divine.

Of all our writers, there was none whose words found the class of readers which he addressed. He spoke on the loftiest themes—Man, Christ, God, Duty, Life, Heaven. His word reached the best of men. At this day his noiseless influence on the soul of his countrymen was wide, deep, and beautiful. How could it be otherwise? Let those that knew him say. He was of no party in Politics; all must have smarted under his rebuke; each might have been blessed by his sublime ideal, and the wise and moderate method he took to reach it. He was of no Clan or Coterie in Social Life. The instructed man, accomplished with the learning and science of the times, saw in him an equal, to say the least; the poorest of the ignorant found here a brother, who never scorned the affinity which bound him to the humblest of his race. He was of no sect in Religion; he loved Piety, and honored a Divine Life, wherever he saw their light, and did not think living water impure because it flowed into an urn of different form from his own. All denominations of Theology—there is but one of Religion—have been blessed by him. His writings found their way, where no other modern books can go; into the hearts of men of all parties, political, social, or theological. It is not saying too much to say he has done more to liberalize Theology than any man now living, where the English tongue is spoken. Some have gone farther, and many faster than he. They may have shed more light; but he more warmth; and after all it is the good heart, more than the wise head, that is to make our Theology edifying and religious. Still, spite of Dr. Channing's catholic wisdom, there was a sectarian zeal, a social clannishness, a political bigotry

amongst us, which rejected his influence, and yet remains unblessed; for of all walls those of a Party, a Clan, and a Sect are the hardest to break down, the most difficult to climb over, the most impossible to see through. The idols of the Tribe are perhaps the last that will be given up.

Dr. Channing's influence was not confined to New England; the South and the West were warmed at his fire; not to the United States, for in England his works were more read, his spirit took a strange and deeper hold than with us. The local jealousies, the party strife, the pecuniary interests, the fanaticism of a sect, had less power over his writings abroad than at home. He was not personally mingled with their discussions, nor involved in their strife, as whoever speaks must be at home, and therefore he was heard with something of the same impartiality as a voice from remote ages. The absolute value of his works was weighed more judiciously there, because the reader stood aloof from the war of opinions that went on with us. None of our writers was so well known abroad among serious and religious men; none so well represented the morality and Religion of our land; none contributed so much to wipe off the foul but just imputation cast upon us,—of caring only for money, and if that came, not caring by what means, though we violate all laws of man or God, and break our faith, and butcher the Red-men, who will not work, and chain the Black-man, whom stripes compel to toil.

No American had such power abroad. His judgment on the great moral question of the day was earnestly looked for by wise men, and respected when it came. We have had great men; men that did honor to their country and their kind; men of large soul and broad views, who have made a mark on their age; political men, that warded off the perils which hung over our heads, and helped us live together on better terms. But I hesitate not to say, that since Washington, no man has died amongst us whose real influence was so wide, and so beneficent, both abroad and at home. . . .

It was a Moral Power that spoke in him; which spoke through him. As you read his works, or listened to his

words, you felt it was not his Understanding that addressed you, but his whole character. There are some that speak bravely and in fine speech; yes, with deep thought, but you think of them when they speak. Their opinions seem their property; at least for the time. Others put themselves in the back-ground, their thought concealing them. It seems to be no personal thing, but the voice of Wisdom or Piety that speaks through them, not affected by the man's private will. You say, "An angel spoke; let us obey." So was it with him. When their great orator thundered, the Athenians forgot Demosthenes in thinking of Philip and the City. In hear ing a sermon of Dr. Channing, men thought of Goodness, Duty, Religion, not of him.

His fidelity to his moral and religious convictions made him strong and great. What he said seemed to come from nothing partial and peculiar to this man, or that man; but from what is universal, the Soul of all our souls. He would think for himself. Nothing could pervert his moral judgment; neither the éclat of greatness; neither the antiquity of an ungodly custom become a law; nor yet the respectability of sin long wonted to the world. Timid though he was, and self-distrustful to a great degree, yet when Conscience spoke, he heeded neither the roar of the little, nor the clamor of the great which excites that roar. He saw through the shadows, and into the reality of life. Many knew more of things as they are; few men have been so true to things as they ought to be. With him, to see what is Right, was to begin to move towards it, for he made no distinction between things right and things to be done. He was single-hearted in his efforts, aiming at no personal aggrandizement. He forgot himself in finding the truth. He did not ask for the consequences of right action, or right thought, but took them when they came. He trusted God, as a child its father, and did not fear to be true to truth. This moral simplicity was beautiful above praise.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston in 1835 and died in 1893. He was one of the most famous and best beloved of bishops of the Episcopal Church, and the most noted of orators of his day. He was educated at Harvard, was rector of Trinity Church in Boston, and in 1891 became Bishop of Massachusetts.

PRINCIPAL JOHN TULLOCH of St. Andrews University in Scotland, travelling in America in 1874, wrote thus from Boston to his wife: "I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I have ever heard in my life,—I use the word in no American sense,—from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here; equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always. I have never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined, such a reach of mind, and such a depth of insight and soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted."

These words of Principal Tulloch's have to do with Phillips Brooks solely as a preacher. Still regarding him entirely in this light, it may be said that the year 1877 stood out with a special prominence in his career. Not only was it marked by the completion of the new Trinity Church, but in a way perhaps even more intimate and significant,—by the delivery of his *Lectures on Preaching* at the Divinity School of Yale College. The volume containing these lectures tells us far more about Phillips Brooks himself than the most speaking volume of his sermons. It is, in effect, the *apologia pro suâ vitâ*. In it he explains himself by setting forth, at once minutely and broadly, his ideals for preaching and preachers. As a book, of course it is intended for clerical readers; but it is written with such a delightful blending of wisdom

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with the quiet humor which eminently belonged to its author, and contains so plentiful a measure of truth and sincerity, that it is a book for no one class. The clergy, one may well imagine, might prefer to have the laity leave it alone; for it sets standards of clerical purpose and achievement which, to say the least, are not commonly attained. In forming any true estimate of Phillips Brooks, the *Lectures on Preaching* must inevitably be taken into account.* With the two lectures on *Tolerance*, delivered ten years later to the students of several of the Episcopal theological schools in the country, it provides the best possible background for considering Phillips Brooks in his pulpit. To write about him at all, without making some special scrutiny of his individual qualities as a preacher, would be to shirk an obvious duty.

At the very beginning of his Lectures to the Yale students, Mr. Brooks insisted that real preaching was the expression of "Truth through Personality." Of these two elements every true sermon must be compounded. The excess or the defect of either quality at the expense of the other causes the sermon to be less truly a sermon than it should and might be. If this, then, is preaching, what is to be said of the preaching of Phillips Brooks in the light of his own definition?

In the first place, what was the truth as he saw it? It was eminently a simple thing. It lay for him within the formulæ of the Church, but did not press itself violently against the boundaries of all these formulæ. "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" has become a cant phrase, but perhaps there is no other which sums up more succinctly the tenets of the Christian faith which Phillips Brooks most delighted to emphasize. The shortcoming of the phrase is that it does not bind together the brotherhood and the fatherhood to which it refers by the strong link of sonship through Jesus Christ. It was in the workings of this relationship that the preacher's

*It was the privilege of the writer to be instrumental in introducing this book to the English public—by whom it was as well received and as highly appreciated as by every thoughtful mind on this side of the Atlantic. [Chas. Welsh.]

faith in both God and man was strongest. Because he left the complexities of belief to others, he could hold the most positive convictions himself, and could advise the beginners in the ministry: "Preach positively what you believe. Never preach what you do not believe, or deny what you do believe." Doctrine and dogma have come to be regarded as words of danger and rigidity. The advice of Phillips Brooks was, "Preach doctrine, preach all the doctrine that you know, and learn forever more and more; but preach it always, not that men may believe, but that men may be saved by believing it." The subjects of sermons were, in his opinion, to be "mostly eternal truths, and let the timeliness come in the illustration of those truths by, and their application to, the events of current life." Thus, indeed, it was the simplest truth of the gospel which he felt himself called to proclaim, not a bundle of separate messages for separate classes of men. The very same sermon could serve its purpose for him at Wellesley College and at the Concord State's Prison. A Boston minister, invited to address about eight hundred physicans at a dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Association, has told of his remarking to Mr. Brooks, "I don't know what under the sun to say," and of receiving the characteristic response: "It doesn't make much difference what you say, so you do not say what they expect. Preach the gospel." This was what he himself always stood ready to do, and the most and the least critical were equally ready to hear him. At one time during an early "Moody and Sankey revival" in Boston, Mr. Moody was ill, and Mr. Brooks was asked to preach in his place. The great "tabernacle" put up for the services was thronged; and, as the people poured out of it, one man typical of the thousands who were present, was heard to say: "Why, here we have a preacher of our own just as good as Moody." Mr. Brooks indeed was often at his best—even according to the standards of the fastidious—before such miscellaneous gatherings of the "unchurched" as he found at the Sunday evening services at Faneuil Hall, the Globe Theatre, and the Grand Opera House.

Once, when he was asked in England what sermon he was going to preach on a certain Sunday, his natural response was, "Oh, I have only one sermon." And, truly, through everything he said and wrote, one message, one simple interpretation of spiritual truth as he saw it to men as he knew them, might have been traced. The appeal of his message was not only to the mind, not only to the heart, but, in these perfectly chosen words of his own, "to that spiritual reason which is no special function of the nature, but is the best action of the whole nature working together, the affection and the will being partners of the brain."

This definition of the receptive faculties of his hearers shows something of his understanding of their natures. His knowledge of men was probably even exceeded by his faith in them. To appreciate fully the qualities of his preaching and of his feeling about preaching in general, it is necessary to give quite as much thought to his belief in men as to his faith in God. When he found that his complete trust in any individual had been misplaced, we are told that his sense of personal grief and loss was almost as great as if a part of his belief in the Deity had been taken away from him. His own words from the lecture on "The Ministry for our Age" define the constant attitude of his mind and spirit toward his fellow-men, and unconsciously define himself: "There is in every man's heart, if you could only trust it, a power of appreciating genuine spiritual truth, of being moved into unselfish gratitude by the love of God. Continually he who trusts it finds it there. A hundred men stand like the Spanish magnates on the shore, and say: 'You must not venture far away. There is no land beyond. Stay here, and develop what we have.' One brave and truthful man like Columbus believes that the complete world is complete, and sails for a fair land beyond the sea, and finds it. The minister who succeeds is the minister who, in the midst of a sordid age, trusts the heart of man who is the child of God, and knows that it is not all sordid, and boldly speaks to it of God, his Father, as if he expected it to answer. And it does

answer; and other preachers who have not believed in man, and have talked to him in low planes, and preached to him half-gospels which they think were all that he could stand, look on, and wonder at their brother-preacher's unaccountable success."

A score of other passages from the *Lectures on Preaching* might advantageously be taken to illustrate points of positive biographical interest. To the sermons themselves less than to these lectures on sermons may we look for the motives which underlay the preaching—that is to say, the life—of Phillips Brooks. The sermons were the separate expressions of the general principles, which, as occasion required, he set forth in lectures for the guidance of his younger brothers in the ministry. . . .

The actual personality of the preacher was essential to the full force of what he had to say. Let us try to see through what medium the truth as he saw it was delivered to men. In the great round pulpit of Trinity Church, inviting its occupant to look out in every direction except behind him, the figure of Phillips Brooks comes most familiarly to mind. Six feet four inches in height, symmetrically massive of figure, clad in the black Geneva gown, of which the shadow happily grows less each year in the pulpits of the Episcopal church, he moves with swift dignity to his place. The text is announced in a quiet voice, sometimes too low to reach all corners of the great structure; and the sermon begins on the same gentle pitch. Woe to him whose ears are not quick to hear, for though the volume of voice increases as the sermon proceeds, the speed of delivery begins at a maximum in keeping with his habit of plunging into the very midst of his subject, and taxes the unaccustomed listener to the utmost. The average speaker gives forth about 120 words to the minute: from 190 to 215 are said to have poured from the lips of Phillips Brooks in the same space of time. But the gradual raising of the voice, together with a remarkable clearness of enunciation, diminishes the difficulty of keeping pace with the speaker's extraordinary speed. The voice itself may perhaps best be described as carrying with it rather too much breath to

satisfy the most fastidious, yet so full of sympathy, tenderness, pleading, and conviction as to make one quite impatient of the elocutionary standards which would condemn it. The gestures are as nothing. A raising of the hand and pressing it to the side, a toss of the head as if in protest against the human limitations which place any barrier, physical or mental, between man and the utterance of truth to him,—these are all. If the total effect is not eloquence of the highest order, one knows not what to call it.

Such are the tangible expressions of the personality which rises before the mind, remembering Phillips Brooks. This personality expresses itself, however, in another manner not quite so obvious, yet intimately connected with an important phase of the preacher's conception of the truth. What he believed with his mind about men's capacity for spiritual things he seemed to declare by his mere physical presence. "How often," writes Bishop Clark, "I have heard him say, 'I love to preach'!" In talking about "The Teaching of Religion," Mr. Brooks once said: "A man will dig his ditch better if he knows and cares for the great plan of giving the thirsty city water. Still, he *can* dig his ditch for his dollar a day. But a man cannot really preach at all unless he knows why he preaches, unless he is in some degree eager to make men know the Christ whom he knows." This very love of preaching, based upon a thorough belief in what he had to say and in the need of men to hear it, shone out through him whenever he rose to speak, and gave to his words a power of convincing which the words of a man less completely convinced in his own heart could not carry with them. Mr. Brooks, we are told, preferred never to speak without preparation, and we may be perfectly sure that he never fell into what he counted "the crowning disgrace of a man's ministry,"—writing his sermons on Saturday night; but whether he read the sermon from his fluently written manuscript or spoke it without recourse to notes of any kind, he added to the truth with which he dealt the winning and compelling power of his irresistible personality. Illustrating all his own definitions of good

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PORTRAIT GROUP No. 4.

1. Mary Ball (Mother of George Washington)

From a Drawing by Stein (Courtesy of The F. A. Munsey Company, New York.)

2. Julia Ward Howe

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was born in New York in 1819. She was the wife of G. S. Howe, and is forever famous by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was written during her visit to the camps near Washington in 1861. She published several volumes of poetry, and also wrote "Sex in Education," "Modern Society," etc.

3. Frances Willard

4. Mary A. Livermore

Mary Ashton (Rice) Livermore was born in 1821 and died in 1905. She was a noted advocate of Woman's Suffrage, The Temperance Movement and of all good works. Her lectures were most acceptable, and like her books, were strong influences for good.

From a Photograph Copyright 1901, By J. E. Purdy, Boston.

preaching and true preachers, he stood in his pulpit before and above his generation as the very messenger of God to man.

There is no art to do for personalities what photography can do for scenes and faces. The achievements of a man, the effect of his personality and its mediums of expression, can be described in words. But the personality itself is a thing which eludes reproduction in the terms of human speech. With Phillips Brooks this indefinable gift of personality was the dominating element of power. . . .

Like the actor and the orator, unlike the poet and the painter, the preacher must yield up the fullest power of his work when his voice is silenced and his personality removed. But the preacher who is also a teacher of positive truth cannot wholly perish. He passes on to others something of the spirit that was in him. The chief torch is extinguished, and it seems at first as if little or no light would be left. But soon our eyes begin to see the rushlights and the candles which have lit themselves at the torch; and, though no one of them is so bright as this was, yet their total light makes the gray world a far more tolerable place. Moreover, many lights are still to be lit which will owe their quality of brightness to the torch they have never known. So surely has it been and will it be with the influence of Phillips Brooks.

MARY WASHINGTON.

BY

GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS,

GRANDSON OF MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

But little is known of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington. Her father was Colonel Joseph Ball, of Epping Forest, a plantation in Lancaster County. After her marriage to Augustine Washington she lived for several years at Wakefield, her husband's estate on the Potomac, and there George was born. She gave her features to her son, and out of the midst of the youth of Washington

From "Women of Worth."

she stands as a somewhat stern mother, impressing her will upon a boy not without a will of his own. A few years after the birth of George the family moved to Stafford County, to a house near Fredericksburg. In this home Mary Ball Washington lived until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when George induced her to move into Fredericksburg, for greater safety. She lived until 1789.

THE mother of George Washington, the hero of the American revolutionary war, and the first president of the United States, claims the noblest distinction a woman should covet or can gain, that of training her gifted son in the way he should go, and inspiring him by her example to make the way of goodness his path to glory.

Mrs. Mary Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say that, since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only ten years of age. He has been heard to say that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of

his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the springtime of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, "I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me." Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment.

Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behavior toward her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relatives.

It was there the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south, one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms; another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the sad-

dening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbed and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of divine providence, preserved the even tenor of her life; affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware (December 1776), an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness, observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services; and continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts): "But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery—still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise."

During the war, and indeed during her useful life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until within three years of her death (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion), the mother set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in nowise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy

of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while every thing about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease (cancer of the breast), thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving, unchanged, her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator, in humiliation and prayer.

After an absence of nearly seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the "pomp and circumstance" of power.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told that the victor chief

was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word!*

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed that, although her dancing days were *pretty well over,* she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but, forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and, at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they observed that, "if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious."

It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much in vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance, as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the commander-in-chief, yielding to the gayety of the scene, went down some dozen couple in the contra-dance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero!" The lady saluted him kindly, observing: "Ah, marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress."

The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America; stated his speedy departure for his native land; paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son; and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him; and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. The sister

of the chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her, and place a military hat upon her head; and, such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief.

In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own *good boy;* of the merits of his early life; of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be *good;* that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Mrs. Washington died at the age of eighty-seven, soon after the decease of her illustrious son. She was buried at Fredericksburg, and for many years her grave remained without a memorial-stone. But the heart of the nation acknowledged her worth, and the noble spirit of her native Virginia was at length aroused to the sacred duty of perpetuating its respect for the merits of its most worthy daughter. On the seventh of May, 1833, at Fredericksburg, the corner-stone of her monument was laid by Andrew Jackson, then the President of the United States.

This monument bears the simple but touching inscription, MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.

BY

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Frances E. Willard was born in New York State in 1839. As a temperance reformer, author, and editor she has made for herself a strong place in the hearts of her countrywomen. She was the Secretary and President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and edited the *Chicago Evening Post.*

She journeyed through the Southern States, founding branches of the W. C. T. U. wherever she went. She was one of the foremost

organizers of the Prohibition party, and among her books were: "Women and Temperance," "How to Win," "Glimpses of Fifty Years," etc.

"THE impression produced upon my mind," says Lady Henry Somerset, the acting president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in an article in the *North American Review*, "when I first heard Frances Willard address one of the annual conventions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1891, will never be effaced.

"The charm of her speech, like her own character, consisted in its many-sidedness, its eloquence, its pathos, its humor, and above all its humanness, its complete understanding of the lives and necessities of others. She was as some master musician who is able to sweep all chords and yet continually recur to a melody tender and restful and sweet. She was so womanly in her strength, so joyous in her earnestness, and withal so supremely spiritual, that she seemed at all times as one who dwelt apart, and indeed to most of us who mourn her to-day, the words that have been constantly on our lips are these: 'We shall not see her like again.'

"It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the breadth of the work that she has accomplished. She has done far more than build a vast temperance organization the world over. It is true that her conception has bound the women of all lands in one great society; that her enthusiasm has fired missionaries to start out round the world carrying with them their gospel of a pure life and a protected home; that hundreds of men and women are to-day engaged in philanthropic work who never realized their responsibility until they met her; that armies of children are enlisted in the great league for reform who will grow up to be the home guard of America's best interests: but she did more than all this—she taught the world that woman loses none of her best attributes, her gentlest influence, her strongest hold upon the affections of husband or children, neglects none of the sweet home ways, because she realizes that life holds for her responsibilities to humanity which she dare not ignore."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY

T. W. Higginson.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Frances Child was born in Medford, Mass., in 1802 and died in Wayland, Mass., in 1880. She was an ardent supporter of the abolition movement, in connection with which she wrote a work entitled "An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans." She also wrote "The Rebels," "The American Housewife," "Flowers for Children," "Looking toward Sunset," and edited the *National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SHE is one of those prominent instances in our literature, of persons born for the pursuits of pure intellect, whose intellects were yet balanced by their hearts, and both absorbed in the great moral agitations of the age. "My natural inclinations," she once wrote to me, "drew me much more strongly towards literature and the arts than towards reform, and the weight of conscience was needed to turn the scale."

She has doubtless gained in earnestness far more than she has lost in popularity, in wealth, or even in artistic culture; the first two losses count for little, and the last may not be due to her advocacy of reforms alone, but to the crude condition, as respects even literary art, which yet marks us all. In a community of artists, she would have belonged to that class, for she had that instinct in her soul. But she was placed where there was as yet no exacting literary standard; she wrote better than most of her contemporaries, and well enough for her public.

She did not, therefore, win that intellectual immortality which only the very best writers command, and which few Americans have attained. But she won a meed which she would value more highly,—that warmth of sympathy, that mingled gratitude of intellect and heart which men give to those who have faithfully served their day and generation.

No rural retirement can hide her from the prayers of those who were ready to perish, when they first knew her;

From "Eminent Women of the Age." Hartford, Conn.: S. M. Betts & Co.

and the love of those whose lives she has enriched from childhood will follow her fading eyes as they look towards sunset, and, after her departing, will keep her memory green.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY

SIR RICHARD GARNETT, LL. D.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston in 1803 and died in 1882. He had all the educational advantages that Boston could afford, and was graduated from Harvard at eighteen. After teaching school for some time he became a clergyman, but after a few years he left the church and became a lecturer and writer both of prose and poetry.

Brilliant, thoughtful, and profound, sometimes almost obscure, his work is as much appreciated in England as at home, and much of his poetry is familiar to every American boy and girl.

THE man in Emerson is easily portrayed, not so the author. Other thinkers on his level have usually been more or less systematic. They have, in Emersonian phrase, "hitched their wagons," not to a star, but to a formula, to which their thoughts converge, and around which these may be grouped. But Emerson's want of system is the despair of the natural historian of philosophy, and if we place him rather upon the roll of poets, we are still unable to remove him from the roll of anomalies. Nor can the chronological method be applied to him. A literary activity extending over the third of a century usually implies development, modification, restatement and recantation, an earlier and a later manner. Emerson never sang a palinode, never made a new departure, took no old ideas back, and put no new ideas forward. He did indeed apply his principles more freely to politics and ordinary affairs; "chemic selection," moreover, gains more and more the upper hand of "flamboyant richness" in his later style. But with these abatements, and apart from the evidence of date occasionally afforded by historical allusions, he has left little that he might not have written at any time of his life.

Renouncing, therefore, the endeavor to give a connected view of Emerson's writings, we will briefly enumerate some of the respects in which he is most original and remarkable.

More than any of the other great writers of the age, he is a Voice. He is almost impersonal. He is pure from the taint of sect, clique, or party. He does not argue, but announces; he speaks when the Spirit moves him, and not longer. Better than any contemporary, he exhibits the might of the spoken word. He helps us to understand the enigma how Confucius and Buddha and Socrates and greater teachers still should have produced such marvellous effects by mere oral utterance. Our modern instructors, for the most part, seem happily born in an age of print, and labor under singular obligations to Dr. Faustus. With Emerson the printing press seems an accident: he uses it because he finds it in his way, but he does not need it. He would have been a light of the age of Buddha or of Solon, as well as of ours.

He is a characteristically American voice. He precisely realizes the idea which the American scholar ought to set before him. American literature must not be feeble and imitative. It is vain to transplant a million cultivated Englishmen across the Atlantic, if they think and speak exactly like those who stay at home. But neither must American literature be conceited and defiant, a rebel against rules founded in the eternal fitness of things. Two and two make four on both sides of the Atlantic. "A Kosmos," if you will, but not "one of the roughs." Emerson's attitude is perfect, manly and independent, slightly assertive, as becomes the spokesman of a literature on its trial. "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon, were only young men in libraries when they wrote those books." He puts the Old World under contribution; he is full of verbal indebtedness to its philosophers and poets; but what he borrows, that he can repay. His thoughts continually repeat Plato and Goethe; but every competent reader perceives that it

is a case of affinity, not of appropriation. Poetical and religious minds will think alike: it would nevertheless have made little real difference to Emerson if Plato and Goethe had never lived. But it would have made a great difference to this American if Washington had never lived. He was thoroughly possessed with the ideas of the Declaration of Independence, and when some one sneered at them as "glittering generalities"—"Glittering generalities!" cried Emerson indignantly, "they are blazing ubiquities!"

Further, Emerson is an important figure in American literature, as continuing, supplementing, and combining two of the principal among American thinkers, parted but for him by an immeasurable abyss. It will have sufficiently appeared from the citations already made that Emerson's thought rests upon two sure pillars—God and man—God, "re-appearing with all his parts in every moss and cob-web;" Man's soul "calling the light its own, and feeling that the grass grows and the stone falls by a law inferior to and dependent on its nature." The first is the idea of the greatest of New England reasoners, Jonathan Edwards, the Spinoza of Calvinism. "God and real existence," said Edwards, "are the same." "God is, and there is none else." As, however, he retained all the tenets of Calvinism, "he is," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "in the singular position of a Pantheist who yet regards all nature as alienated from God. Clearing away the crust of ancient superstition, we may still find in Edwards' writings a system of morality as ennobling, and a theory of the universe as elevating, as can be discovered in any theology." This "clearing away" was the very operation which Emerson, whose study may have been but little in Jonathan Edwards, did nevertheless virtually perform on his system:

> "He threw away the worser part of it,
> And lived the purer with the other half."

His connection with Channing on the side of humanity is as intimate as his connection with Edwards on the side of Divinity, and his obligation is far more direct and

personal. The special distinction of Channing is his enthusiastic assertion of the dignity of man, a mean animal in the estimation of most theologians. Emerson, as we have seen, thought that he owed little to Channing's conversation, but he imbibed the speaker's spirit at every pore. His magnificent claims for man as the organ of the Universal Soul are but Channing's humanitarianism quickened and sublimed by alliance with Edwards's Pantheism. When Channing told George Combe that "he did not think much intellect was necessary to discover truth; all that was wanted was an earnest love of it; seek for it, and it comes of itself somehow," he gave Emerson a text to "write large." "The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wider than hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power."

Next to religion, morals. Here Emerson's special characteristics are manifold. The most important are summed up in Matthew Arnold's brief and exquisite character of him as "The friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Arnold compares him to Marcus Aurelius, to whom the same character is equally applicable. Mr. Thayer, nevertheless, is right in observing that Emerson is Aurelius and something more. "Marcus Aurelius was not a man possessed. Emerson was. His morals are not merely morals, they are morals on fire." Add to this that Aurelius is not an optimist: or at most his optimism is that of acquiescence and resignation; while Emerson's is that of the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy. His faith (for, after all, optimism is a plain inference from the existence of God) has brought upon him more objurgation than all his heresies. Theologians are distressed at his imperfect realization of evil and sin: that uncomfortable personage, Henry James, senior, doubts if he can have had so much as a conscience, seeing that, unlike James himself, he attained the age of fourteen without the slightest temptation to commit a murder; Carlyle saw

in him "a gymnosophist sitting on a flowery bank." Mr. Morley, to whom death is "a terrifying phantom" and life "a piteous part in a vast drama," naturally finds "his eyes sealed to at least one half of the actualities of nature and the gruesome possibilities of things." As regards the "possibilities," Emerson would perhaps have replied by his own stanza:

> "Some of your ills you have cured,
> And the sharpest you still have survived;
> But what torments of pain you endured
> From the evils that never arrived!"

As respects the "actualities," the case is stronger, but Emerson never said that all existing things were the best, but that they were for the best. He insists that all things gravitate towards the good, and that this progression is infinite; which, if we look back only as far as the time when the worm first essayed "to mount the spires of form," seems an irrefragable conclusion. From the moral indifference often justly chargeable upon optimists of Oriental type, Emerson is protected by the Marcus Aurelius element in his constitution. He cannot be accused of making the ways of virtue too easy. His writings are full of the loftiest lessons of renunciation. He it was who wrote:

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply:—
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Politics, being but applied morals, come next under review: and here too Emerson was original and significant. Like Carlyle, he was in this department very weak as well as very strong; and even his strength was chiefly as a protest against certain evil tendencies of his day. Carlyle's paradoxical glorification of despotism had the merit of forcing into strong relief the most pernicious features of the time, the cowardice of rulers, the weakness of authority, the general disposition to make words do duty for deeds. Emerson's extreme assertion of individual right, which would have logically resulted in the

dissolution of the State, was still valuable as a counteractive of one of the most mischievous features of American politics, the tendency to swamp all individuality in party organization, controlled in the last resort by the cunning and the base. Like Carlyle's, Emerson's extravagance eventually corrects itself: no nation could travel long on the road prescribed by either of them without a sharp recall. Emerson himself came to see that "easy good-nature had been the dangerous foible of the Republic." This admission is from his oration on the death of President Lincoln: the peroration of which is one of the best instances of the grandeur he attains when, rising above the local and temporary in politics, he deals with the essential and eternal:—

"The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations, which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen homes, weeding out sinful offenders or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of heaven. It was too narrow a view of the eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man of the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure."

This maxim of the one special faculty of each race and each man was a favorite one with Emerson. "A man," he says, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre, you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colors." The illustration conducts us to the field of science, where Emerson's position is again exceptional, and this time of the very strongest. He fills the place which Goethe's death had left void, of a poet divining the secrets of nature by his instincts of beauty and religion. The gates of the temple of modern science turn upon the

two main hinges of his thought—real unity in seeming multiplicity; immanent, not eternal power. Of unity he says, "Each animal or vegetable form remembers the next inferior and predicts the next higher. There is one animal, one plant, one matter, and one force." Of Divine immanence:—"There is a kind of latent omniscience not only in every man, but in every particle. That convertibility we so admire in plants and animal structures, whereby the repairs and the ulterior uses are subserved, when one part is wounded, or deficient, by another; this self-help and self-creation proceed from the same original power which works remotely in grandest or meanest structures by the same design, works in lobster or mite, even as a wise man would if imprisoned in that poor form. 'Tis the effort of God, of the Supreme Intellect, in the extreme frontier of his universe." This is from one of his latest writings: in the earliest he had said: "The noblest ministry of Nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the organ through which the universal Spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to lead back the individual to it." No wonder that a natural philosopher who is also a poet—Professor Tyndall—should have written in his copy of "Nature," "Purchased by inspiration."

Nature glides into art by the pathway of beauty, by which art travels back to her. Emerson, as a writer, stands in this middle ground; he is rather a votary of the beautiful than an artist. From his preference for the classical over the romantic school, one would have expected to have found the sentiment of form strongly developed in him. On the contrary, few have been so incapable of fashioning a symmetrical whole. He does achieve it now and then in a short poem, but only by a sort of casual inspiration or mental miracle. His single thoughts are commonly beautifully moulded and exquisitely polished, but they are miniature wholes, not members of a great whole. He rarely tests his constructive faculty by the delineation of a character or the narrative of a sequence of events. What is peculiar to him, and amply recompenses for all his defects, is the atmosphere

of diffused beauty in which his works lie bathed. They glimmer with a magical light, like twilight air, or the waters of the Concord River in his own beautiful description: "As the flowing silver reached the clump of trees it darkened, and yet every wave celebrated its passage through the shade by one sparkle." This fluid, living, fluctuating beauty, by enveloping the entire composition, makes amends for the want of linked continuity of thought. An essay of his is like a piece of lustrous silk, it changes as the light falls upon it; now one piece chiefly charming, now another; in a flat mind the whole disappoints; in a genial mood one would say to Emerson, with Emerson:

> "Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake;
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

This general investiture of loveliness is unfavorable to sustained eloquence. When Emerson essays high-wrought passages they are apt to die away, or rather to melt into a lower strain by such gentle gradations that you must look up to see how far you have come down. His isolated fine sayings may be counted and rated like gems: but the pervading beauty of his work has the character which he too absolutely attributes to all beauty; it is "like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent." "There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies." This peculiarity makes it difficult to assay and appraise him by quotation; the water in the vase never seems quite the same as the water in the spring. So far as the charm of his style is communicable, it seems to reside in his instinct for selecting the words which wear the most witching aspect, call up the fairest associations, and most adorn the matter in hand. There could not be a happier instance of "proper words in proper places," than the first two sentences of the address at the Cambridge Divinity School, delivered, be it observed, in June: "In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the

buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers." Any other epithet than refulgent would have been a misfit.

The subjective writer who imparts his own being freely to his reader—like Burns, or Shelley, or Carlyle, or Emerson—has this advantage over even greater writers—Homer, Shakespeare, Milton—whose themes lie outside themselves, that he can arouse personal affection, and a fond concern for the perpetuity of his fame. "Love," says Emerson, "prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate." Throughout Emerson's writings there is not a hint of his subjection to "the last infirmity of noble minds," but it is an infirmity which his lovers and friends must take upon themselves. One reflection occurs immediately: he can never get beyond the English language. He has been excellently translated into German, and even into Italian: it is, perhaps, within the resources of French prose to provide a better translation still. But no merely French, or German, or Italian reader will have the least notion of the magic of his diction: hardly even will the foreigner well versed in English enjoy him to the full. As regards the durability of his reputation with the English race, Emerson, like most of the great moderns who have written much and lived long, stands in his own light. No more than Goethe, than Wordsworth, than Hugo, has he given us only of his best. The tribunal of letters looks grave, in the persons of Mr. John Morley and of Matthew Arnold. "There are pages," says the former quite truly, "which remain mere abracadabra, incomprehensible and worthless." And even the good is faulty, observes Arnold, with equal truth. Emerson's diction wants "the requisite wholeness of good tissue." Yet even these accusing angels become compurgators, and dismiss Emerson with a passport to posterity. Another kind of immortality, perhaps the only kind which he greatly valued, is his already. He is incorporated with the moral consciousness of his nation. "His essential teaching," says Professor Norton, in a letter to the writer, "has become part of the unconsciously acquired creed of every young

American of good and gracious nature." If more is to be claimed for Emerson, as it well may, we should rest the claim, apart from his literary worth, on his impersonation of one of the main tendencies of his time, and his rebuke of another. This is an age of science, and science has found no such literary interpreter as Emerson. Not only, says Professor Tyndall, is Emerson's religious sense entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science; but all such discoveries he comprehends and assimilates. "By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world." While thus in sympathy with his age where it is right, he is against it where it is wrong. It has, as a whole, made the capital mistake of putting happiness before righteousness. Utilitarianism has begotten effeminacy, and effeminacy discontent, and discontent despair. Posterity will see in Emerson one man valiant and manly in a repining age. A lesser man might earn greatness thus. The story is told of shipwrecked mariners on a rock relieved from fear when the lightning-flash revealed a humble tuft of samphire, for the samphire is never covered by seawater. Welcome in such a plight the obscure weed, much more the brilliant flower.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY

CHANCELLOR JAMES KENT.

Washington Irving (not unjustly called "the father of American Literature") was born in New York City in 1783 and died in his lovely home at Tarrytown, N. Y., in 1859. His life was lovely, and his work was great! He began to write when he was nineteen years old, and in conjunction with his brother published a newspaper. It was he who created the name of "Knickerbocker" in connection with the early inhabitants of the City of New York, whose aristocrats have since adopted it.

The "Sketch-Book," published in England under the name of Geoffrey Crayon, and "Bracebridge Hall," won for him world-wide

From "Memoirs and Letters of James Kent, LL. D.," by his Great-Grandson, William Kent. Boston. Copyright by Little, Brown & Co., 1898.

reputation; his "Tales of a Traveller," "History of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Tales of the Alhambra," and his other books brought him a fortune. They were all written while he was in Europe, but it cannot be said that he was one of those prophets who are without honor save in his own country. When he returned from his mission to Spain, as American Minister in 1846, he wrote his "Life of Washington," which is one of his most successful works.

But he will live forever in the mind of every lover of that literature which is the inheritance of the English-speaking people, as the author of "The Sketch-Book" and of "Bracebridge Hall."

Perhaps, of all American writers, in Washington Irving the polite air of the man of the European world is the most seen; but then, of all American writers, Washington Irving is the one who most seduously imitated, and most happily caught, the spirit of European writers, formed under aristocratic as well as popular influences;—of all American writers he is thus the least American.—LYTTON, *Essays: Knowledge of the World.*

WE have met to express to a distinguished fellow-citizen, our gratitude for the exalted rank to which he has raised the literary reputation of this country; to testify our admiration of his genius, and to show that we cordially partake of the kindly and generous sympathies which pervade, and have been diffused by, his works. The mention of this subject calls up a crowd of associations and recollections, which even adequately to refer to would carry me far beyond the limits of the time and the occasion, but on which my feelings compel me for a few moments to linger. When the gentleman alluded to commenced his brilliant career (which we trust is far from its termination) by a display of wit and humor, the keen satire and sprightly portraits which distinguished his earliest productions (and in which it is understood he was assisted by a kindred genius), we had scarcely any literary character as a nation, though we are entitled to claim the exhibition of a due share of national energy and enterprise. Our taste and manners were greatly in need of improvement. The admirable work to which I refer partook largely of a dramatic character, and, being armed with wit and power of the highest, it undertook to chastise folly, correct faults of taste, reform bad manners, and mend the heart. The effort was well received, and the public judgment had no reason in

any wise to be offended. No composition of the kind was ever more distinctly stamped with the impression of sterling morals and invariable good feeling, or more free from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The work even abounded with touches of sentiment and pathos, and with fictitious scenes calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy.

The legend of the first colonization of this city and of the adjacent shores must, at this moment, be vivid in the memories of us all,—such a mock-heroic history, written in the finest strain of burlesque gravity, and of witty and ludicrous description, and of playful, but pointed, satire and ridicule. It has rarely, perhaps never, been surpassed, not even by Rabelais or Swift, in its power, spirit, and effect. It was, at the same time, written with so much good temper and humanity that there is nothing in it justly chargeable with a tendency to make one worthy man its foe.

The materials of both those satirical productions were of native growth. They partook of no transatlantic flavor. They were original and inimitable creations of American genius, in all its freshness, fulness, and strength, and solely exerted upon American topics. But the same mind produced powers of thought and invention amidst the beautiful scenes of English rural life and the magnificent remains of Gothic grandeur. In the sketches and essays of Geoffrey Crayon, we have a series of liberal, moral, and pathetic reflections, interwoven with legendary tales of fascinating interest, and adorned with the utmost purity of taste and elegance of style. Many of the stories possess the charm of the finest fictions in the English classics. The liberality, the gentleness, the philanthropy, the taste, the sound judgment and varied accomplishments of the writer, seemed at once to have surprised and delighted the English reader. Those sketches were attended with magical effects. Arrogance stood rebuked and ashamed, and prejudice was subdued, and succeeded by admiration and love.

We rejoiced to behold one of our own native sons rival, on English ground, the grace and elegance, the pathos and

lofty morals of Addison, Goldsmith, and McKenzie; we shared equally with our transatlantic brethren in the pleasures afforded by his graphic descriptions, and hung with an equal intensity over the description of some of his matchless English scenes and incidents. But we are free to admit that we took a far deeper interest in those enchanting visions which brought us back to the borders of the romantic Hudson; 'to the blue hills of our own country, which we love so dearly;' to the 'deep mountain glens' of the Kaattskills, and to the 'twilight superstitions' of the Sleepy Hollow.

Through all the writings of our distinguished countryman, even in his earlier and sprightlier productions, we meet with occasional sentiments of high and grave import, the genuine growth of ardent feeling which go directly to the heart. Nothing can be more soothing and gratifying to meditative minds than such pensive, chaste, and mellowed reflections, arising from views of autumnal scenery, the ruins of ancient art, and the monuments of departed greatness.

The gentleman who favored the world with these productions, not content with enjoying the admiration of the republic of letters to a very eminent degree, was in the meantime busy in earning for himself a title to a still higher niche in the temple of fame. Having access to original and fresh documents relating to the life of Christopher Columbus, he was encouraged and enabled to undertake and execute a great historical work, and on a subject the most rich in details, and the most magnificent in its results, of any that ever employed the pen of the historian. He brought to the task all his great diversified powers. His materials were selected with judgment, studied with diligence, arranged with skill, exhibited with fidelity, polished with taste and recommended by finished specimens of a graceful, flowing, and dignified composition. The discovery of America was essentially a domestic theme. Though the enterprise was begun in Europe, it was consummated on this side of the Atlantic. The settlement of this New World seems to be a theme peculiarly appropriate to the pen of an American writer, who

would naturally feel and appreciate, most deeply and justly, the inestimable value of the discovery, and the mighty consequences of the establishment of great nations on this continent, with their language and institutions, their freedom and religion, their arts and sciences spreading themselves over its surface. The choice was most propitious, and the 'History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus' will probably become the standard work on that subject through all succeeding ages. It equals the most distinguished historical compositions, not only in the dignity of the subject, but in the judgment, skill, spirit, and felicity of its execution.

This eminent historian, honored and beloved abroad, now returns with joy to the home of his youth, and to the beloved companions and scenes of his earliest glory.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(*Appreciations by Various Eminent Writers.*)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., in 1807 and died in 1882. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College; he studied law, and afterwards became Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, a position which he held for twenty years.

As a poet of the home he enjoys the most distinguished place in the world's literature; and every English as well as every American boy and girl knows and loves his short poems, which are as familiar in our mouths as household words.

Among his long pieces are: "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," etc. He published also many works in prose and translated Dante's "Divine Comedy" into English.

> With loving breath of all the winds his name
> Is blown about the world.
>
> —J. R. Lowell, *To H. W. Longfellow.*

> Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
> And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
> If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
> He shall not go, although his presence may,
> And the next age in praise shall double this.
>
> —*Id., To H. W. L., on his Birthday.*

Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
The ray serene that filled Evangeline's,
  Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait
Amid the noisy clamor of debate
The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
In every tone I mark his tender grace
And all his poems hinted in his face;
What tranquil joy his friendly presence gives!
How could I think him dead? He lives! He lives!
—O. W. Holmes, *At the Saturday Club.*

Of Cambridge's dear poet was our talk,
Who gave Evangeline with us to dwell,
  And wild, sweet Indian visions to our eyes,
With their strange beauty, which we love so well.
—W. C. Bennett, *Sonnet VI.*

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!
Lie calm, O Dead, thou art not dead,
  Since from the voiceless grave
Thy voice shall speak to old and young
While song yet speaks an English tongue
  By Charles' or Thamis' wave!
—Austin Dobson, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Longfellow for rich color, graceful forms and incidents—all that makes life beautiful and love refined—competing with the singers of Europe on their own ground, and, with one exception, better and finer work than that of any of them.—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days.*

Longfellow was content to be humanity's city missionary, so long as the common people heard him gladly. Although he was not of heroic mould, he was at least twenty times a nobler man than Poe, with a fund of miscellaneous culture, and a knowledge of human nature that in the long run more than compensated for any inferiority his imagination presented in comparison with Poe's brightest inspirations. He had not the keenness of Poe's artistic sensibility, yet it can at least be said of him that he would have scorned the atrocious, if rare, faults that so disfigure Poe's writings in verse. The same width of learning in matters of general culture, to which allusion has just been made, gave Longfellow an appeal to far larger audiences than those that Whittier can attract; and by his gracious choice of subjects, and his treatment of these in almost every form of verse dear to the people, Longfellow has of course laid himself out—and successfully—to win a hearing where Whitman, with all his boasted feeling for democracy, is looked upon as an intellectual

Coriolanus contemptuous and uncouth.—Eric S. Robertson, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The place that Longfellow claims is the place of a singer in the great temple, and if his voice has not the resonant volume of the great masters, it has the delightful flute-like freshness of the choir-boy's unspoiled alto. . . . It is one of the distinctive charms of Longfellow that he is the children's poet; the fresh grace, the agile hope, the dew-like purity of the child's heart and mind perpetually fascinate him. More than once he takes a little child and sets him in the midst of the world's feverish circle, preaching by the child's innocence the highest of all lessons.—W. J. Dawson, *Quest and Vision.*

"LONGFELLOW," says Julian Hawthorne in his "American Literature,"* "was a prolific author, and a diffuse, though never a careless writer. Setting aside some unimportant juvenilities, written before his college days, and some early essays and translations, his first book was a collection of sketches written during his first residence abroad, and called "Outre-Mer," published in 1834. "Hyperion," a semi-autobiographic romance, appeared in 1839; also, "Voices of the Night," a group of poems written during the previous few years. In 1841 came "Ballads, and Other Poems," and some poems on the subject of slavery, in the Abolition vein; and in the next year, a play, "The Spanish Student." In 1843, the year of his second marriage, he edited an anthology of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems," came next; and in 1847 was published his first long poem, "Evangeline." A novel, "Kavanagh," belongs to 1849. "The Seaside and the Fireside" poems followed; and "The Golden Legend," one of a trilogy called "The Christus," came out in the winter of 1851-52. "Hiawatha," his Indian epic, bore date 1855; and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was three years later. In 1863 he wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; in 1866, "Flower-de-Luce"; in 1868, "New England Tragedies" (another part of "The Christus"); "The Divine Tragedy" (the third part of the trilogy), in 1872; and in the same year, "Three Books of Song." In 1874 appeared "After-

*Boston, D. C. Heath Co.

math''; in 1875, ''The Masque of Pandora''; in 1878, ''Keramos'' and ''A Book of Sonnets''; in 1880, ''Ultima Thule.'' Besides the above, he translated Dante's ''Divine Comedy'' into English blank verse, and published the third and last volume of it in 1867.

At heart, Longfellow was of the people—of that great average class that constitutes, substantially, the population of the world. The range of his affections, sympathies, and sentiments neither rose above, nor fell below, this medium line. This fact was the source of his wide influence—this, combined with the other fact, that in education, culture, taste, gift of literary expression, and in that happy harmony of elements that go to make genius, he was far above the average. In other words, he had the power of saying, in lucid, pure and melodious phrase, what everybody felt, but could not so successfully say. Longfellow's success shows that few writers had his peculiar association of qualities. Professor W. C. Bronson, in his admirable ''Short History of American Literature,''* says Longfellow had much in common with Irving. His character had the same simplicity and gentleness; his culture was essentially European, although it consisted with warm patriotism and the choice of American subjects for many of his best poems; his gifts were affection, sentiment, and taste, not trenchant intellect, intense passion, or high imagination. In humor and satire he was inferior to Irving, but the place of these was more than filled by poetic vision and melodious song. Longfellow is not a great poet. There are heights and depths, splendors and glooms, in life and the soul, which his muse of the fireside and the library could not touch. In early years he did not wholly escape the prevalent taste for commonplace sentiment. His Puritan ancestry and New England environment made him over-anxious to point the moral; he was not enough content to let incident, character, and scenery produce their own effect. But nevertheless his artistic instinct was large, and he came into many bare New England homes as an apostle of new and wondrous beauty. Much of his work will

* Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.

long live, because it touches the heart, refines the spirit, and has for the senses a gentle charm. In the purity, sweetness, and harmony of his nature Longfellow is one of the world's elect.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BY

RICHARD BURTON.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807 and died in 1892. Farming and shoemaking occupied his early years. After two years' study at an academy he became in 1829 editor of a Boston paper, and devoting himself thenceforward to literature, he published twenty years later his first volume of poems. Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows his "Snow Bound," and his "Maud Müller"; and, indeed, most of his poems are familiar to every one. His simple career shows that in every walk of life "Self Culture" may lead young people to success, honor, fame, love, and troops of friends.

THERE is a peculiar satisfaction in studying a man, a maker of literature, like John Greenleaf Whittier, because of the beautiful correspondence between his life and his work. The student comes to feel that, in the high words of Lanier,—

> "His song was only living aloud;
> His work, a singing with his hand."

Whittier's place in the native song is not merely an historical thing. It is present and living. His laurels as a major bard were won and worn long before he died. His contemporaneous influence was great. We are now far enough removed in time to look back upon his literary work with an analytic eye. There has been gain in literary art, in the knowledge and practice of the writing craft in the United States since Whittier's prime. It was easier to win fame then than it is now. His artistic aspects and limitations are apparent. His measures are as simple as his meanings are direct and clear. He does not give us nuts to crack, as does Browning. But there is

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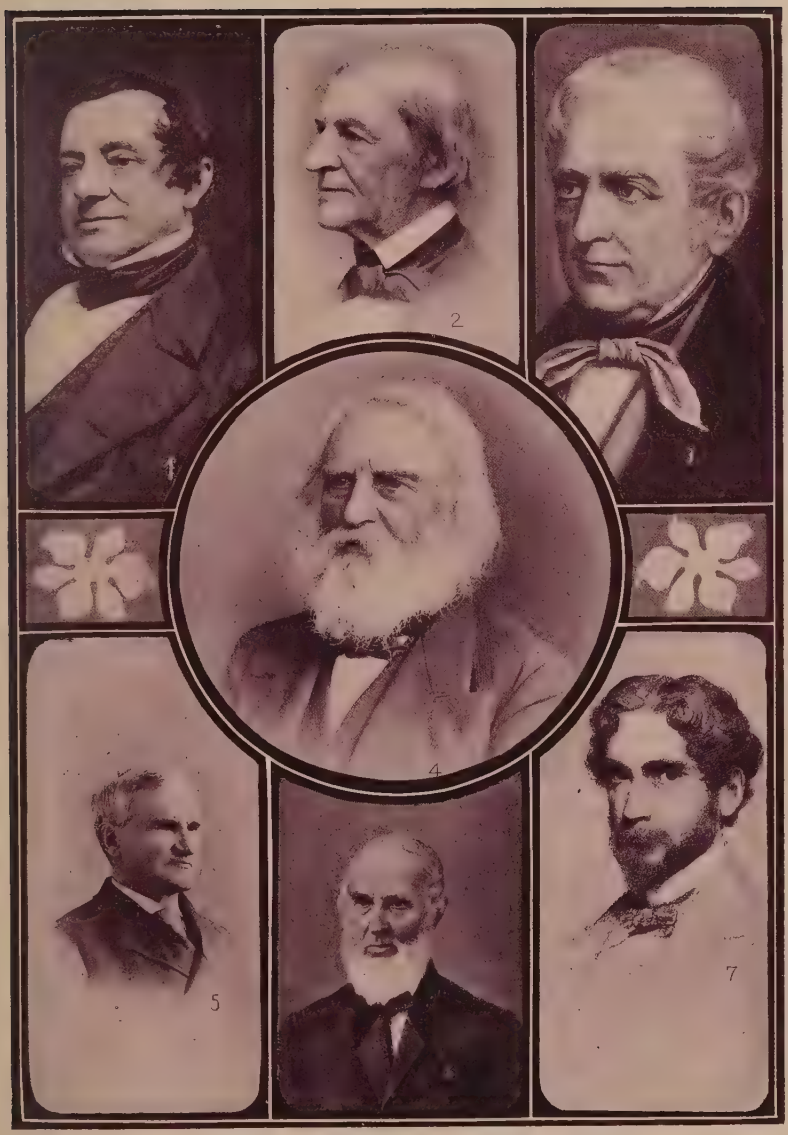
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PORTRAIT GROUP No. 5.

1. Washington Irving
2. R. W. Emerson
3. J. Fenimore Cooper
4. H. W. Longfellow
5. Francis Parkman
6. John G. Whittier
7. J. L. Motley

danger in our critical estimates to-day of over-emphasis on art or so-called originality at the expense of life. Whittier's verse in its union of moral purpose with the sense of beauty—it might be said that the one rhyme of his poetry is that made by *beauty* and *duty*—points to the true source of vitality for all literature which is to survive its own day and to interest, please, and help large numbers of men and women. Whittier's steady hold upon the masses and classes—go to the schools and libraries of the land to see how little it has changed—is thus to be explained. The critical award of a distinct place amongst our elder singers—quite as definite and worthy as that of Bryant, Emerson, and Longfellow, of Lowell and Holmes—is but the same testimony from another point of view. Rural New England, New England of the plain people, finds through John Greenleaf Whittier its most authentic expression in literature. The poet of a section—and what a section! as Mr. Stedman exclaims—becomes, for the very reason that he so honestly reflects his own environment, a representative and treasured national poet—the common paradox of literary history.

Yet, as one thinks of Whittier in the interpretative light of his life, what he was seems full as impressive as what he gave the world as a writer. The man looms up larger than his work. This is as he would have it. He was, aside from his great gifts, a good man, intensely lovable and much beloved. His life was sweet and true and high. Among his books in the Amesbury house is a quaint little copy of Thomas à Kempis, bound in faded leather, containing this marked passage: "Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God, who knows what is in man"; and Whittier was a humble-minded and very true follower of the Christ-life. He once said, referring to posthumous reputation, "What we are will then be more important than what we have done or said in prose or rhyme." His natural gift for song, his sincere love for his fellow-men, and his wholesome reverence for righteousness are traits not to be distorted by changes of literary models nor blurred by the passing of time.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

James Russell Lowell was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819 and died there in 1891. He studied law after he was graduated from Harvard, but soon gave himself up to literature entirely—becoming Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at his alma mater. He was editor successively of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The North American Review*. He was United States Minister first to Spain for three years, and then to Great Britain for five. His fame as a poet is world-wide, and as a satirist and humorist, his "Fables for Critics" and "The Biglow Papers" place him in the front rank.

IN the golden morning of our literature and national life there is no more fascinating and inspiring figure. His literary achievement, his patriotic distinction, and his ennobling influence upon the character and lives of generous American youth, gave him at last power to speak with more authority than any living American for the intellect and conscience of America. Upon those who knew him well, so profound was the impression of his resource and power that these words must seem to be mere eulogy. All that he did was but the hint of this superb affluence, this comprehensive grasp; the overflow of an exhaustless supply, so that it seemed to be only incidental, not his life's business. Even his literary production was impromptu. "Sir Launfal" was the work of two days. "The Fable for Critics" was an amusement amid severer studies. The discourse on "Democracy" was largely written upon the way to Birmingham. Of no man could it be said more truly that

"Half his strength he put not forth."

But that must be always the impression of men of so large a mould, and of such public service that they may be properly commemorated on this anniversary. Like mountain summits, bright with sunrise, that announce the day, such Americans are harbingers of the future which shall justify our faith and fulfil the promise of America to mankind. In our splendid statistics of ter-

ritorial extension, of the swift civilization of the Western world, of the miracles of our material invention; in that vast and smiling landscape, the home of a powerful and peaceful people, humming with industry and enterprise, rich with the charm of every climate from Katahdin that hears the distant roar of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate through which the soft Pacific sighs; and in every form of visible prosperity, we see the resplendent harvest of the mighty sowing two hundred years ago of the new continent with the sifted grain of the old. But this is not the picture of a national greatness, it is only its glittering frame. Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals, art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-sacrificing patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy—such qualities and such achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a state, and those who illustrate them are great citizens. They are men whose lives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Among that great company of patriots let me to-day, reverently and gratefully, blend the name of Lowell with that of Washington.

By Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

LOWELL was one of the men who helped to shape the destiny of America; and his means was literature. And this people recognized, on the whole; and, although he could not write poems like Longfellow, and although he had no philosophy like that of Emerson, they regarded him yet as the foremost figure in literature because he had been a worker to such real advantage.

It does not follow from this that every representative man of letters is a man who uses letters as a practical force. Irving was not, and yet he was quite as representative a man of letters of his own time as Lowell was of his. Irving is the representative of the first generation

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of American literature, say from 1810-1840; Lowell, of the second, say 1840-1870. The two periods were very different. The one called for culture, the other for action. Irving was a man who saw everything as literature, and this was what was wanted in a nation that was doing little more than settling down and in a manner forming itself. Lowell, on the other hand, did not see everything as literature. He saw literature itself as an impulse to action; and, as action was called for by the time, he made literature his means rather than his end.

In his generation, literature was distinctively a force for action. Not that it was nothing else: it was, as it has often been, on the whole didactic, as in "Brahma," for instance; it probed the depths of life, as in *The Scarlet Letter;* it was frankly and merely beautiful, as in "Annabel Lee" or "Ulalume"; it was a charming relaxation after the burden and heat of the day, as in *Hiawatha.* Even with Lowell himself, it was all these things to a greater or less degree in "Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," "A Legend of Brittany," "The Courtin'." But in those years literature was also and especially a national force, so that the historian, who says nothing of "mere literature" as such, will probably take account of *The Biglow Papers, Uncle Tom's Cabin,* "Ichabod," and (I like to think) *The Man without a Country.*

In our own time literature is hardly such a force. What happens under our eyes is hard to see clearly. But it seems, on the whole, as if we had neither Irving's object especially in view, nor Lowell's. We have got perfectly used to looking at everything as literature, so that any five years' graduate can turn out as good literature as you need right from the topics of the day. Nor is it so particularly necessary to use literature as a means of bringing things to pass. The people who wish to do anything nowadays are using means which, for the time being, are infinitely more powerful. Literature is now serving a wholly different purpose, so far as it is serious: it is serving as an interpreter of the secret of life,—a matter in which we have become much interested. This was a matter in which the preceding generation was not

as much concerned as we are, and hence neither the work of Irving nor of Lowell intrinsically can hold the same place for us that it held in their own day. They were particularly and pre-eminently men of letters of their own time.

But we need not feel that because Lowell is a figure of a past generation that he has nothing to say to us. It is true that directly he has not very much. The man who is more or less influenced by the present currents of thought and feeling has not very much real and direct interest in Lowell's work as literature. A smile or two over *The Biglow Papers,* a thrill over the "Commemoration Ode," half a dozen familiar quotations, a number of good bits of criticism tucked up in capital figures, these are the residuum of a reading of Lowell on the average reader who knows and cares for the life and literature of the present. But—and the "but" is a large one—any one who will appreciate Lowell as he himself used to appreciate his predecessors, will gain from Lowell's collected work, not the supreme æsthetic pleasure that we get only from the art of our own time, the few great geniuses of all time, and the few curious exceptions that each one of us insists on making in the deadening judgment of the years,—not that, but a consciousness of the vigor and power of the thinking and feeling man as a working element in society. This is a thing that we cannot easily get from any author of our own race and generation, because we have no such man to-day as Lowell. It is something that we cannot get so easily from the work of men of any other nation, for such authors deal always with a civilization that is not our own. Lowell was essentially an American.

An understanding of the power of letters as a factor in the world's work, that is what we get from Lowell. It is something that we cannot get from Emerson or Longfellow or Hawthorne. To the same degree we cannot get it from others who worked along with Lowell, from Mrs. Stowe or Whittier, because no other writer of his time used the power of literature so broadly and so finely as did he. He was the personification of letters in life.

And this feeling is something that we can never do without. Literature is Protean, now one thing and now another. So soon as we begin to think of it as something definite, something fixed, it begins to harden: instead of letters in any broad sense, we have hieratic writing. Lowell himself saw literature differently at different times. But the main tendency of his own activity made literature a force in the world. When we forget that literature is a force in the world, we close our eyes to the facts. Lowell may well stand even in times whose tendencies are different from the tendencies of his own time: he will always awaken, stimulate, and vivify.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY

W. B. Shubrick Clymer.

James Fenimore Cooper (one of the princes of story-tellers for boys) was born in New Jersey in 1789 and died in 1851. His boyhood was passed in a wild, unsettled part of New York State, where he gained much of the knowledge of Indians, trappers, etc., which he afterwards utilized in his stories. Later he went to Yale, and afterwards served in the navy for six years. His first novel was a failure, but his next work, "The Spy," was an immediate success. It is hard to say whether his "Leatherstocking Tales" or his "Sea Stories" are the more popular among English-speaking boys, and French and German boys too; for they have been translated into those as well as other languages. In fact, so thoroughly is Cooper appreciated in England that hundreds of English boys never think of him as an American author.

IN the spring of 1826 Cooper followed to Washington a deputation of Indians, mostly Pawnees and Sioux, in whom he had become interested during their visit to New York. He was studying them with an eye to his next novel, which was begun in New York and finished in Paris. One of these chiefs, described as "a very fine specimen of a warrior, a remarkable man in every way," may have been the model for

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Hard-Heart, one of the most pleasing of his minor characters. Though not true as a study of a region which the author had never seen, *The Prairie* has qualities which place it high among novels of adventure. Through it runs a strain of poetic feeling for the vague mystery of unlimited expanse, and it has quiet power which grows more impressive on a second or third reading. . . .

At St. Ouen, he wrote *The Red Rover*. As every one may fairly be credited with having read that live book, no remarks on it are needed here beyond a couple of entries, perhaps not universally known, in Scott's *Journal* for January, 1828: "I read Cooper's new novel, *The Red Rover;* the current of it rolls entirely upon the ocean. Something there is too much of nautical language; in fact, it overpowers everything else. . . . He has much genius, a powerful conception of character, and force of execution. The same ideas, I see, recur upon him that haunt other folks. The graceful form of the spars, and the tracery of the ropes and cordage against the sky, is too often dwelt upon." . . .

The Red Rover was the last novel that added to Cooper's fame until *The Pathfinder* appeared a dozen years later; and much that he wrote and did in the interval diminished his reputation. At this point, therefore, where his position was permanently determined by six of the eight books published in his first and most prosperous period of authorship, a slight indication of his distinctive traits as a writer finds its place.

Detailed discussion of style would here be superfluous; for, as style was the least of Cooper's preoccupations in writing, so it is the last thing one thinks of in reading him. Still, so many gratuitous slurs have been cast on his English, so many well-worn charges have been brought, which to particularize were trite and tedious, that it becomes necessary to insist rather on the virtues which equally exist in his writing. All that is needful for clearness may be briefly stated. His style is said to be, in general, commonplace, careless, and prolix, frequently lumbering and involved. Especially in scenes of what is conventionally termed polite society it doubtless misses

the mark. The narrative, moreover, sometimes lags so that the listless reader is disposed to get behind and push. But when the story is fairly going, on the waves or in the woods, the style for the time rises to the occasion, and often for a stretch of fifty pages or more is suitable, adequate, unpretentious, and free from mannerism. Whoever questions its efficiency for its purpose may open *The Last of the Mohicans* at the description of the falls, or may read again the account of the battle of Bunker Hill in *Lionel Lincoln,* or the adventures of the sleighing party in *Satanstoe,* or the famous fifth chapter of *The Pilot.* That chapter, the first in fiction to show that the master of the sea tale had come into the world, is unsurpassed in the literature of the sea. Its effect, acknowledged by all the critics who mention it, has been felt by every one of the million boys whom it has enthralled in the last three-quarters of a century. The man who wrote it made alive as never before the ship and the element with which she battled, and in some degree gave semblance of life to those aboard her. How, unless by instinctively right choice and arrangement of words? . . .

In description of nature, afloat and ashore, the good qualities of his style almost invariably predominate. His volumes of travel are so picturesque and entertaining as to lead a discriminating critic to pronounce them "among the best of their kind." His familiar letters of friendship or affection have colloquial ease and graphic lightness. The words of a few of his characters—Harvey Birch, Tom Coffin, Leather-Stocking—are life-like. In short, where he feels at home with his subject, the style responds without apparent effort to a natural impulse. On the other hand, when he tries to produce an effect with thankless or uncongenial material, the style is inert; for he wrote precipitately, and spurned revision.

The indisputable, the essential fact is that, entering unheralded and possessing the land, he founded a realm, and became by divine right king of American fiction. Scott, with whom he is often idly, though perhaps inevitably, compared, had behind him generations of literary association in a country which teemed with

thronging suggestion of romance, and which was peopled by an eager audience. The American writers of that early time were, as Bayard Taylor said, "even in advance of their welcome, and created their own audiences." To no such heritage as Scott's was Cooper born. Alone he penetrated and permeated the literary wilderness, blazing paths for those who should come after. To disparage his work on the score of lack of technical finish is to subordinate primary considerations to secondary, and to prove one's self dull to that rarest of endowments, that precious literary prize—originality.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY

H. A. Page.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (one of America's most famous authors) was born in Salem, Mass., 1804, and died in 1864. His life as a boy was a very lonely one. He was overshadowed by the death of his father and its effect upon his mother. This early loneliness seems to have had a strong influence upon his character, which was always very shy and retiring. He had the advantage of a college education, and began to write stories very early in life. The first collection of them was published in 1837 under the title of "Twice-Told Tales." In his "Mosses from an Old Manse," he tells of his life in Concord, but his masterpieces are generally considered to be "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables."

Perhaps, however, the work of his which will have the longest life of all, because it lives in the heart of the children, is "The Wonder Book for Boys and Girls." He also published "The Tanglewood Tales," "The Marble Faun," and several other books.

HIS works are not stories at all in the sense we mean when we call Scott's novels stories. They are great allegories, in which human tendencies are artistically exhibited to us. . . . Were one to judge merely from first impressions, one might very easily be misled as to the chief source of the fascination of Hawthorne's stories, which really lies in the subtle but almost imperceptible way in which real circumstances are con-

From "Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne." London: Henry S. King & Co.

stantly slipped into a medium the most shadowy and fantastic.

The framework of real circumstances which he gives to "The Scarlet Letter," to "Blithedale," and to "The Mosses from an Old Manse," are only somewhat extreme illustrations of the way in which he everywhere sought to bring into intimate contact the most shadowy and the most substantial elements in human nature. His works are thus the truest emblems of his life. . . . He takes nothing on hearsay, but must test everything for himself. As some physicians have found it needful to resort to experiments on themselves, the more surely to detect the virtues of certain subtle poisons, so Hawthorne must reduce all that is abnormal, morbid, and mixed in emotional experience into his own life. And he absolutely needs the aid of facts as talismans wherewith to lure and master his own nature, and bend it the better to his purpose. Old criminal trials, newspaper reports, even old advertisements, were a great treat to him. He sometimes found mental aliment in the driest records; and his intimate friends not seldom were surprised at his enthusiasm over such things.

One of them tells how, having heard him speak of his love for such writings, he picked up one day a set of old English State-Trials and sent them to Hawthorne, who declared that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell. If five lives were vouchsafed to him, he said that he could employ them all in writing stories from these books. He had sketched in his mind various romances founded on the remarkable trials there reported, and one day he made the said friend's blood tingle by relating to him some of the situations which he intended to weave into these romances. In one place he says that "The diary of a Coroner" would be a fine subject. There can be no doubt that there was a certain vein of realism in him which would have enabled him to treat such a theme in a wonderfully effective way. No doubt it was this conviction which made one of his French translators rank "The Journal of an African Cruiser" as an original

work of imagination. He writes: "Outre les œuvrages que nous venons de citer, on a de lui 'L'Image de Neige et autres Contes,' le 'Journal d'une Croisière en Afrique' (!), le 'Livre des Merveilles,' le 'Fauteuil du Grand-papa,' et 'Les Contes de Tanglewood.' "

It is on account of their letting us, far more completely than could have been done otherwise, into the secret processes of his art, that his notebooks are, from a critical point of view, so inexpressibly valuable. Where they are least interesting in themselves, they are all the richer in this regard. They show us how closely this great man studied his themes; how conscientious, how careful he was not to commit himself in any way; how persistently he returned to his work again and again; and how difficult he found it to bring anything up to the high level of his own exacting judgment. Every page, free, sparkling, graceful as it seems, is the result of long, unwearied labor and meditation. . . .

Of his qualities as a writer what need is there to speak? No man has ever used the English language with more perfect grace and self-control than he has done, no man has more skilfully brought out its more secret chords and harmonies. His words fit his thoughts, as neatly as do the coverings which nature provides for her finest and most delicate productions—chaste ornament never being spared.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Louis John Rudolph Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807 and died in 1873. After a thorough education and a successful career in Europe, he came to this country at forty years of age and became Professor of Zoology and Geology at Harvard. He explored the lower part of the Amazon and its tributaries; and the Harvard Museum is rich in the treasures from sea and land which he brought with him. His many books on natural history are highly esteemed by scholars.

WE shall not hear a dissenting voice as to the immense power he has asserted in this country in spreading the taste for Natural Science and elevating its standard. How many leading students of

From "Memoir of Louis Agassiz, 1807-1873," by Arnold Guyot.

nature are proud to call themselves his pupils and gratefully acknowledge their great indebtedness to his judicious training. How many who now occupy scientific chairs in our public institutions multiply his influence by inculcating his methods, thus rendering future success sure.

Public education had no better friend. He published an excellent little volume on the method of study in Natural History. He was one of the corps of able teachers, gathered together by the genial and intelligent State Secretary of Education of Massachusetts, Dr. Barnas Sears, which, by means of the Teachers' Institutes, actually revolutionized the methods of instruction. It was to me supremely touching to see the great naturalist, at Penikese, a few months before his death, devoting his last strength to a crowd of eager learners, directing them to the exclusive study of the book of nature, and showing them, by word and deed, how to observe it, and how to be taught by these living realities.

Of his numerous labors since he landed on the American shores, I will only mention his researches in the various families of Radiates; on the Florida reefs in behalf of the Coast Survey; his great work, "The Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," three volumes of which have been published, prefaced by a suggestive essay on Classification; the exhaustive embryology of the Turtle; his volume on the Expedition to Lake Superior; his "Journey to Brazil"; the Hassler expedition round Cape Horn, and so many others, to give even a short notice of which would carry me too far. I will only say that they all exhibit that superior talent of observation, true to the most minute details, while they show the same regard to the bearing which this new information might have on the higher principles of science; the same care to connect the observed phenomena in a code of doctrine. All the ideas brought out in his "Poissons Fossiles" reappear, but more matured and placed on a broader foundation. This is especially true of his remarkable essay on Classification.

It is on the broad principles laid down in this last work

that the organization of the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoology is based. This latest enterprise, and surely the most enduring monument of Agassiz's scientific activity in America, is not an ordinary conception. Its triple series, Zoological, designed to illustrate the systematic affinities of the animals among themselves; the Geographical, showing their natural associations in the regions where they live, including the fossil types to mark their successive appearance in geological times and their relation to the present creation; lastly, the Embryological series, unfolding the various grades of development, and enabling the student to compare them with the fossil types of early times; these three form a complete system demonstrating all the relations of the animal kingdom considered in itself and in connection with the surrounding world, past and present. It is a stereotyped form, a realization of his original ideas, developed throughout his life. No wonder that he devoted to this monumental work all his remaining strength to the very end of his days.

Permit me to here allude to one of the providential circumstances of Agassiz's life, which enabled him to perform so large an amount of work, and to do it cheerfully as well as efficiently. I mean his marriage, in 1849, with a distinguished daughter of his adopted country, whom we all know without naming her, and all admire and respect. In this constant and devoted companion of his American life he found a wise and affectionate mother for his children. Her sound and firm judgment, her well balanced mind gave him a much needed help and encouragement in the midst of sometimes complicated circumstances. Her literary talents, to which we owe the interesting record of his Brazilian journey, the picturesque account of the Florida reefs, and perhaps the final appearance of more than one of his late works, are acknowledged by all. Her deep and absolute devotion, her soothing influence, secured for him the peace of mind and heart so necessary for an undisturbed mental activity. To her also Science owes a tribute of gratitude.

Agassiz was born a naturalist as Raphael was born a

painter. Nature was his first and last love; to live with her and study her was his life. His allegiance to her was unreserved. To be false to nature, or to belittle her; to warp her teachings, or to set them aside, was an offence which he resented almost as a personal one to himself. One of his last sayings (in the *Atlantic Monthly*) was that "philosophers and theologians have still to learn that a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle."

Nature was his main teacher. From her he knew God as a personal mind; all wise, all powerful. Each specific form of plant or animal was to him a thought of God. The Life System was God's connected system of thought, realized by His power in time and space. These forms were not the result of blind physical forces. To these he conceded no power to produce any change in their permanent specific types. New species were new creations. Hence his constant and resolute opposition to Darwinism and to all evolution hypotheses. This zoological view he applied equally to mankind. Though a believer in the psychological unity of mankind, he maintained the doctrine of an original variety in the different types of man.

Such were his intellectual views of nature, but his heart taught him more. I remember the tear of emotion which glistened in his eye when he spoke with thankfulness of the gifts of a kind Providence to himself, and the perfect happiness he had in every member of his family. If his mind recognized God's wishes in nature, his heart surely felt that in God there is more than mind; there is tender love.

By his large contributions to Science in America, by his power of developing a true scientific spirit, to excite and popularize the taste for scientific researches, by his vast influence on the American mind, and his universal popularity, which he kept to the very last, Agassiz had become emphatically a national man.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

BY

SOPHIA P. SHALER.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler was born in Newport, Ky., in 1841 and died in Boston in 1906. He was educated in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, of which he subsequently became Dean and Professor of Geology. He served in the army during the Civil War and afterwards returned to Harvard, where he was Instructor of Geology, Zoology, and Palæontology. He was Director of the Kentucky Geological Survey and was Geologist of the Atlantic Division of the United States Survey.

He wrote many books on the subjects to which he devoted his life, and they all of them take rank as high authorities.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER, by vocation a geologist, was over and above his profession a man of such large humanitarian and intellectual interests that the variety of his outward expression filled with wonder all who knew him. Eager to know and to share in everything that noble men were thinking and doing, his mind ranged through the realm of natural and social phenomena, so that in the end his progressive attainments entitled him to be named scientist, thinker, teacher, soldier, administrator, poet, and explorer; and yet, when all is said of the brilliant manifestations of this capacious mind, Mr. Shaler's manhood was greater than his intellect, his character loftier than his achievements in the various offices which called forth his powers. The integrity of his mind and heart, his keen sense of duty, was in no way more strikingly shown than in his dealings with his body. The world at large little suspected that his seemingly superabundant vitality, his power to impart courage and strength to others, was associated with a large share of physical ills, some of which were serious, and others, though not menacing, exceedingly annoying; indeed, it would be hard to overstate the tax which an extremely sensitive body put upon him. Although pos-

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sessed of a constitution innately strong, it was seldom, even for the short period of a month, that he was free from the kind of physical burden that called for great endurance and for the resourcefulness of an exceptionally active mind.

As a child Mr. Shaler was very frail, of a delicate build, and nervous organization. Sick headaches became his portion at an age when the spirit is entitled to be free from so great a stress. These remained with him all through life, and, ever alert to extract good out of evil, he often asserted that they had been for him a great source of education.

Early in youth malaria, among the most devitalizing of maladies, laid hold upon him with a virulence and persistency that would have enervated a less valorous nature; but even then he fought physical inertia with mental energy,—this also in a way the product of the will; for, prone to revery, he put aside the futile indulgence and compelled his mind, as well as his body, to more robust tasks. Whatever the engagement might be,—whether a fencing lesson, reading with his tutor, or to take his part at a debating club of young men,—sick and feverish and against the remonstrance of anxious parents, he would meet the obligation. While his body may sometimes have suffered from this Spartan discipline, his mental vigor and determination undoubtedly owed to it an increase in strength. Happily endowed with a well-natured and generous soul, it was his good fortune even in boyhood to be able to discriminate between values, moral and social, and from the inward requirements of his own being to follow honorable and worthy objects. As he grew older, suspicious of the poetic side of his nature, he mistook the fineness and responsiveness of his soul to the moving world about him for a sign of feebleness of purpose, and in consequence put upon himself a fearful pressure, exacting the last efforts of a willing spirit to meet the practical callings of life. Thus the habit of self-mastery grew, until he attained that degree of command over mind and body which made the pleadings of self-indulgence fall upon

deaf ears. In all the vicissitudes of life he was ruled by an ideal existence against which everything else seemed insignificant.

Before reaching his majority, Mr. Shaler became Captain of the Fifth Kentucky Battery, and for two years served in the Federal army; at the end of that time, his health failing utterly, he gave up his command, and not long after visited Europe. While there, although often suffering acutely, in his untiring study of geology he climbed mountains, explored volcanoes, and investigated the problems of glaciers, never seeking danger, but never passing it by in pursuit of the knowledge he deemed necessary to one of his profession. At this time he also acquainted himself with the treasures of museums and art galleries, and with the social conditions of the people among whom he was thrown; for no human interest or accomplishment could he pass by unobserved or untheorized upon. As a result of this breakdown, chronic indigestion with all its evils was for many years one of the ills he had to bear; but the sloth and complaining to which it often gives rise were swept aside by his iron will as a dead weight to energy, and relegated to the refuse heap of man's ignoble belongings. Moreover, he kept such splendid faith with his higher nature that the temptation to subterfuge and self-deception which constant physical annoyance brings were so well resisted that under the most trying circumstances he ever remained candid, true, and brave. In the course of time these qualities ranked so high with him that in comparison mere intellectual gifts and accomplishments were of minor importance. In his intercourse with students nothing irritated him more than any sign of malingering. He often rallied the sick, whom he visited with fatherly care in their rooms or at the Infirmary, upon giving way to slight ailments, and always left them with renewed faith in their power to combat physical and moral evils.

While engaged at the Museum of Comparative Zoology in assorting numberless specimens of fish, stored in an inferior quality of alcohol, which his old master, Louis Agassiz, had sent home from Brazil, Mr. Shaler became

in a fashion poisoned, and once more had to give up work and seek restoration of health in change of climate. At a celebrated water-cure establishment at Malvern, England, he received judicious treatment, and continued through life to use many of the devices of hydropathy. Cold-water bathing became almost a cult with him, and sun baths pleasant and soothing resources. Exercise in all weathers and at all seasons, outdoors and in the gymnasium, was not only a recreation but a physical necessity. He was persuaded that a long walk was a great moral renovater, and the best possible remedy for a clouded mind or for depression of spirits. Walking in the country on his own estate, stopping here and there to extirpate weeds, was a keen and never-failing delight. His geological excursions, in which hundreds of young men took part, led him over hill and dale, through swamps and across rivers, often taxing the prowess of men many years younger than himself. Late in life he was fond of telling the story of once having overheard two students talking together. "Where's the old man?" asked one. "Hush!" said the other; "if he hears you call him 'old man' he'll walk your d—d legs off."

Ever since the Civil War, and perhaps as a consequence of the mental strain those harassing time put upon men, Mr. Shaler suffered from a severe form of vertigo, the attacks coming at short intervals, and again postponed for several months. As the cares of life pressed upon him they increased in frequency, and at the worst the sensation would be felt several times a day. This trouble he learned to endure with great patience, and often the only sign he gave of the "living death," as he called it, was an extreme pallor of the face. These seizures would sometimes come to him while lecturing, but the momentary break in thought which they caused would ordinarily pass unobserved, a little slowing of the speech being the only outward sign of the stress it put upon his mind and will.

As we have intimated, Mr. Shaler made almost a religion of fidelity to appointments. It was his proud boast that during the forty-three years he had lectured at Har-

ward he had never failed to be in his lecture-room five minutes before the hour. Time and again, while the victim of acute sickness,—the grippe, and other exhausting maladies,—he would get up out of his bed and go to a lecture or to a meeting where he was pledged to appear. He would even put himself to the heroic test of lecturing while undergoing the torments of a sick headache. Troubled with one of the many forms of gout, his discomfort at times was almost intolerable, and many wakeful nights he passed on account of the pain it caused him.

Had it not been for his unflagging industry and the coercion he put upon himself, hampered as he was by bodily ailments, he could never have performed the difficult and manifold tasks that entered into his life's work. Beginning as a Captain of Artillery, he soon passed on to the fields of learning, and in succession was Lecturer, Professor of Paleontology, Professor of Geology, and Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School; in addition he carried on alternately, or in connection with his University work, the Directorship of the Kentucky Geological Survey, the duties of Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, and of the Coast Survey; he also gave a vast amount of thought and time to the development of the Harvard Summer School. Furthermore, he was an expert in mining problems, and was actively concerned with the administration of a large mining property; and again he was a member of the Massachusetts Commissions of Highway, of Agriculture, and of Park Systems. His college work was by no means limited to the exposition of a particular branch of knowledge. Committees, administrative boards, and the arduous task of resuscitating, vivifying, and developing the Lawrence Scientific School called for a tremendous amount of obligatory and voluntary work. His personal oversight of the forty classes of young men who passed before him was a ceaseless care, involving as it did an effort on his part to get at the inner nature of the student, to understand his aspirations, and in a way to compute and help forward his possibilities. As one of his old students has well said: "It was Mr. Shaler's distinction

to prove by his example that a professor may touch life on all sides, carrying to the world the disinterestedness of the university, taking to the university the higher practicalness and vitality of the world, and teaching both that that is the true learning which most enriches life and best reveals 'come l' uomo s' eterna.' "

From youth upwards an ardent investigator of nature, which shone in his eyes like a precious stone with myriads of facets, he studied rivers, lakes, mountains, seashores, and plains, each presenting a new field for accurate research or for the play of an interpretative imagination. His writings on scientific and kindred subjects were voluminous, embracing some twenty-five volumes, while his scientific papers published in journals and his miscellaneous contributions to magazines were almost innumerable. The power to remain to the end an enthusiastic interpreter of nature and at the same time an active participator in the affairs of the world, was in part due to natural gifts and in part to a systematic cultivation of open-mindedness, of courage, and hopefulness in the face of difficulties connected with the perversities of human nature at large, and with the infirmities of his own body.

But, above all, Mr. Shaler was blessed with the temperament that could realize Dante's two beatitudes,—the active life and the contemplative life. It was possible for him, in the intervals between lectures or other employments, whether the interval was long or short, to pick up his tablet and, according to the time, write a page or a paragraph. He was so charged with thought that his pen never lagged for the lack of ideas, and he could literally spin by the hour from the impulse his scientific inquiries gave him, or from the promptings of a vivid imagination. His soul could at all times find a retreat in the creative world, lose itself in areas of time and space far removed from what was paltry or annoying in the actual life about him. Even when suffering from extreme pain he could, by the force of his unconquerable will, lead his mind into paths of speculation concerning the nature of pain and the benefits to be had from it. Those who believed that sickness enervates the will, while in contact with him lost

faith in that belief, for the impediments and discomforts of the body were set at naught in his endeavor to realize the manly existence. And so, when the final illness, that dread disease, pneumonia, fastened upon him, having so often been the victor over sickness, faith in his power to hold back even the last enemy, death, was such, that a dumb surprise at the failure of the dominant will (exerted so faithfully to aid the resources of medical skill) mingled with the grief of those who loved him; and their name was legion.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

"I'll put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes."
—SHAKESPEARE.

The story of the life of Cyrus W. Field is really the story of the Atlantic Telegraph, which was told in his own words in our Fourth Volume.

The following description of his early days from an English pen is interesting as showing how some of our "Ideals of American History" were reared. He died in 1892, full of years and honor, and his name and his work will not be forgotten so long as messages continue to be flashed under the three thousand miles of sea which divide the Old Country from the New.

CYRUS W. FIELD was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 30th of November, 1819. Stockbridge is one of the fairest villages of New England, lying calmly cradled among the green Berkshire Hills; a region famous for its picturesque landscapes. They are broken up by many a pleasant sylvan valley, through which wind the bright waters of the Housatonic. In one of its broader intervals lies Stockbridge, encircled by verdurous heights, and combining in its surroundings every variety of natural beauty,—hill and dale, and meadow and burn, mountain declivities hung with forests, and tall cliffs which frown over the valley below.

Nor is the place without its historical associations. It was once the seat of an Indian tribe, to whom a missionary was sent by the Society for the Propagation of the

From "The Story of Cyrus W. Field." London, 1875.

Gospel, while Massachusetts was still a British colony; and here, more than a hundred years ago, the celebrated Calvinist divine, Jonathan Edwards, preached the gospel in the wilderness.

Like Professor Morse, whose name is also connected with the Atlantic Telegraph, Mr. Field was the son of a country pastor; a class of men who have done much for the honor of New England, by founding churches and colleges, and establishing schools, and thus making the people of that part of the United States as remarkable for intelligence as for the religious constancy they have inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

In those days the country parson was not, as a rule, rich in this world's goods; and Dr. Field did not make the exception. If not quite like Goldsmith's model pastor,

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year,"

his annual stipend never at any time exceeded one hundred and fifty. And yet he contrived to give to no fewer than nine children the highest educational advantages the country could afford.

It is evident that this could never have been effected but for the presence in the parsonage of that "angel of the house," a loving, faithful, and capable wife. Mrs. Field, in her early years, had been the beauty of her native village; throughout her useful life she was known for her sunny temper, and her cheerful, hopeful, vivacious spirit. The husband, grave and sober, as became his profession and was natural to his creed, might sometimes cherish sombre views of the present or the future, but they were quickly dispelled by the unfailing buoyancy of disposition which made sunshine in his dwelling all the day long. Here was a spirit that no troubles could subdue, that bore with womanly heroism all the privations of her lot, that willingly endured the hardest sacrifices for the sake of her children. And so it came to pass that from the little Stockbridge parsonage four sons were sent to college, and prepared to enter with credit on a professional career; while other three sons, and two

daughters, received such advantages as could be obtained in the best schools.

The influence of her sanguine and elastic temperament may be traced, we think, in the son; and to his honor, be it said, that the strongest passion of his boyhood was his love for his mother. And never, of a truth, had the children of any mother greater cause to "rise up and call her blessed."

They did not fail to honor her. The family that grew up so happily in that quiet nook of New England have made their mark on American history. Of the sons, the one best known in England is he whose arduous efforts have linked his country to ours by the magic wire. The others, however, are not unknown on either side of the Atlantic. Of the four college-bred sons, the eldest, David Dudley Field, an eminent New York lawyer, has gained a reputation in Great Britain by his vigorous advocacy of Law Reform. He is the author of a series of codes, civil, political, and criminal, the result of twenty years' labor, whose benefit will be felt, not by his own country alone, but by every country where the English law prevails and the English tongue is spoken. Another brother is a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. A third was a lawyer of large practice in Massachusetts, and for several years the President of the Senate of that State. The fourth was a distinguished journalist in New York, and the author of several popular books. He died on February 4, 1907, as these sheets were going through the press.

In the home and under the happy auspices we have thus briefly described, was born and bred the projector of the Atlantic Telegraph, the pioneer of ocean-telegraphy. His childhood passed, like that of most country boys, with few and simple amusements, duly intermixed with hard study and hard work. The New England winters are long and cold, and through the deep snow-drifts young Cyrus had to trudge to school, finding compensation for his occasional troubles in a slide down-hill or a skate on the ice. In the summer, he rambled in the woods, or breasted the river-current, or managed his little skiff on the nearest

"pond." His educational opportunities were such as the village "academy" afforded. From the first, however, unlike his brothers, he showed no very ardent affection for "book-learning," but excelled in all active and athletic pursuits. And he was well fitted to succeed in these, for his frame was lithe and wiry, his physical strength remarkable, his courage undoubted, and his enterprise indefatigable. Whatever he undertook, he carried through. No obstacles could daunt him; indeed, they seemed to intensify his steadfastness of purpose.

He was not allowed, however, to enjoy the pleasures and studies of boyhood for any considerable period. At fifteen years old he was recalled from school, and transferred from the peaceful village to the busy, noisy, boisterous city. It was a bitter moment when he left his childhood's home, and parted from the mother he loved so well. He went out alone into the world, with neither fortune or friends to support him; but he had what was better—a clear brain, a firm will, and a noble heart.

He began at the bottom of the ladder, entering as a boy in a mercantile office; and working his way upwards slowly by his own strength. And such were his vigor, his industry, and his perseverance, that in the course of six years we find him in business for himself, married, and "settled in life." With such rapidity does an active spirit and a strong intelligence sometimes push its way in the Western World.

The next twelve years were characterized by an incessant application to business. He seemed to think of little else. Steadily improving his position, and amassing wealth, he saw himself, at the end of that time, in possession of ample means, and began to think of retiring from the busy world to enjoy the fruits of his successful labor. This young man, for he was only thirty-three, actually proposed to "retire from business," to abandon the pursuit of fortune; and betook himself, for six months, to South America, with the intention of "taking life easily." The old habits, however, as yet were too strong for him. Young, robust, and energetic, he could not wholly repress the instinct of action which had made

him what he was. The fire still burned in his blood. What should he do? He felt indisposed to sacrifice his manhood, as so many merchant princes have done and do, to the counting-house and the exchange. Yet he was in need of an object. His active brain could not forego employment, and in some way or other he felt he must needs expend his superfluous energy. Thus it was that, soon after his return to New York, he entered upon the great project of the Atlantic Telegraph which, as we have seen, absorbed the next twenty years of his life, and furnished him with a noble incentive to exertion, while its success most fitly crowned an honorable and distinguished career.

PETER COOPER.

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

Peter Cooper was born in New York City in 1791 and died in 1883. The various activities of his life are indicated by the following appreciative description. His monumental expression of gratitude for his successes and of his desire to afford to others benefits he never enjoyed, which has developed into the Cooper Union in New York, is too well known to need fuller description. It is an institution which furnishes means of education especially to those who are desirous to help themselves.

PETER COOPER'S father always believed that his son would "come to something." He had named Peter after the great Apostle, and he expected his boy to live worthy of it. When he was just tall enough for his head to be above the table, he began to help his father, who was a hatter, by pulling the hair out of rabbit-skins. He stayed in this business till he learned every part of the work of making beaver hats; and as he was very eager for an education, he was allowed meanwhile to go to school during half of each day for a year. That was all the schooling he ever had.

When Peter was seventeen his father sold out this busi-

From "One Hundred Famous Americans." Copyright by D. McKay, Philadelphia. By permission.

ness and set up in another. Then he learned all about a brewery and the making of beer. But after awhile he asked his father if he might not leave it and learn something else. Old Mr. Cooper said yes, and the young man bound himself to a New York coachmaker. After he had served his full time—which was until he became of age—his employer offered to build him a shop and set him up in business. "But," he says, "as I always had a horror of being burdened with debt, and having no capital of my own, I declined this kind offer."

It was during this apprenticeship—from the time he was seventeen until he was twenty-one—that he felt most keenly his loss of schooling during his early years. To be sure, he had been all that time receiving another kind of education, for he stepped into manhood with three good trades at his command; but this was not enough. He knew it, so he bought some books and set about trying to supply what he lacked. But there were few books in those days that helped anybody to teach himself, and those that he bought were so heavy and learned that he could not understand a good deal of what they contained. He looked about for other help. There were then no evening schools or free classes to aid him, but he finally found a teacher who, for small pay, gave him evening lessons in arithmetic and other branches. It was at this time that he resolved, "If ever I prosper in business so as to acquire more property than I need, I will try to found an institution in New York wherein apprentice-boys and young mechanics shall have a chance to get knowledge in the evening." He never lost sight of this plan, although it was a long time before he began to carry it out.

After his apprenticeship was over, he first found employment in a shop where machines for shearing cloth were made. Here he learned another trade, and saved enough money from his wages to buy the right to make the shearing-machines in New York. At this he grew quite prosperous for those times—which was about the beginning of the second war with England—and felt very much elated after a large sale to find he had five hundred

dollars clear profits. What do you think he did with it? Paid his father's debts!

He had a good deal of ingenuity and made some improvement on these machines that was very successful. This business continued large and prosperous until the close of the War of 1812. Then the demand grew smaller and he gave it up.

Finding a small out-of-town grocery business for sale he bought it, and at the age of twenty-three took up another new occupation. The store stood where the Cooper Union now is. This was then some distance above the city, and was surrounded by fields and vacant lots. But Mr. Cooper's object in buying it was not trade. It was property for his Institute he was thinking of. This plot might be out in the country then, but he reckoned that it would be a central spot in the fast-growing city by the time he should be able to build his evening school; and now the land was cheap, so he bought it, and moved up there with his family—for he was married by this time—and undertook the little grocery business till he made that pay, too.

Before long, he was also the owner of a glue factory, which he soon made the most important in the country. What he had made by building machines and in his new store, enabled him to pay for the glue factory the day he bought it. He was at the same time supporting his aged parents, two sisters, and paying for his brother's education in medicine.

This was thirty years before he began to build the school, but it was the beginning toward it. Whenever he found any of the adjoining pieces of ground for sale and could spare the money, he added them to the first plot, until, in 1854, he owned the whole block on Astor Place, where Third and Fourth Avenues meet.

Meanwhile, the glue and isinglass business prospered and their owner entered into other enterprises. In 1828—about fourteen years after he moved up town—he became interested in Baltimore property. There was great excitement in the "Monumental City" then, roused by the promise that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would soon

be finished. Peter Cooper bought three thousand acres of land within the city limits for one hundred and five thousand dollars, hoping, like the others who invested at that time, that great things would come out of the new road. But this was a very costly enterprise. Before the first year was passed all the money subscribed for the road was used and the stockholders seemed likely to lose all that they had put in, and refused to suppy any more. It was then that Cooper's inventive genius did great service. He asked the gentlemen to hold on a little and he would show them a steam-engine that might be used upon the road. He then designed and built the first locomotive engine made in America.

He says: "This locomotive was built to show that cars could be drawn around short curves, beyond anything believed possible. Its success proved that railroads could be built in a country scarce of capital and with immense stretches of very rough country to pass, in order to connect commerce centres, without the deep cuts, the tunnelling and levelling which short curves might avoid."

The locomotive was a success, and saved the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from being bankrupt at the outset and abandoned. But this did not bring Cooper any immediate use or return for the Baltimore land. Until the city recovered from the check in its prosperity that was likely to be of scarcely any value; so he made up his mind to build a rolling-mill upon it.

He set to work upon this plan at once, and before long the Canton Iron Works were very prosperous and widely known, for in them many improvements were first made in the process of the blast-furnace. They were afterwards removed to Trenton, and for many years brought immense profit to Mr. Cooper.

During all this time Mr. Cooper had continued in the North the manufacture of glue, isinglass, oil, prepared chalk, and Paris white; the grinding of white lead, and the fulling of buckskins for the manufacture of buckskin leather. But his time was not all given to these, numerous as they were. There was scarcely any great work of public improvement or philanthropy that he was not in-

terested in, and helping along. He was one of the first to aid and encourage building telegraph lines in this country, and for eighteen years he was President of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company. Governor De Witt Clinton found him one of his best helpers in forwarding the Erie Canal scheme, and when the question came up of how the boats should be propelled, Cooper invented an endless chain arrangement with which experiments were tried before the Governor and a distinguished party of canal men. It was not then made use of, but has since been adopted to pass boats through the locks.

In New York City he served in public offices upon the Boards of Assistants and of Aldermen. He drew together the old Public School Society and did a great deal for the common schools, which has since been followed up by the Board of Education, with many vast improvements on the old system.

In 1854 his plans were ready and his means large enough to begin his long-thought-of night school. But he made it much more than that, and established the Cooper Institute, with the purpose that it should be "forever devoted to the improvement and instruction of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art." He not only gave to it a great deal of money, but time and thought, and ever so much hard work right in the building. He was there a great deal of the time, constantly altering and adding to it wherever he saw improvements wanting. It is the finest free school of its kind in the country, and will remain a monument to him forever. Over two thousand pupils attend it every year, coming from all parts of the United States.

DANIEL BOONE.

BY

GEORGE CHANNING HILL.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania in 1735 and died in Missouri in 1820. His father was a farmer, and his son grew up with little knowledge of books, but wise in forest lore, hunting, and Indian life. At the age of thirty-four he went to live in the wilds of Kentucky, fighting with wild beasts and with Indians, by whom he was captured, but from whom he escaped. Then he, with five other families, moved into North Carolina, where he built the fort named Boonesborough. The greater part of the rest of his life was occupied in fighting with the Indians. When Kentucky became a state of the Union, he went to live in Missouri, where he died.

THERE have been many men in the world who loved the silence and solitudes of nature, but none, certainly, who pursued the enjoyments they offer with such singleness of heart as the famous Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky. He was a marked man from the start. Such true and simple children of nature are so rare as to attract a great deal of attention on all sides. Their speech is not the speech of the world; their manners are not those of common men; and their lives are crowded with deeds of daring, whose narration forms the most attractive of romances. Old and young delight to read of the wonderful encounters with Indians and wild beasts; the narrow escape from the perils of flood and forest; the hardy and prolonged endurance, and the steady perseverance and resolution. These are stories of which the young, especially, never tire. They are fresh forever.

It requires peculiar qualities to make a good pioneer. We who enjoy what a heroic ancestry won for us by their own sufferings and sacrifices, know little, and think less, of the cost at which all these things were secured. Some of those noble men marched forth to beat down oppression, as it sought to draw its bands closer and closer around them; and some silently went out into the wilder-

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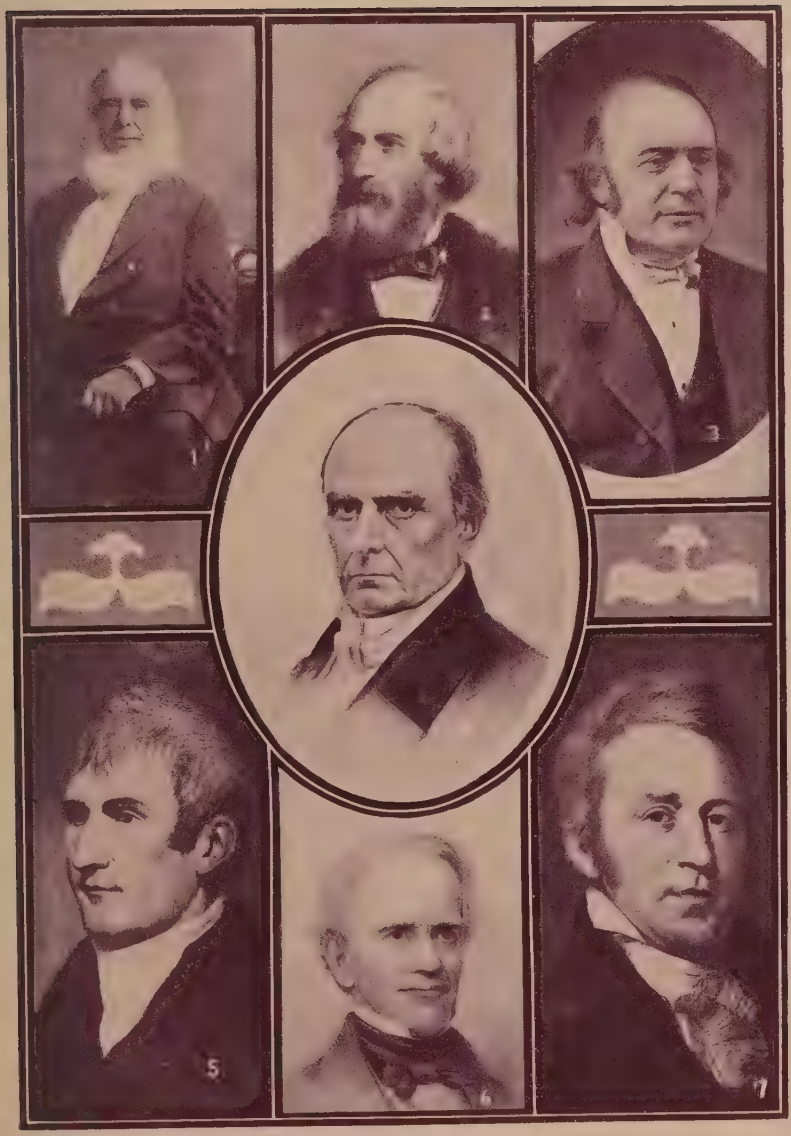

PORTRAIT GROUP No. 6.

1. Peter Cooper
2. Cyrus W. Field
3. Louis J. R. Agassiz
4. Daniel Webster
5. M. Lewis
6. Horace Mann
7. William Clarke

ness, resolved to subdue even nature herself to their far-reaching purposes. But large as was their comprehension, they could not then take into their vision the half of the grand picture which was so soon to unroll, like a panorama, before the gaze of an astonished world.

The name of Daniel Boone, as one of the pioneers, has gone around the world. Long ago it was celebrated wherever men admired courage, or loved to read stories of individual sacrifice and daring. Captain Cook had sailed around the globe, bringing home with him accounts of men that were known scarcely in the popular imagination; Ledyard traversed wild wastes where vegetation never grew, and made himself famous for the courage he displayed in penetrating to climes that were thought unable to sustain human life; but Boone set out with calmness, as if he were obeying a religious inspiration, and buried himself forever in the wilderness. It required great resolution to do what he did; and yet it seemed to come to him as easily as play to a child.

Lord Byron proclaimed his undying fame in some of his noblest verse, which deserves to be incorporated with a sketch of the man. It is as follows:

"Of all men, saving Sylla, the man-slayer,
Who passes for, in life and death, most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman, of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals anywhere;
For, killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age, in wilds of deepest maze.

"Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of Solitude; health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where, if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as, beguiled
By habit, to what their own hearts abhor,
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety.

"And what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng;
Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which, glory's but a tavern song—

Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the man of Ross run wild.

"'Tis true he shrank from men even of his nation,
When they built up into his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses, and more ease.
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased, nor please.
But where he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

"He was not all alone; around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unwaken'd world was ever new;
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature's, or on human face;
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

"And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions;
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions.
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray;
No fashion made them apes of her distortions.
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

"Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil.
The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil.
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods."

It is to be remembered, too, that when Boone shouldered his rifle and went with his little family into the wilderness, the days of the American Revolution were just drawing nigh. Had he listened intently, it would seem as if he could have almost caught the echoes of the

early cannon fired by his resisting countrymen, and heard the roll of the drums, and the tramp of the ill-clad armies that were mustering in the field. But as his life chanced to be cast without the immediate reach of these influences, nothing was left him but to follow the direction of his own tastes or desires. He loved the mysteries of woodcraft; he yearned for the companionship that silence alone offered him; he sighed daily, even at the season of early manhood, for the unbroken delights of solitude; and by all these signs had God sent him into the world to be a pioneer. Any other life would have been a mistake for him.

We are all ever apt to consider only those men the real founders of our nation, who perilled their lives or fortunes in the strife of the Revolution; but we allow ourselves to rest much short of the reality, when we do so. A great share of that work was done in silence, and solitude; by self-sacrifices that were not seèn by the eyes of the world—not in the smoke and roar of battle, but with patient and repeated efforts—frequently offering scarce a hope of final success. The men who lived and labored thus, were at least equal heroes with any other. They endured as much; they toiled as much; they made as noble sacrifices for their posterity; and the results that flowed, and still flow, out of their endeavor, are no wise behind what has been wrought by the rest, whether in importance or permanence.

The true way to look at the claims of the different workers for the inheritance we now enjoy, is to regard them, one and all, as engaged in the self-same purpose; to study them as the individuals of a fraternity; to match what one accomplished in one place and direction, with what another accomplished in an opposite or corresponding one. They labored together in a body, shoulder to shoulder, though perhaps they knew it not at the time, nor even knew what great things they were doing. Each one took the part which heaven had allotted him, and worked it out so far as time and strength permitted.

And out of the long and brilliant list of patriots—whether orators, or warriors, or statesmen, or divines,

whether at work in this field or that—no name shines with a purer or steadier lustre than that of Daniel Boone. Even for the days in which he lived, he was accounted a wonderful being; and those who read or heard of him felt the bewitching influence of his very name. No boy ever hung over the fictitious narrative of Alexander Selkirk with any greater delight and wonder, than did the men and women of the days following the Revolution over the real story of Boone and his romantic fortunes in the great Western wilderness. Stories of his courage and fortitude came to the ears of his countrymen on the sea-board, like whispering voices out of the pathless woods; and all alike were enchanted. It was so new, so fresh, so strange, this life away from the reach of civilization; the imagination loved to go out into just such realms as those in which he dwelt, and to people them in obedience to its own laws alone.

Daniel Boone was a little younger than Washington at the time of the Revolution. He was a boy of a remarkably good constitution, which was about the best inheritance his parents could leave him. At three years of age he was removed with the family, into what is now the town of Reading, Berks County—then, however, but a meagre and exposed post on the outskirts of the wilderness. The Indians threatened the peace of the settlement at all hours. It was not safe to go out of the reach of the dwelling unless precautions were taken against sudden attacks from the forest natives. Ambushes were likely to be sprung upon the settlers on every side.

It was in a school of danger like this that the boy, then scarcely more than infant, received his first lessons in life; and it may be believed they were rugged and lasting ones. Here on the edge of the trackless forest, his pliant mind was impressed with those images of nature, and those pictures of the pleasures of solitude, which are very apt to be indelible. He played about the far-off settlement, and gazed into the scowling wilderness with feelings that, during all his subsequent life, he labored to make real and true.

There he learned all about the tricks and traits of the

Indians. The talk was chiefly upon them and their wily habits. He learned the dangers of the life his parents led, and was, at the same time, taught to love perfect simplicity. He was taught, too, that peacefulness brought the most happiness, agreeably to the views of his parents and those around him.

During his seclusion in the woods, it is not to be supposed that he enjoyed quite as many privileges as young lads do in these days, especially in the way of schooling. His education was very limited and meagre. Schooling did not mean then as much as it does now. Then, it was but a hard chance indeed. The books were few, and teachers were rare. Little more than the rudiments were taught, and taught very hastily at that. The scholars did not assemble in fine buildings, and seat themselves at handsome desks, as they do now; but were compelled to huddle together as best they could in close and ill-lighted log cabins, the rudest structures that can be conceived.

The sturdy men of those times were educated in a rough school. It was almost a necessity that they should be. They knew much less of books than they did of life. They stammered over their spelling, perhaps, but made it up in their action. Polish was not much wanted then, but rather ruggedness and strength.

We can, in imagination, look into one of these log huts on the Pennsylvania frontier, now, and see the little lad Boone, busy over his tasks. Simple enough they were, yet no doubt as difficult for him to master as the incomparably tougher ones that are set before the boys of the present day. We can behold him gazing intently out through the open window which in fact is no more than a square hole in the side of the cabin, and roaming, in thought, among the dense and dark trees, all among the mysterious shadows, or into and out of the recesses, that hide nowhere as they can in the forest. He, no doubt, sat, as many an impatient schoolboy has sat on his bench since, and dreamed of what was just beyond his reach outside—of butterflies, and green grass, and running across meadows, with no teacher to watch them, and freedom from restraint of every character. He would

have been very different from other boys if he had not done so.

Of course, he was glad to get through the routine of school, and have it done with forever. The day of his release from that unwilling service, he considered as the most to be desired of any in his life. He learned to read, to write, and to cipher; these were all. And it cannot be asserted that he was anything beyond perfection in any of these. He did not pretend to write with more accuracy or elegance than the other boys of his time. Nor were his exploits in the way of spelling very much to be boasted of. He was a good reader, no doubt, as those things then went. And perhaps when we have said this much about the early schooling of Daniel Boone, we have said all.

As his life was to be in the woods, he looked at no education except that which would give him skill and advantage there. The books could have taught him not the first syllable of the sort of learning he most wanted. That he could better acquire of the Indians, of the elements, of the open day, and the mysterious night, of the very animals that made their abode in the wilderness. The seasons themselves became his instructors. Nature was a volume always open to him; and he studied it with eagerness and devotion.

The forest, too, was thought to be the scene of many and many a contest between the white man and the Indian. Hence the character of the savage was studied with the greatest care and patience. If the woods were indeed his special hunting-ground, and it was not permitted the white man to roam over them also, it would not be a great while before the reason for the latter's exclusion was better understood. And in order to meet the savage on an equal footing, it was necessary for the former to understand his nature at every crook and turn.

Nobody could tell, easier than the Indian, the paths that conducted them through the tangled forest mazes. He was an expert in arts like this. And it was exactly such as this that the frontier settler had to learn of him, enemy as he was, in order to be anywhere near his equal.

How to make his escape in time of imminent danger, was a problem which it required a good deal of study and skilful practice to solve. How to match his savage rival in the thousand arts and dissimulations that he was so ready to practise, was quite enough to occupy all his time and thought.

Young Boone grew up in the midst of circumstances and influences like these. Whatever else he did not learn, he certainly did learn the most lasting lessons of self-reliance. Here was he strong; and here was his strength always to lie. He felt the peculiar glory there was in trusting to himself, in relying on his own exertions. No school could have been a better one, either, to teach him how to make the most of what means lay around him; how to keep himself always on his feet; how to extricate himself from any kind of difficulties that threatened to hem him in; and how to perform the most with the fewest means, and under the greatest discouragements.

Of course he learned to use the gun as soon as he had the strength to carry it about with him. He became an expert marksman very early. Sharp shooting, in fact, was necessary almost to his existence; and if not so much so at the time, it certainly became so in more than a single instance afterwards. As he grew up nearer to the limit of manhood, his love of hunting and solitude became more and more noticeable. He would be off alone in the woods, with nothing but his gun for company, all through the day. Many a story is told of his wonderful feats, such as the number of animals he brought down with his unerring bullet, or the fierce and finally successful encounters he was wont to have with the forest denizens. The whole settlement looked upon him with pride, if not with hope; for they saw in him those shining qualities that give lasting fame to the frontiersman and pioneer.

Having acquired the fame of a hunter, it was natural enough that he should think of no other occupation in life. So he soon began to grow restless under the restraints of home, and finally went out from beneath his father's roof and built a little hut in the forest, where he played the hermit and woodsman to his heart's content.

The wild beasts roamed all around him by day, and their howlings made a dismal concert for him at night. He was alone; yet the solitude never became oppressive to him. He had yearned for just such a life since he began to estimate what life was worth.

The walls of his hut were hung around with skins of animals, trophies of his skill and daring. He stood in the door of his rude cabin of logs, and contemplated the forest, with its profound silence and gloom, with a pleasure that none could understand. In the untrodden depths of that wilderness he tried, no doubt, to find his own future; which, even then, he felt was as full of mazy windings and dark recesses, as the forest itself. He tried, in short, to taste the life he so much longed for, in advance of its coming; he sought to make his fancies real as fast as he could, impatient that time did not untie the pack at its back a little faster. . . .

No shadow rests on the fame of Daniel Boone. He was all that could be asked as a father and a husband, and in all relations he held toward others he was an exemplar. The day shone clear through his character. Nature does not produce such a man in every generation, or even in every century; when she does, it is with a specific purpose, which is always accomplished.

The ages will pronounce the name of Daniel Boone with pride. He was a true man. He was direct and self-reliant. There was no falsehood about his nature, and no need of any. He did great deeds as other men would do smaller ones, because the power lay in him to do them, and he could not help it. Though he never made any profession of religion before the public, it cannot be denied that he was the most thoroughly religious man that ever lived. It could not well be otherwise, for he drank in his inspiration direct from the fount of Nature, and that is ever as clean and pure as the waters that rill from the mountain. His sense of justice was ever untainted. No wrong could be laid at his door, and he passed away with only the blessings of the race upon his silvered head.

"Let his name be honored forever."

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

BY

HELEN AINSLIE SMITH.

Meriwether Lewis was born in Virginia in 1774 and died in Tennessee in 1809.

William Clarke was born in Virginia in 1770 and died in St. Louis in 1838. He was a brother of George Rogers Clarke. He entered the army under General Wayne; was Governor of Missouri territory (1813-21), and Superintendent of Indian Affairs until his death.

DURING President Jefferson's administration, the famous Lewis and Clarke Expedition was sent out by the Government to explore the Missouri River from its mouth to its source, to find the shortest distance from there to the headwaters of the Columbia, and then to trace that river to the Pacific Ocean.

Jefferson, who was very much interested in the project, stated to Congress that he thought that his private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, would make an able commander of the expedition; he was a young Virginian of great promise and some experience; he had helped to quell the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Pennsylvania; and—though now but twenty-six years old—had risen to the rank of captain in the regular army. Congress thought well of the suggestion and placed Lewis in charge of the scientific portion of the expedition, while William Clarke, a soldier who had seen a good deal of Indian warfare, was made military commander.

After that the rest of the company was gathered together, and when all arrangements were made, a little band of thirty men started out in the fall of 1803. Beside the two commanders, there were nine young Kentuckians, fourteen soldiers from the United States Army, two French boatmen, an interpreter to speak with the Indians, a hunter, and a negro servant. They travelled as far as the Wood River on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and then made up their camp for the winter. Halting there until the spring, they passed their time in

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drilling, so as to be ready to meet the Indians that would be sure to object to their presence, and in preparing their stores so that they could be easily carried. Their luggage was a very serious matter, because as they were going far away from civilization, they had to take with them almost everything they should need—clothing, working utensils, fire-arms, and ammunition, scientific instruments, and a large quantity of presents for the Indians. These were perhaps the most bulky, unhandy objects of all, being richly laced dresses, coats, flags, knives, tomahawks, bead ornaments, looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, paints, and other things particularly pleasing to the savages. But during the winter the men got them all packed in large bales that were easily loaded in boats, when the party was ready to break camp. Hiring some boatmen to take them as far as the country of the Mandan Indians, they set out in very good condition as soon as spring had fairly opened. There were five boats in the stream and two horses were led along the banks to be used in carrying the game, which was very plentiful and furnished nearly all the food needed during the summer. Each day they journeyed from ten to twenty miles, and at night they encamped upon the banks of the river. A number of the men kept journals of each day's happenings, while the leaders made careful record of their scientific observations.

During the months of May and June they passed the mouths of the Osage, Kansas, and Platte tributaries to the Missouri, and in July they entered the country of the Ottoe Indians. They held a meeting with the chiefs and promised them that if they would be quiet and peaceable their "great father," the President, would protect them from their enemies. Between the mouths of the Platte and the Sioux Rivers they found the work of surveying the course of the Missouri very difficult on account of its zigzag windings. Part of the time they were in Iowa and part of the time in Nebraska until they reached the land of the Sioux Indians. Then for some distance the ground was well known to the men who had traded with that friendly tribe. Making their way easily

for a time, they soon rounded the Great Bend, passed the Cheyenne, and in the last of October they reached the country of the Mandan Indians, over sixteen hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri.

It was their plan to encamp here for the winter, and, when the Indians flocked about their boats, the explorers asked to hold a council with them. Agreeing to this, the chiefs and first men of the tribe met Lewis and Clarke, and listened to their speeches with attention, while they told them that the "great white father" wished to live in peace with them and to have them live in the same way with their neighbors, and said that this party had no desire to disturb them in any way. Then presents were given to them; to the first chief of each town, a flag and a medal with the likeness of the President upon it, a uniform coat, hat and feather; to the second chiefs, a medal representing some domestic animals and a weaving-loom; and to the third, medals representing a farmer sowing grain. Among a number of other presents that were distributed among the people, one that seemed to please them best was a corn-mill for grinding the kernels taken from the ear. They had never seen anything like it before, and it interested them very much.

In return for these gifts the Indians brought buffalo robes and quantities of corn to their courteous white visitors; they paid many friendly visits to the camp, and gave Captain Clarke much valuable information about the great Louisiana territory around them.

After building some cabins and a fort, which they named Fort Mandan, the explorers spent the winter in making maps of the ground that had been gone over, surveying the portion of the river near them, in hunting, studying the ways of the Indians, and collecting specimens of earth, salt, minerals, and plants, which were all labelled with the date and place in which they were found. These were packed and forwarded to President Jefferson on the 7th of April, 1805, the day on which the party broke camp and left the villages of the friendly Mandans.

Pushing steadily on in their march, they passed the mouth of the Little Missouri, then that of the Yellow-

stone, and for over a month afterward travelled due west. Now and then they met a bear—Captain Lewis had a couple of narrow escapes from them—but for the most part it was a steady and novel, though not an exciting, journey across the country, till, in the course of two months, they reached the junction of two large rivers. Here they met with difficulty—which was the Missouri? It would not do to take the wrong one, for they would then lose a whole season in following it and in retracing their steps. They questioned the Indians, but could learn nothing from them. All the men thought that the northern fork, with its deep channel and turbid waters, must be the Missouri; but the two captains, who judged from their scientific observations, thought that the southern stream was probably the main river. To settle the matter Captain Lewis took a few men and pushed forward on that one, while Captain Clarke made some examination of the other. They knew for certain, from traders and Indians, that some great falls occurred in the real Missouri not far from its source; and so, when, on the third day of his tramp, Captain Lewis heard a faint roar in the distance, he was pretty sure that they were on the right track. Hastening forward, he soon saw a cloud of vapor arising, and in a short time his little band reached the great falls of the Missouri.

Sending a man back with the news to the rest of the party, the captain began at once to examine the cataract. He soon became so absorbed in its grandeur and beauty that he forgot that he was in a wild country whose inhabitants did not always give strangers the pleasantest sort of a welcome; he even forgot that his rifle was unloaded, and was only aroused to these facts when he suddenly saw a huge brown bear close upon him. There was no time to load his rifle, so he plunged into the river, hoping that the bear could not follow. For a few moments this seemed to be a mistake, for bruin followed him close to the water's edge; then it appeared to be frightened at something and hastened away.

In a couple of days Captain Clarke arrived and the party took up its march toward the source of the river.

In about two weeks they came to the great pass, "The Gates of the Rocky Mountains," where the river breaks through the steep rocks at the bottom of a deep gorge between five and six miles long. Further on, they found another junction in the stream. Here there were three branches of about equal size, and another discussion arose; but it was soon decided that the most westerly stream was the true Missouri. Naming the three branches after the President, Jefferson; the Secretary of State, Madison; and the Secretary of the Treasury, Gallatin, they took the Jefferson fork and on the 12th of August arrived at the springhead of the Missouri, three thousand miles from where it pours into the Mississippi, whence they had started a year and a half before.

One half of the work was now done; the other half was to find the source of the Columbia and trace its course to the Pacific. The courageous pioneers climbed the mountains before them, and were the first white men to stand upon the summit of the famous range of the Rocky Mountains, which forms the water-shed between the Pacific and the central table-lands of North America.

Before they had gone down three-quarters of a mile on the other side, they came to a small stream of clear water—the very waters that they sought; it was the source of the Columbia. They did not know this, though, and feared to follow its course lest it should lead them astray. So they kept on in their chosen direction till they met a company of Snake Indians, who told them that the stream they had passed became a large river and flowed into the great ocean. But they also said that the country through which it ran afforded no food nor wood. Finally, after much urging and the promise of many presents, some of the red men consented to guide the party over this unknown and dangerous region.

It was impossible for them to follow this river in boats, as they had the Missouri, neither could they travel along its steep and rocky banks. They had to take the rugged path across the mountains, stopping at the Indian villages on the way for rest and refreshment. Before this the party had met with very little trouble from cold and

hunger, but in these regions they came near starving several times; they had to kill and eat their horses and then to buy dogs of the Indians for food.

Nearly a month was passed in this barren country before the party reached the place where the northern and the southern forks of the great Columbia meet. From here, the guides said they could travel by water; so canoes were made, and after naming the northern branch after Captain Clarke, and the southern after Captain Lewis, they embarked on the water once more and went floating smoothly down the river. When they came to the great falls the Indians said they would have to take to land again, but the intrepid leaders thought the canoes would ride the cataracts, and, feeling unwilling to spend the time and strength that would be necessary to carry all the baggage past the falls by land, determined to take the risk. All the boats went over safely, and passed the still more dangerous narrows below. After that it was a smooth journey to the mouth of the Columbia, where they arrived at the close of November, 1805, having travelled more than four thousand miles. During the first week in December a place for the winter camp was found on a small bay of the Pacific coast, which they named Meriwether, the Christian name of Captain Lewis.

Early in the spring, they turned their faces homeward. Two months only were taken in retracing their steps to the navigable portion of the Missouri; and, once more afloat, it did not take them long to reach Fort Lewis, where they arrived May 22, 1806.

The long, hazardous journey had been successfully made, its object secured, and the reports of the party were most valuable to the Government. Congress rewarded the labors of the commanders by giving them large grants of land in Missouri. Lewis was made governor of the territory and Clarke general of the militia.

President Roosevelt in his address at the laying of the cornerstone of the Lewis and Clarke Memorial, Portland,

Oregon, described their work as the greatest single pioneering feat on this continent,—the voyage across the continent by Lewis and Clarke, which rounded out the ripe statesmanship of Jefferson and his fellows by giving to the United States all of the domain between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Following their advent came the reign of the fur trade; and then some sixty years ago those entered in whose children and children's children were to possess the land. Across the continent in the early 40's came the ox-drawn white-topped wagons bearing the pioneers, the stalwart, sturdy, sunburned men, with their wives and their little ones, who entered into this country to possess it. A mighty pioneer feat, a feat of the old days, when men needed to call upon every ounce of courage and hardihood and manliness they possessed in order to make good our claim to this continent. Let us in our turn, with equal courage, equal hardihood and manliness, carry on the task that our forefathers have intrusted to our hands; and let us resolve that we shall leave to our children and our children's children an even mightier heritage than we received in our turn.

RUFUS PUTNAM.

BY

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

Rufus Putnam was born in Sutton, Mass., in 1738. He came of a race of yeomen distinguished in every generation for public spirit, simplicity, integrity, and common sense. He was a cousin of General Israel Putnam, who, "Where any man dared to lead, dared to follow." His father died when he was seven years old, and he received little or no education in early life, excepting what he gained himself. While he was apprentice to a millwright, he studied arithmetic, geography, history, mathematics, and engineering. He enlisted in the French War at the age of eighteen; was made lieutenant-colonel at the outbreak of the Revolution, joining the camp at Cambridge just after the battle of April 19th.

In 1785 he was appointed one of the surveyors of Northwestern

From "Rufus Putnam, Founder and Father of Ohio." Worcester, Mass.: Press of Charles Hamilton.

lands, and what he did in that section of the country has entitled him to be called "The Founder and the Father of Ohio."

RUFUS PUTNAM was one of those men, rare in all generations, perhaps more rare now than formerly, who seem to be almost absolutely without care of self. He seems to have been indifferent to fame. He had little use for the first personal pronoun in his speech or his writings. He was content to accomplish useful results. He was intent upon the goal, not upon the prize. If he could accomplish useful results, he cared nothing for the pride or glory of the achievement.

Among the chief elements of his greatness is his great unconsciousness. So much the more is it the duty of posterity to guard his fame and pay him his due meed of credit and honor. To the genius of Rufus Putnam was due the favorable result at three great turning-points in American history.

It was his skill as an engineer that compelled the evacuation of Boston. It was his skill as an engineer that fortified West Point. To him was due the settlement of the Ohio Territory and the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787, which dedicated the Northwest forever to freedom, education, and religion, and, in the end, saved the United States from becoming a great slaveholding empire. . . .

Putnam soon had his plan ready. The men were immediately set to work in the adjacent apple orchard and woodlands, cutting and bundling up the fascines and carrying them with the chandeliers on to the ground selected for the work. They were put in their place in a single night.

When the sun went down on Boston on the 4th of March, Washington was at Cambridge, and Dorchester Heights as nature or the husbandman had left them in the autumn. When Sir William Howe rubbed his eyes on the morning of the 5th, he saw through the heavy mists the intrenchments, on which, he said, the rebels had done more work in a night than his whole army would have done in a month. He wrote to Lord Dartmouth that it

must have been the employment of at least 12,000 men. His own effective force, including seamen, was but about 11,000. Washington had but 14,000 fit for duty.

"Some of our officers," said the *Annual Register*—Edmund Burke was the writer—"acknowledged that the expedition with which these works were thrown up, with their sudden and unexpected appearance, recalled to their minds the wonderful stories of enchantment and invisible agency which are so frequent in the Eastern romances."

Howe was a man of spirit. He took the prompt resolution to attempt to dislodge the Americans the next night, before the works were made impregnable. Earl Percy, who had learned something of the Yankee quality at Bunker Hill and Lexington, was to command the assault. But the power that dispersed the Armada baffled all the plans of the British general. There came "a dreadful storm at night," which made it impossible to cross the bay until the American works were perfected.

We take no leaf from the pure chaplet of Washington's fame when we say that the success of the first great military operation of the Revolution was due to Rufus Putnam. The Americans under Israel Putnam marched into Boston, drums beating and colors flying. The veteran British army, aided by a strong naval force, soldier and sailor, Englishman and Tory, sick and well, bag and baggage, got out of Boston before the strategy of Washington, the engineering of Putnam, and the courage of the despised and untried yeomen, from whose leaders they withheld the usual titles of military respect. "It resembled," said Burke," more the emigration of a nation than the breaking up of a camp." . . .

Lossing calls him the father of Ohio. Burnett says, "He was regarded as their principal chief and leader." Harris dedicates the documents collected in his appendix to Rufus Putnam, the "founder and father of the State."

And at last, that the great drama might end as it began, his vote saved the State from the imposition of slavery by its constitutional convention in 1802. His vote—his single vote and his summons to the son of his

old friend, Manasseh Cutler—secured the majority of one which saved the State from the imposition of slavery in 1802.

Suppose those five States, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, which were formed from the Ohio territory, had been settled from Virginia, each of them another Missouri or another Kentucky? What think you would have been our condition to-day? A few States, perhaps, on our eastern and northern border without slavery, but subjected forever, if the Union had lasted, to the slaveholding rule of which we had experience, even as it was, for the generation before the breaking out of the rebellion. If there be, in the annals of this republic, save Washington and Lincoln alone, a benefactor whose deeds surpass those of Rufus Putnam, I have read American history in vain. . . .

To be a great engineer is to be a great soldier. To be a great engineer with only such advantages of education as Rufus Putnam enjoyed is to be a man of consummate genius. But to have been the trusted friend of Washington; to have conceived as by a flash of inspiration the works which with an inferior force compelled England to evacuate a fortified town and to quit Massachusetts forever; to have constructed the very fortress and citadel of our strength and defence in the war of the Revolution; to have been in Lord Bacon's front rank of sovereign honor; to have founded a mighty State, herself the mother of mighty States; to have planned, constructed, and made impregnable the very citadel and fortress of liberty on this continent; to have turned the mighty stream and current of empire from the channel of slavery into the channel of freedom, there to flow forever and forever,—if this be not greatness, then there is no greatness among the living or the dead.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

BY

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Francis Parkman was born in Boston in 1823 and died in 1893. After graduating from Harvard College he spent some time among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and visited Europe to collect materials for his books, the chief of which are: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Pioneers of France in the New World," "Count Frontenac, and New France under Louis XIV.," "Montcalm and Wolfe," and "The Half Century Conflict."

IT was his purpose to tell the world things he knew and meant to learn, and "reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain," he proceeded to do it. In 1849 "The Oregon Trail," written originally as a series of papers for the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* appeared as a book. In 1848, when his disorders seemed at their worst, the light of day being unsupportable to his eyes, and his brain driven to a "wild whirl" by any continued mental effort, he resolved to begin work upon the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac." The physicians practically told him that it was madness, and he, rightly believing that his salvation lay in effort, gave them no heed.

When he began his work he could not listen for more than half an hour at a time, to the reading of the material he had long been collecting, and there were many days when nothing could be done. He made his notes with closed eyes upon an apparatus like Prescott's noctograph, except that it had no carbonated paper, and the writing was done directly upon the white sheet with a pencil. When the scrawls were deciphered and read to him, he mastered their import and dictated his narrative.

There were the same perplexities that Prescott had to encounter with foreign documents. "The language was chiefly French," said Parkman, "and the reader was a girl from the public schools, ignorant of any tongue but her own. The effect, though highly amusing to by-

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standers, was far from being so to the person endeavoring to follow the meaning of this strange jargon." Yet in spite of everything his condition did improve, and in 1851 the book was published. Such was his view of the obstacles he always had to overcome that he believed the results of his work to be better rather than worse because of them.

In 1851, also, there was a new disaster in an effusion of water on the left knee, which plunged him into miseries of body and mind as intense as any he had ever known. But he was already at work upon his greater enterprise, the series of histories which now, in seven volumes, bear the general title of "France and England in North America." It was fourteen years before the first of these was finished.

In 1865, appeared "The Pioneers of France in the New World." There had been many interruptions, one of four years, and others of lesser duration, from a single year to single months, weeks, and days. Meanwhile he had married and lost his wife, had journeyed often to Europe and to the scenes of his narratives, and had begun to collect a vast number of original documents now preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. His eyes were at times stronger, so that he could use them, reading a minute and resting a minute for periods of half an hour, repeated several times in the course of a day. Then, again, he could write for a season with his own hand and vision.

In 1854, he had begun to spend his summers at a country place in Jamaica Plain. Here, unable to use his eyes, he took to the beneficent work of horticulture, and did it so well that the lilium Parkmanni, the result of his experiments in hybridization, perpetuates his name as the creator of a new flower. At various times he was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a professor in the agricultural department of Harvard University, a member of the highest governing boards of his alma mater, and President of the St. Botolph Club in Boston.

But much as he loved the intercourse with his fellow-

men, he had to limit his indulgence in it. The work of his life was the completion of his historical series, and this, in spite of all the obstacles that would have seemed insurmountable to a weaker spirit, he achieved in the year before his death.

"Great in his natural powers," says John Fiske, "and great in the use he made of them, Parkman was no less great in his occasion and in his theme. Of all American historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan. The book which depicts at once the social life of the stone age and the victory of the English political ideal over the ideal which France inherited from imperial Rome is a book for all mankind and for all time. The more adequately men's historic perspective gets adjusted, the greater will it seem. Strong in its individuality and like to nothing beside, it clearly belongs, I think, among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank, along with the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Gibbon."

. . . "Parkman," says Mr. Justin Winsor, "has been said to represent in the highest degree the picturesque element in the schools of history. It is an element which is better calculated than any other to engage attention and secure fame. It is also an element that naturally flourishes with the graceful aids of a brilliant style. But it is a characteristic that is apt to make us forget the consummate research which, in the case of Parkman, accompanied it. He is certainly less demonstrative of his material than is now the fashion; but while, in this suppression, he sometimes disappoints the students who would track his movements, there is no question that he has gained in popular regard. But even the scholar sees that he has left some things untold, not because he did not know them, but because his sense of proportion was that of an artist rather than of a chronicler.

I would say to any young student of history that he could make no more fortunate choice for Mentor than

Parkman. He can be valued not only for what he accomplished, but for the obstacles he overcame, whether of his condition or his subject." . . .

"In Francis Parkman," said Senator Lodge in his article on "American History" published in *The Reader Magazine* and reprinted in 'A Frontier Town and other Essays,'* "of a later generation than Bancroft or Palfrey, American literature found its first really great historian, one fairly entitled to a place in the small group from which Thucydides, Tacitus, and Gibbon stand forth as the pre-eminent and hitherto unrivalled exemplars. Mr. Parkman not only had untiring industry and the capacity for sifting evidence and marshalling facts, drawn in many cases from the dark corners of forgotten manuscripts, but he possessed also the power of compression, the reserved but vigorous style, and above all the imagination, which enabled him to make history live and have a meaning, without which life and meaning it will surely die and be buried among incoherent annals and scientific catalogues of facts. In a series of volumes he gradually drew a noble picture of the mighty struggle of races, which ended in giving North America to the English-speaking people. The drama spread over a continent, the actors who flitted across the vast stage were Indians and Jesuits, courtiers of Louis XIV., and sober Puritans of New England, French adventurers, and sturdy Dutch traders from the Mohawk and the Hudson, all with the wilderness as a background and a future beyond imagination as the prize for which they blindly strove. Parkman made the world comprehend not only that American history was important, but that if it did not have the precise kind of picturesqueness to which that of Europe had accustomed us, it had a picturesqueness of its own, a light and color and a dramatic force not less impressive because they differed in kind from what had gone before."

Parkman began his work under the old conditions of indifference and inattention. When he brought his bril-

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liant volumes to an end those conditions had entirely changed. The strong department of American History which has grown up at Cambridge in the last thirty years of the century is merely a sign of the complete alteration in opinion and feeling which had taken place not only in the universities and in the schools, but in the public mind, after the close of the Civil War. Nothing in our earlier days, for example, showed more conclusively the national indifference to the past than the reckless destruction of landmarks and historic buildings. Now every effort is made to preserve all that remains which gives to past events a local habitation. Americans have learned, too late unfortunately in many instances, that the fields and the woods, the buildings and the streets, which have been the scenes of memorable events, have not only inestimable worth historically and sentimentally, but that they are also pecuniarily valuable, to take a very practical view, to any community lucky enough to possess them."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

BY

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1814 and died in England in 1877. He was first of all a lawyer by profession, but soon turned his mind to authorship, making his début with two novels. But he is best known for his "History of Holland," and "History of the Thirty Years' War," books which have been translated into most of the European languages.

He was American Minister to Austria and Great Britain, and was the recipient of many honors both in Europe and his native land.

IF Motley did not receive his due from the administrations he represented, there was never any dearth of honor for his work as an historian. Prescott stood aside for him to write "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," as Irving had already yielded up his subject of the "Con-

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quest of Mexico" to Prescott; and the honest admiration which each of these generous men felt for the book he had meant to write himself, was no more sincere than the admiration of all the reading world for Motley's three great historical pictures of the struggle for liberty in the Netherlands. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" was published in 1856, the "History of the United Netherlands" in 1861-68, and "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld" in 1874.

Of his theme he once wrote: "I had not first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself." Motley's friends knew with what indefatigable labor in the libraries and state archives of Europe he had prepared himself for his task; they were sure, too, of the rare personal qualities which must enter into any work of his hand and brain, for they knew him best in his life of a studious private citizen whose gifts and personality of uncommon charm won him distinction wherever he might be. Dr. Holmes has told how he shone at the meeting of the Saturday Club in Boston, and we know that dim lights were easily obscured when Lowell and Emerson and their comrades were shining together. Of all their company none had or deserved warmer friendships, within and without their circle, than Motley. . . .

GEORGE BANCROFT.

BY

SAMUEL SWETT GREEN.

George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1800 and died in 1891. He had the advantage of an education at Göttingen University in Germany, and at Harvard, where he subsequently taught Greek, and while teaching school, began collecting material for his great "History of the United States." He was made Secretary of the Navy, and during his term founded the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Later he was Minister successively to Great Britain, Prussia, and Germany. The first volume of his history appeared in 1834 and his last in 1882.

GEORGE BANCROFT was a remarkable man and his career was long, eventful, and brilliant. It has fallen to the lot of few men to be so successful. Early in life he began a great work and he lived long enough to finish it and to enjoy the consciousness of large accomplishment and the satisfaction of having his fellow-men regard the work he had done as of great importance. A man of unusual mental powers, he made the most of very exceptional opportunities of acquiring knowledge. He chose his life-work when a young man and carried it on almost to the end of life with perfect system and great laboriousness. Seeing early in life the value of exercise and recreation, and being naturally very social, while he worked hard for many hours every day he never allowed anything to interfere with daily exercise and social intercourse. His success in life was largely owing to these practices.

Beginning early in life to make acquaintances we have found him associating in his student days with the principal scholars of Germany, France, and Italy, and with such men of literary distinction as Goethe and Byron. From the time that he entered Polk's cabinet to the end of his life, he appears as the companion of the great men of the world.

Mr. Winthrop shows how he was received by the statesmen and historians of Great Britain when he represented this country at the Court of St. James. We learn, too, that, while in England he used to have long conversations with Albert, the Prince Consort, in the German language, on literary and public questions. Later, in Germany, he enjoyed rare social distinction. He was intimate with Bismarck, who welcomed him (a rare event in his intercourse with men) to familiar conversation in his own home. The emperor Wilhelm I. was strongly drawn towards him. So, too, was Friedrich; and the present emperor had a wreath placed upon the casket which contained his remains at the funeral services in Washington. For many years both in Washington and Newport, he has been the central figure in society. No man, American or foreigner, seemed to feel that he had

seen either place if he had not been introduced to Mr. Bancroft, or at least seen him. Surely if the knowledge that he has performed a well-appreciated and great work and the undoubted assurance of being the cynosure of great men and of women of social eminence on both continents can make a man happy, Mr. Bancroft should have been happy. Whether he was so or not, he was one of the most successful of men, judging things from a worldly point of view. He had decided pecularities in society; was regarded as artificial, and not only as playful but as frivolous. Still, in England, Germany, and America his eccentricities were overlooked, for they were overshadowed by the conviction that he was distinguished by intellectuality and great attainments.

Mr. Bancroft was a successful and highly honored diplomatist; he was also a great social success. What shall be said of his monumental work, the History of the United States? Mr. Robert C. Winthrop said that "in all its varied editions" it "will always be received and recognized as the leading authority in American History for the period which it includes."

As the different volumes of the work appeared, while many of his statements and estimates of men were criticised, often severely, the results of his labors received the highest commendation from many of the best critical journals in this country and abroad, and unstinted praise from such men as Edward Everett, William H. Prescott, and George Ripley in this country, and Professor Heeren, Baron Bunsen, and Frederick von Raumer in Germany.

By Andrew McFarland Davis.

THE position of Bancroft's History as the standard history of the United States has left for the critics to discuss only the question how long the work will be able to maintain this position. Allibone has grouped in his columns the opinions of a number of competent writers. A few extracts from these opinions expressed during the progress of the work, a brief analysis of some of the objections which have been made to the

History itself, and a few quotations from later writers, in which they state their estimate of the work, will help to determine this question. Heeren, under whom Bancroft studied and who was his personal friend, reviewing the first three volumes, says, "We know few modern historic works in which the author has reached so high an elevation at once as an historical inquirer and an historical writer." Edward Everett, reviewing the first volume, says, "As far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind." Prescott, reviewing the third volume, says, "His Colonial History establishes his title to a place among the great historical writers of the age." Dr. Griswold in his "Prose Writers of America," treating of Volumes I., II., and III., thinks that "he becomes insensibly the advocate of the cause of freedom, which invalidates his testimony." The *Edinburgh Review,* on the other hand, says, "The real liberality, the general fairness, the labor and conscientious research it evinces, deserve, and we are assured will receive, his (the English reader's) warmest approbation." The *Westminster Review* predicts, "with confidence, that his work will be reckoned among the genuine masterpieces of historical genius." Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," accuses him of violent partisanship, and charges that it greatly impairs his "very learned History." The foregoing will illustrate the reception of the History by literary men during its progress. It is difficult to conceive of tributes more gratifying to an author. If there had been no voice in England to raise the charge of partisanship against this ardent American while engaged in depicting the preliminary struggles of the Colonies, with the mother country, it would have been because he had failed to accomplish what he had undertaken. If the English people, as a whole, had not been able to appreciate Bancroft's labor and conscientious research, his fairness of purpose, and the real liberality beneath his sharp, incisive criticism, it could only have been because they had become less tolerant than we know them to be.

ADAMS, JOHN.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination.

His last words were, "Independence forever!" and "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

AMES, FISHER.

In a speech on Biennial Elections, 1788, "I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law."

ANTHONY, SUSAN B.

Woman and Her Talents.—Woman has been faithful in a few things; now God is going to make her ruler over many things.

APPLETON, THOMAS GOLD.

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. (Perpetuated by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," chap. vi., as the saying of one of the "Seven Wise Men of Boston," this is perhaps the most celebrated American mot.)

A Boston man is the east wind made flesh; Nahant is cold roast Boston.

BEECHER, HENRY WARD.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.

Happiness is not the end of life: character is.

I can forgive, but I cannot forget, is only another way of saying "I cannot forgive."

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.

The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next.

Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrow as they reach the sky.

BURCHARD, The Rev. Dr.

The party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

BURR, AARON.

The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure a business.

"Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day," was made for sluggards. A better reading of it is, "Never do to-day what you can do as well to-morrow; because something may occur to make you regret your premature action."

CHANNING, WILLIAM E.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

CHASE, S. P.

We cannot afford to lose the support of any of our people. One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger against us than hosts of the Rebellion.

CHOATE, RUFUS.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag, and keep step to the music of the Union.

He is wondering whether he made God, or God made him.

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN.

Art itself in all its methods, is the child of religion.

CLAY, HENRY.

Sir, I would rather be right than be president. (A remark made to Mr. Preston of Kentucky.)

I know no North, no, South, no East, no West.

The Union, sir, is my country.

CLEVELAND, GROVER.

Public office is a public trust.

CRITTENDEN, JOHN J.

I hope to find my country in the right: however, I will stand by her, right or wrong.

DECATUR, STEPHEN.

Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.

Mormonism: an afterclap of Puritanism.

Manners: the happy ways of doing things.

EVERETT, EDWARD.

Literature is the voice of the age and the state.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN.

You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am, yours, B. Franklin.

We must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately.

Nothing is certain but death and taxes.

If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without his aid?

A dying man can do nothing easy.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

GARFIELD, JAMES A.

God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word.

GRANT, ULYSSES S.

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

Let us have peace!

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

HALE, NATHAN.

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally.

HAYES, RUTHERFORD B.

He serves his party best, who serves the country best.

HENRY, PATRICK.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—— "Treason!" cried the speaker. (In the Continental Congress, September 5, 1774.) "If this be treason, make the most of it. . . ."

I am not a Virginian, but an American.

As for me, give me liberty or give me death.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT.

The temple of art is built of words.

HOLMES, O. W.

It is better to be seventy years young than twenty years old.

IRVING, WASHINGTON.

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion.

JACKSON, ANDREW.

Our federal Union, it must be preserved.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS.

We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few: by resignation none.

No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time who never loses any.

Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.

His last words were: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."

JONES, PAUL.

I have not begun to fight. (When asked by the Captain of the *Serapis*, during a lull in the battle, if he had struck his colors.)

LAWRENCE, CAPTAIN JAMES.

Go on deck, and tell the men to fire faster, and not to give up the ship.

LEE, HENRY.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

LEE, ROBERT E.

Remember! We are one country now.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

It is not best to swap horses when crossing a creek.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
The freedmen are the wards of the nation.

MANN, HORACE.

There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice.

MANNING, Governor (of South Carolina).

Cotton is King.

MARCY, WILLIAM L.

To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

MATHER, The Rev. COTTON.

You are young, and have the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP.

Give me the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries.

PENN, WILLIAM.

I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked.
Whoever is right, the persecutor must be wrong.

PERRY, COMMODORE.

If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it!
We have met the enemy, and they are ours!

PHILLIPS, WENDELL.

Every step of progress the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake.
What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action.
There is a class among us so conservative that they are afraid the roof will come down if you sweep off the cobwebs.
Our self-made men are the glory of our institutions.
Difference of religion breeds more quarrels than difference of politics.
One on God's side is a majority.

PINCKNEY, CHARLES COTESWORTH.

Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute!

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE.

A square deal for every man.

SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY.

The Constitution devotes the national domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes.

STARK, GENERAL JOHN.

We must beat the red-coats, or Molly Stark's a widow.

SUMNER, SENATOR.

The Twin Relics of Barbarism, Slavery and Polygamy.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE.

We must consult Brother Jonathan.
Let posterity cheer for us.
I require no guard but the affections of the people.
In peace prepare for war.
Steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

WEBSTER, DANIEL.

Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!
Faneuil Hall: the cradle of American Liberty.
I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American.
It is, sir, the people's constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.
There is always room at the top.

WHITMAN, WALT.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

WINTHROP, HON. ROBERT C.

Our country, whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands!

SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS.

BY MARSHALL S. SNOW,

Professor of History, and Dean of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

1. How would you define History? (pp. 17-18.)
2. Name some things in which America leads the world. (p. 18.)
3. Can you classify the people represented in the Hall of Fame? (p. 21.)
4. What was the fundamental characteristic of both Washington and Lincoln? (p. 24.)
5. Give some general reasons showing the importance of a study of American History. (pp. 25-26.)
6. What were some of the chief troubles of the early settlers? (pp. 27-35.)
7. Give a brief description of the character of William Bradford. (pp. 35-44.)
8. What were the leading features of John Winthrop's rule as Governor? (pp. 45-55.)
9. Washington and the American Nation still live! Why? (pp. 58-59.)
10. Who was it called Washington "the perfect citizen?" (p. 61.)
11. What are our chief debts to John Hancock? (p. 70.)
12. Name some of the chief features of Jefferson's Presidency. (p. 73.)
13. What were some of the mental characteristics of Hamilton? (pp. 80-88.)
14. What was Hamilton's great work as Secretary of the Treasury? (pp. 80-88.)
15. For what services to his country will J. Q. Adams be forever remembered? (pp. 88-96.)
16. Adams has been called "a model of a public servant." What entitles him to this credit? (pp. 88-96.)
17. Give some appreciations of Franklin by great men. (pp. 96-117.)
18. Name some of the chief debts our nation owes to Franklin. (pp. 96-117.)
19. How has his position in Literature been defined? (pp. 96-117.)
20. In what department of the Public Service did the work of Hamilton and Franklin alike benefit the country? (pp. 96-117.)
21. What was the last public act of Franklin? (pp. 96-117.)
22. Who said, "I would rather be right than be President?" (p. 117.)
23. Describe Henry Clay as a politician. (pp. 117-122.)
24. With what great event in our History is the name of John C. Calhoun associated? (pp. 123-126.)
25. Describe the personality of Daniel Webster. (pp. 127-134.)
26. What are the characteristics of his oratory? (pp. 127-134.)
27. What was the doctrine of Nullification? (pp. 123-126.) (pp. 127-134.)
28. The name of Webster and the history of our country are closely associated. Show how this is. (pp. 127-134.)
29. Give some impression of Andrew Jackson as a soldier and as a statesman. (pp. 135-137.)
30. Why has the work of T. H. Benton to some extent been lost sight of? (pp. 137-141.)
31. What does the nation owe to the work of Benton? (pp. 137-141.)
32. Give an outline of the work of John C. Frémont. (pp. 141-147.)
33. Name two men who earliest helped to make a Pacific railroad possible. (pp. 137-147.)
34. With what great principle is the name of Stephen A. Douglas associated? (pp. 147-150.)
35. Describe the incidents of his visits to London and St. Petersburg. (pp. 147-150.)
36. What is the chief event by which W. H. Seward will be remembered? (pp. 151-154.)
37. What was Lincoln's favorite hymn? (pp. 154-170.)
38. What was his paramount object? (pp. 154-170.)
39. Name some of the chief features in his character. (pp. 154-170.)
40. How can we all best prove our fealty to the Nation's past? (pp. 154-170.)
41. What do you know of the character of James A. Garfield? (pp. 170-178.)
42. What was the chief life-work of John Hay? (pp. 178-180.)
43. Describe McKinley's administration as Governor of Ohio. (pp. 181-193.)
44. What were McKinley's views on the Tariff question? (pp. 181-193.)
45. Describe the character of McKinley. (pp. 181-193.)
46. Name some leading features of his administration as President. (pp. 181-193.)
47. What are the lessons to be learned from his untimely death? (pp. 181-193.)
48. What are the prevailing misconceptions as to the character of Theodore Roosevelt? (pp. 194-198.)
49. Name some peculiarly American qualities which fit Theodore Roosevelt. (pp. 194-198.)

50. What great statesman may be called the second maker of the Constitution? (pp. 198-211.)
51. Give an outline of the career of John Marshall. (pp. 198-211.)
52. What is the American Constitution? (pp. 198-211.)
53. What is the distinguishing feature of our Constitution? And what does it represent? (pp. 198-211.)
54. Name the members of the Constitutional Convention. (pp. 198-211.)
55. Describe the beginnings of The Supreme Court of the United States. (pp. 198-211.)
56. What part did John Marshall take therein? (pp. 198-211.)
57. What was the great work of Chancellor Kent? (pp. 212-217.)
58. What is the chief glory of Horace Greeley? (pp. 218-221.)
59. What were the watchwords of the life of Horace Mann? (pp. 221-225.)
60. How did he live up to them? (pp. 221-225.)
61. What is General Armstrong's lasting title to fame? (p. 226.)
62. What were the chief events in the life of Zachary Taylor? (pp. 227-229.)
63. What was the "affair of the Trent?" (pp. 229-230.)
64. Name some of the naval feats of Oliver H. Perry. (pp. 231-235.)
65. What were the leading events in Farragut's life? (pp. 236-241.)
66. Name two great conspicuous acts in Grant's career. (pp. 241-263.)
67. What was one prominent note in Grant's character? (pp. 241-263.)
68. Enumerate some other of his qualities. (pp. 241-263.)
69. What was the chief event in Sherman's military career? (pp. 264-269.)
70. Did R. E. Lee believe in Secession and Slavery? (pp. 270-273.)
71. How did "Stonewall" Jackson get his name? (pp. 274-278.)
72. Give some description of his character. (pp. 274-278.)
73. What do you learn from "A Message to Garcia?" (pp. 278-282.)
74. Who was the "Bayard of the Sea," and what was one of his great naval feats? (pp. 283-285.)
75. What were the features of the preaching of Jonathan Edwards? (pp. 286-289.)
76. Describe some of his rules of living. (pp. 286-289.)
77. What were the central elements in H. W. Beecher's character? (pp. 289-293.)
78. Who were the three great preachers of The Golden Age of American Oratory? (pp. 293-296.)
79. Give some account of Phillips Brooks as a preacher and as a man. (pp. 297-305.)
80. What great legacy did the mother of George Washington leave him? (pp. 306-312.)
81. What was the life-work of Frances Willard? (p. 313.)
82. To what did Lydia Maria Child devote her life? (p. 314.)
83. How did Matthew Arnold describe Emerson? (pp. 315-324.)
84. How did Emerson describe the Declaration of Independence? (pp. 315-324.)
85. Who is called "The Father of American Literature?" (pp. 324-329.)
86. Name the chief works of Washington Irving. (pp. 324-329.)
87. How would you describe Longfellow as a poet? (pp. 329-331.)
88. What is the leading characteristic of Whittier's verse? (pp. 332-333.)
89. Give some account of the literary work of Lowell. (pp. 336-340.)
90. Name some of the qualities of Cooper's literary style. (pp. 340-343.)
91. What do the Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne reveal? (pp. 343-345.)
92. Give an outline of the labors of Louis Agassiz. (pp. 345-348.)
93. How did Professor Shaler overcome the difficulties under which he labored, (pp. 349-354.)
94. Give an account of the boyhood of Cyrus W. Field. (pp. 355-359.)
95. How many different businesses did Peter Cooper learn? What were they? (pp. 359-363.)
96. For what is Daniel Boone famous? (pp. 366-374.)
97. Give some account of the work of Lewis and Clarke. (pp. 375-381.)
98. What were the three great services Rufus Putnam rendered to his country? (pp. 381-384.)
99. Give some account of the work of Parkman and Motley. (pp. 385-393.)
100. Cite all the instances in this volume of men who have risen by means of "Self-Culture."

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